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THE STILLWATER TRAGEDY.

XIV.

ON the third morning after Torrini's expulsion from the yard, Mr. Slocum walked into the studio with a printed slip in his hand. A similar slip lay crumpled under a work-bench, where Richard had tossed it. Mr. Slocum's kindly visage was full of trouble and perplexity as he raised his eyes from the paper, which he had been re-reading on the way up-stairs.

"Look at that!"

"Yes," remarked Richard, "I have been honored with one of those documents."

"What does it mean?"

"It means business."

The paper in question contained a series of resolutions unanimously adopted at a meeting of the Marble Workers Association of Stillwater, held in Grimsey's Hall the previous night. Dropping the preamble, these resolutions, which were neatly printed with a type-writing machine on a half letter sheet, ran as follows: —

Resolved, That on and after the First of June proximo, the pay of carvers in Slocum's Marble Yard shall be \$2.75 per day, instead of \$2.50 as heretofore.

Resolved, That on and after the same date, the rubbers and polishers shall have \$2.00 per day, instead of \$1.75 as heretofore.

Resolved, That on and after the same date

the millmen are to have \$2.00 per day, instead of \$1.75 as heretofore.

Resolved, That during the months of June, July, and August the shops shall knock off work on Saturdays at five P. M., instead of at six P. M.

Resolved, That a printed copy of these Resolutions be laid before the Proprietor of Slocum's Marble Yard, and that his immediate attention to them be respectfully requested.

Per order of Committee M. W. A.

"Torrini is at the bottom of that," said Mr. Slocum.

"I hardly think so. This arrangement, as I told you the other day before I had the trouble with him, has been in contemplation several weeks. Undoubtedly Torrini used his influence to hasten the movement already planned. The Association has too much shrewdness to espouse the quarrel of an individual."

"What are we to do?"

"If you are in the same mind you were when we talked over the possibility of an unreasonable demand like this, there is only one thing to do."

"Fight it?"

"Fight it."

"I have been resolute, and all that sort of thing, in times past," observed Mr. Slocum, glancing out of the tail of his eye at Richard's face to see if it denoted any incredulity, "and have always come off second best. The Association has drawn up most of my rules for me, and had its own way generally."

"Since my time you have never been in so strong a position to make a stand. We have got all the larger contracts out of the way. Foreseeing what was likely to come, I have lately fought shy of taking new ones. Here are heavy orders from Rafter & Son, the Builders Company and others. We must decline them by to-night's mail."

"Is it really necessary?" asked Mr. Slocum, knitting his forehead into what would have been a scowl if his mild pinkish eyebrows had permitted it.

"I think so."

"I hate to do that."

"Then we are at the mercy of the Association."

"If we do not come to their terms, you seriously believe they will strike?"

"I do," replied Richard, "and we should be in a pretty fix."

"But these demands are ridiculous."

"The men are not aware of our situation; they imagine we have a lot of important jobs on hand, as usual at this season. Formerly the foreman of a shop had access to the order-book, but for the last year or two I have kept it in the safe here. The other day Dexter came to me and wanted to see what work was set down ahead in the blotter; but I had an inspiration and did n't let him post himself."

"Is not some kind of compromise possible?" suggested Mr. Slocum, looking over the slip again. "Now this fourth clause, about closing the yard an hour earlier on Saturdays, I don't strongly object to that, though with eighty hands it means, every week, eighty hours' work which the yard pays for and does n't get."

"I should advise granting that request. Such concessions are never thrown away. With that one hour in prospect, the men would do more work on Saturday than on any other day in the week. You would likely enough lose nothing there. But, Mr. Slocum, this is not going to satisfy them. They have thrown in one reason-

able demand merely to flavor the rest. I happen to know that they are determined to stand by their programme to the last letter."

"You know that?"

"I have a friend at court. Of course this is not to be breathed, but Denyven, without being at all false to his comrades, talks freely with me. He says they are resolved not to give in an inch."

"Then we will close the works."

"That is what I wanted you to say, sir!" cried Richard.

"There is no other course. The demands are preposterous. No city yard is paying carvers two dollars and seventy-five cents a day, or anything like it. With this new scale of prices and plenty of work, we might probably come out a little ahead the next six months; but it would n't pay for the trouble and the capital invested. Then when trade slackened, we should be running at a loss, and there'd be another wrangle over a reduction. No, I can better afford to shut up shop, Richard."

"Stick to that, sir, and may be it will not be necessary."

"But if they strike?"

"They won't all strike. At least," added Richard, "I hope not. I have indirectly sounded several of the older hands, and they have half promised to hold on; only half promised, for every man of them at heart fears the trades-union more than No-bread — until No-bread comes."

"Whom have you spoken with?"

"Lumley, Giles, Peterson, and some others, — your pensioners, I call them."

"Yes, they were in the yard in my father's time; they have not been worth their salt these ten years. When the business was turned over to me I did n't discharge any old hand who had given his best days to the yard. Somehow I could n't throw away the squeezed lemons. An employer owes a good workman something beyond the wages paid."

"And a workman owes a good employer something beyond the work done. You stood by these men after they outlived their usefulness, and if they do not stand by you now, they're a shabby set."

"I think they will, Richard."

"I think they had better, and I wish they would. We have enough odds and ends to keep them busy awhile, and I should n't like to have the clinking of chisels die out altogether under the old sheds."

"Nor I," returned Mr. Slocum, with a touch of sadness in his intonation. "It has grown to be a kind of music to me," and he paused to listen to the sounds of ringing steel that floated up from the workshops.

"Whatever happens, that music shall not cease in the yard except on Sundays, if I have to take mallet and chisel and go at a slab all alone."

"Slocum's Yard with a single workman in it would be a pleasing spectacle," said Mr. Slocum, smiling ruefully.

"It would n't be a bad time for *that* workman to strike," returned Richard with a laugh.

"He could dictate his own terms," returned Mr. Slocum, soberly. "Well, I suppose you cannot help thinking about Margaret; but don't think of her now. Tell me what answer you propose to give the Association, — how you mean to put it; for I leave the matter wholly to you. I shall have no hand in it, further than to indorse your action."

"To-morrow, then," said Richard, "for it is no use to hurry up a crisis, I shall go to the workshops and inform them that their request for short hours on Saturdays is granted, but that the other changes they suggest are not to be considered. There will never be a better opportunity, Mr. Slocum, to settle another question which has been allowed to run too long."

"What's that?"

"The apprentice question."

"Would it be wise to touch on *that* at present?"

"While we are straightening out matters and putting things on a solid basis, it seems to me essential to settle that. There was never a greater imposition, or one more short-sighted, than this rule which prevents the training of sufficient workmen. The trades-union will discover their error some day when they have succeeded in forcing manufacturers to import skilled labor by the wholesale. I would like to tell the Marble Workers Association that preambles-and-resolutions is a game for two, and that Slocum's Yard has resolved to employ as many apprentices each year as there is room for."

"I would n't dare risk it!"

"It will have to be done, sooner or later. It would be a capital flank movement now. They have laid themselves open to an attack on that quarter."

"I might as well close the gates for good and all."

"So you will, if it comes to that. You can afford to close the gates, and they can't afford to have you. In a week they'd be back, asking you to open them. Then you could have your pick of the live hands, and drop the dead-wood. If Giles or Peterson or Lumley or any of those desert us, they are not to be let on again. I hope you will promise me that, sir."

"If the occasion comes, you shall reorganize the shops in your own way. I have n't the nerve for this kind of business, though I have seen a great deal of it in the village, first and last. Strikes are terrible mistakes. Even when they succeed, what pays for the lost time and the money squandered over the tavern-bar? What makes up for the days or weeks when the fire was out on the hearth and the children had no bread? That is what happens, you know."

"There is no remedy for such calamities," Richard answered. "Yet I can imagine occasions when it would be bet-

ter to let the fire go out and the children want for bread."

"You are not advocating strikes!" exclaimed Mr. Slocum.

"Why not?"

"I thought you were for fighting them."

"So I am, in this instance. I have read all the books I could come across on the subject, and I think I am able to look at the question from the inside as well as from the outside. Every man has the right to set a price on his own labor, and to refuse to work for less; the wisdom of it is another matter. He puts himself in the wrong only when he menaces the person or the property of the man who has an equal right not to employ him. That is the blunder strikers usually make in the end, and one by which they lose public sympathy even when they are fighting an injustice. Now, sometimes it is an injustice that is being fought, and then it is right to fight it with the only weapon a poor man has to wield against a power which possesses a hundred weapons,—and that's a strike. For example, the smelters and casters in the Miantowona Iron Works are meanly underpaid."

"What, have they struck?"

"There's a general strike threatened in the village; foundry-men, spinners, and all."

"So much the worse for everybody! I did not suppose it was as bad as that. What has become of Torrini?"

"He landed on his feet, like a cat. The day after he left us he was taken on as forgerman at Dana's."

"I'm glad Dana has got him!"

"At the meeting, last night, Torrini gave in his resignation as secretary of the Association; being no longer a marble worker, he was not qualified to serve."

"We unhorsed him, then?"

"Rather. I am half sorry, too."

"Richard," said Mr. Slocum halting in one of his nervous walks up and down

the room, "you are the oddest composition of hardness and softness I ever saw."

"Am I?"

"One moment you stand braced like a lion to fight the whole yard, and the next moment you are pitying a miscreant who would have laid your head open without the slightest compunctions."

"Oh, I forgive him," said Richard. "I was a trifle hasty myself. Margaret thinks so too."

"Much Margaret knows about it!"

"I was inconsiderate, to say the least. When a man picks up a tool by the wrong end he must expect to get cut."

"You did n't have a choice."

"I should n't have touched Torrini. After discharging him and finding him disposed to resist my order to leave the yard, I ought to have called in a constable. Usually it is very hard to anger me; but three or four times in my life I have been carried away by a devil of a temper which I could n't control, it seized me so unawares. That was one of the times."

The mallets and chisels were executing a blithe staccato movement in the yard below, and making the sparks dance. No one walking among the diligent gangs, and observing the placid faces of the men as they bent over their tasks, would have suspected that they were awaiting the word that meant bread and meat and home to them.

Richard Shackford was in no eagerness to pronounce the word. Another day's work would complete the last heavy contract on hand, and it was vital to have that finished. To-morrow he would pronounce it.

As he passed through the shops, dropping a word to a workman here and there, the man addressed looked up cheerfully and made a furtive dab at the brown paper cap, and Richard returned the salute smilingly; but he was sad within. "The foolish fellows," he said to himself, "they are throwing

away a full loaf and are likely to get none at all." Giles and two or three of the ancients were squaring a block of marble under a shelter by themselves. Richard made it a point to cross over and speak to them. In past days he had not been exacting with these old boys, and they always had a welcome for him.

Slocum's Yard seldom presented a sener air of contented industry than it wore that morning; but in spite of all this smooth outside it was a foregone conclusion with most of the men that Slocum, with Shackford behind him, would never submit to the new scale of wages. There were a few who had protested against those resolutions and still disapproved of them, but were forced to go with the Association, which had really been dragged into the current by the other trades.

The Dana Mills and the Miantowona Iron Works were paying lighter wages than similar establishments nearer the great city. The managers contended that they were paying as high if not higher rates, taking into consideration the cheaper cost of living in Stillwater. "But you get city prices for your wares," retorted the union; "you don't pay city rents, and you shall pay city wages." Meetings were held at Grimsey's Hall and the subject was canvassed, at first calmly and then stormily. Among the molders, and possibly the sheet-iron workers, there was cause for dissatisfaction; but the dissatisfaction spread to where no grievance existed; it seized upon the spinners, and finally upon the marble workers. Torrini fanned the flame there. Taking for his text the rentage question, he argued that Slocum was well able to give a trifle more for labor than his city competitors. "The annual rent of a yard like Slocum's would be four thousand or five thousand dollars in the city. It does n't cost Slocum two hundred dollars. It is no more than just that the laborer should have a share—he only

asks a beggarly share—of the prosperity which he has helped to build up." This was specious and taking. Then there came down from the great city a glib person disguised as *The Workingman's Friend*,—no workingman himself, mind you, but a ghoul that lives upon subscriptions and sucks the senses out of innocent human beings,—who managed to set the place by the ears. The result of all which was that one May morning every shop, mill, and factory in Stillwater was served with a notice from the trades-union, and a general strike threatened.

But our business at present is exclusively with Slocum's yard.

XV

"Since we are in for it," said Mr. Slocum the next morning, "put the case to them squarely."

Mr. Slocum's vertebræ had stiffened over night.

"Leave that to me, sir," Richard replied. "I have been shaping out in my mind a little speech which I flatter myself will cover the points. They have brought this thing upon themselves, and we are about to have the clearest of understandings. I never saw the men quieter."

"I don't altogether admire that. It looks as if they had n't any doubt as to the issue."

"The clearest-headed have no doubt; they know as well as you and I do the flimsiness of those resolutions. But the thick heads are in a fog. Every man naturally likes his pay increased; if a simple fellow is told five or six hundred times that his wages ought to be raised, the idea is so agreeable and insidious that by and by he begins to believe himself grossly underpaid, though he may be getting twice what he is worth. He does n't reason about it; that's the last thing he'll do for you. In this mood

he lets himself be blown away by the breath of some loud-mouthed demagogue, who has no interest in the matter beyond hearing his own talk and passing round the hat after the meeting is over. That is what has happened to our folks below. But they *are* behaving handsomely."

"Yes, and I don't like it."

Since seven o'clock the most unimpeachable decorum had reigned in the workshops. It was now nine, and this brief dialogue had occurred between Mr. Slocum and Richard on the veranda, just as the latter was on the point of descending into the yard to have his talk with the men.

The workshops — or rather the shed in which the workshops were, for it was one low structure eighteen or twenty feet wide and open on the west side — ran the length of the yard, and with the short extension at the southerly end formed the letter L. There were no partitions, an imaginary line separating the different gangs of workers. A person standing at the head of the building could make himself heard more or less distinctly in the remotest part.

The grating lisp of the wet saws eating their way into the marble boulder, and the irregular quick taps of the seventy or eighty mallets were not suspended as Richard took his stand beside a tall funereal urn at the head of the principal workshop. After a second's faltering he rapped smartly on the lip of the urn with the key of his studio-door.

Instantly every arm appeared paralyzed, and the men stood motionless, with the tools in their hands.

Richard began in a clear but not loud voice, though it seemed to ring on the sudden silence: —

"Mr. Slocum has asked me to say a few words to you, this morning, about those resolutions, and one or two other matters that have occurred to him in this connection. I am no speech-maker; I never learned that trade" —

"Never learned any trade," muttered Durgin, inaudibly.

—"but I think I can manage some plain, honest talk, for straight-forward men."

Richard's exordium was listened to with painful attention.

"In the first place," he continued, "I want to remind you, especially the newer men, that Slocum's Yard has always given steady work and prompt pay to Stillwater hands. No hand has ever been turned off without sufficient cause, or kept on through mere favoritism. Favors have been shown, but they have been shown to all alike. If anything has gone crooked, it has been straightened out as soon as Mr. Slocum knew of it. That has been the course of the yard in the past, and the Proprietor does n't want you to run away with the idea that that course is going to be changed. One change, for the time being, is going to be made at your own suggestion. From now, until the 1st of September, this yard will close gates on Saturdays at five P. M. instead of at six P. M."

Several voices cried, "Good for Slocum!" "Where's Slocum?" "Why don't Slocum speak for himself?" cried one voice.

"It is Mr. Slocum's habit," answered Richard, "to give his directions to me, I give them to the foremen, and the foremen to the shops. He follows that custom on this occasion. I wish to remind you of another fact. Two years ago trade fell off suddenly. The bad time caught us with a big stock of material. Mr. Slocum thought business would come up again in a few weeks; but it did n't, nor in a few months either. Every other shop in the village was running on half time, or cutting down its force. Not a man was dropped from Slocum's Yard. Slocum's Yard was run at a loss for twelve months and ten days, as I can show you by the books; but Slocum's men had their greenbacks every

Saturday afternoon at six by the clock. [Applause.] It's a bad memory that forgets a thing like that. And it's a precious good memory that can recall the time when Rowland Slocum did not pay the highest price paid anywhere to marble workers. He has always done so, and always expects to; but he does n't expect to do more. With regard to the new scale of wages which the Association has submitted to him, he refuses to accept it, or any modification of it."

A low murmur ran through the workshops.

"What's a modificashun, sir?" asked Jemmy Willson, stepping forward, and scratching his left ear diffidently.

"A modification," replied Richard, considerably embarrassed to give an instant definition, "is a—a"—

"A splitting of the difference, by——!" shouted somebody in the third shop.

"Thank you," said Richard, glancing in the direction of his impromptu Webster Unabridged. "Mr. Slocum does not propose to split the difference. The wages in every department are to be just what they are,—neither more nor less. If anybody wishes to make a remark," he added, observing a restlessness in several of the men, "I beg he will hold on until I get through. I shall not detain you much longer, as the parson says before he has reached the middle of his sermon.

"What I say now, I was charged to make particularly clear to you. It is this: In future Mr. Slocum intends to run Slocum's Yard himself. Neither you, nor I, nor the Association is to run it for him. [Sensation.] Until now the Association has tied him down to two apprentices a year. From this hour, out, Mr. Slocum will take on, not two, or twenty, but two hundred apprentices if the business warrants it."

The words were not clearly off Richard's lips when the foreman of the shop in which he was speaking picked up a

couple of small drills, and knocked them together with a sharp click. In an instant the men laid aside their aprons, bundled up their tools, and marched out of the shed two by two, in dead silence. That same click was repeated almost simultaneously in the second shop, and the same evolution took place. Then click, click, click! went the drills, sounding fainter and fainter in the more distant departments; and in less than three minutes there was not a soul left in Slocum's Yard except the Orator of the Day.

Richard had anticipated some demonstration, either noisy or violent, perhaps both; but this solemn, orderly desertion dashed him.

He stepped into the middle of the yard, and, glancing up, beheld Margaret and Mr. Slocum standing on the veranda. Even at that distance he could perceive the pallor on one face, and the consternation written all over the other.

Hanging his head with sadness, Richard crossed the yard, which gave out mournful echoes to his footfalls, and swung to the large gate, nearly catching old Giles by the heel as he did so. Looking through the slats, he saw Lumley and Peterson hobbling arm in arm down the street,—after more than twenty-five years of kindly treatment.

"Move number one," said Richard, lifting the heavy cross-piece into its place and fastening it with a wooden pin. "Now I must go and prop up Mr. Slocum."

XVI.

There is no solitude or silence which comes so near being tangible as that of a vast empty workshop, crowded a moment since. The busy, intense life that has gone from it mysteriously leaves behind enough of itself to make the stillness poignant. One might imagine the invisible ghost of doomed Toil wandering from bench to bench, and noiselessly

fingering the dropped tools, still warm with the workman's palm. Perhaps this impalpable presence is the artisan's anxious thought, stolen back to brood over the uncompleted task.

Though Mr. Slocum had spoken lightly of Slocum's Yard with only one workman in it, when he came to contemplate the actual fact he was struck by the pathos of it, and the resolution with which he awoke that morning began to desert him.

"The worst is over," exclaimed Richard, joining his two friends on the veranda, "and everything went smoother than I expected."

"Everything went, sure enough," said Mr. Slocum, gloomily; "they all went, — old Giles, and Lumley, and everybody."

"We somewhat expected that, you know."

"Yes, I expected it, and was n't prepared for it."

"It was very bad," said Richard, shaking his head.

The desertion of Giles and his superannuated mates especially touched Mr. Slocum.

"Bad is no word; it was damnable."

"Oh, papa!"

"Pardon me, dear; I could n't help it. When a man's pensioners throw him over, he must be pretty far gone!"

"The undertow was too strong for them, sir, and they were swept away with the rest. And they all but promised to stay. They will be the very first to come back."

"Of course we shall have to take the old fellows on again," said Mr. Slocum, relenting characteristically.

"Never!" cried Richard.

"I wish I had some of your grit."

"I have none to spare, sir. To tell the truth, when I stood up there to speak, with every eye working on me, like a half-inch drill, I would have sold myself at a low figure."

"But you were a perfect what's-his-

name, — Demosthenes," said Mr. Slocum, with a thin, faint smile. "We could hear you."

"I don't believe Demosthenes ever moved an audience as I did mine!" cried Richard gayly. "If his orations produced a like effect, I am certain that the Grecian lecture-bureau never sent him twice to the same place."

"I don't think, Richard, I would engage you over again."

"I am sure Richard spoke very well," interrupted Margaret. "His speech was short" —

"Say shortened, Margaret, for I had n't got through when they left."

"No, I will not jest about it. It is too serious for jesting. What is to become of the families of all these men suddenly thrown out of employment?"

"They threw themselves out, Mag," said her father.

"That does not mend the matter, papa. There will be great destitution and suffering in the village with every mill closed; and they are all going to close, Bridget says. Thank Heaven that this did not happen in the winter!"

"They always pick their weather," observed Mr. Slocum.

"It will not be for long," said Richard encouragingly. "Our own hands and the spinners, who had no ground for complaint, will return to work shortly, and the managers of the iron mills will have to yield a point or two. In a week at the outside everything will be running smoothly, and on a sounder foundation than before. I believe the strike will be an actual benefit to everybody in the end."

By dint of such arguments and his own sanguine temperament Richard succeeded in reassuring Mr. Slocum for the time being, though Richard did not hide from himself the gravity of the situation. There was a general strike in the village. Eight hundred men were without work. That meant, or would mean in a few days, two or three thousand

women and children without bread. It does not take the wolf long to reach a poor man's door when it is left ajar.

The trades-union had a fund for emergencies of this sort, and some outside aid might be looked for ; but such supplies are in their nature precarious and soon exhausted. It is a noticeable feature of strikes that the moment the workman's pay stops his living expenses increase. Even the more economical becomes improvident. If he has money, the tobacco shop and the tavern are likely to get more of it than the butcher's cart. The prolonged strain is too great to be endured without stimulant.

XVII.

During the first and second days of the strike, Stillwater presented an animated and even a festive appearance. Throngs of operatives in their Sunday clothes strolled through the streets, or lounged at the corners chatting with other groups ; some wandered into the suburbs, and lay in the long grass under the elms. Others again, though these were few, took to the turnpike or the railroad track, and tramped across country.

It is needless to say that the bar-room of the tavern was crowded from early morning down to the hour when the law compelled Mr. Snelling to shut off his gas. After which, John Brown's "soul" could be heard "marching on" in the darkness, through various crooked lanes and alleys, until nearly daybreak.

Among the earliest to scent trouble in the air was Han-Lin, the Chinaman before mentioned. He kept a small laundry in Mud Lane, where his name was painted perpendicularly on a light of glass in the basement window of a tenement house. Han-Lin intended to be buried some day in a sky-blue coffin in his own land, and have a dozen packs of fire-crackers decorously exploded over

his remains. In order to reserve himself for this and other ceremonies involving the burning of a great quantity of gilt paper, he quietly departed for Boston at the first sign of popular discontent. As Dexter described it, "Han-Lin coiled up his pig-tail, put forty grains of rice in a yallar bag, — enough to last him a month! — and toddled off in his two-story wooden shoes." He could scarcely have done a wiser thing, for poor Han-Lin's laundry was turned wrong side out within thirty-six hours afterwards.

The strike was popular. The spirit of it spread, as fire and fever and all elemental forces spread. The two apprentices in Brackett's bakery had a dozen minds about striking that first morning. The younger lad, Joe Wiggin, plucked up courage to ask Brackett for a day off, and was lucky enough to dodge a piece of dough weighing nearly four pounds.

Brackett was making bread while the sun shone. He knew that before the week was over there would be no cash customers, and he purposed then to shut up shop.

On the third and fourth days there was no perceptible fall in the barometer. Trade was brisk with Snelling, and a brass band was playing national airs on a staging erected on the green in front of the post-office. Nightly meetings took place at Grimsey's Hall, and the audiences were good-humored and orderly. Torrini advanced some Utopian theories touching a universal distribution of wealth, which were listened to attentively, but failed to produce deep impression.

"That's a healthy idea of Torrini's about dervidin' up property," said Jemmy Willson. "I've heerd it afore ; but it's sing'ler I never knowd a feller with any property to have that idea."

"Ther' 's a great dale in it, I can tell ye," replied Michael Hennessey, with a well-blackened Woodstock pipe between his teeth and his hands tucked under his

coat-tails. "Is n't ther', Misther Stavens?"

When Michael had on his bottle-green swallow-tailed coat with the brass buttons, he invariably assumed a certain lofty air of ceremony in addressing his companions.

"It is sorter pleasant to look at," returned Stevens, "but it don't seem to me an idea that would work. Suppose that, after all the property was divided, a fresh ship-load of your friends was to land at New York or Boston; would there be a new deal?"

"No, sur! by no manes!" exclaimed Michael excitedly. "The furreners is counted out!"

"But you're a foreigner yourself, Mike."

"Am I, then? Bedad, I'm not! I'm a rale American Know Nothing."

"Well, Mike," said Stevens maliciously, "when it comes to a reg'lar division of lands and greenbacks in the United States, I go in for the Chinese having their share."

"The Chinase!" shouted Michael. "Oh, murther, Misther Stavens! Ye would n't be fur dividin' with thim blatherskites!"

"Yes, with them,—as well as the rest," returned Stevens dryly.

Meanwhile the directors and stockholders of the various mills took counsel in a room at the rear of the National Bank. Mr. Slocum, following Richard's advice, declined to attend the meeting in person, or to allow his name to figure on the list of vice-presidents.

"Why should we hitch our good cause to their doubtful one?" argued Richard. "We have no concessions or proposals to make. When our men are ready to come back to us, they will receive just wages and fair treatment. They know that. We do not want to fight the molders. Let the iron-mills do their own fighting;" and Richard stolidly employed himself in taking an account of stock, and forwarding by

express to their destination the ten or twelve carved mantel-pieces that happily completed the last contract.

Then his responsibilities shrunk to winding up the office clock and keeping Mr. Slocum firmly on his legs. The latter was by far the more onerous duty, for Mr. Slocum ran down two or three times in the course of every twenty-four hours, while the clock once wound was fixed for the day.

"If I could only have a good set of Waltham works put into your father," said Richard to Margaret, after one of Mr. Slocum's relapses, "he would go better."

"Poor papa! he is not a fighter, like you."

"Your father is what I call a belligerent non-combatant."

Richard was seeing a great deal of Margaret these days. Mr. Slocum had invited him to sleep in the studio until the excitement was past. Margaret was afraid to have him take that long walk between the yard and his lodgings in Lime Street, and then her father was an old man to be without any protection in the house in such untoward times.

So Richard slept in the studio, and had his plate at table, like one of the family. This arrangement was favorable to many a stolen five minutes with Margaret, in the hall or on the staircase. In these fortuitous moments he breathed an atmosphere that sustained him in his task of dispelling Mr. Slocum's recurrent fits of despondency. Margaret had her duties, too, at this period, and the forenoons were sacred to them.

One morning as she passed down the street with a small wicker basket on her arm, Richard said to Mr. Slocum,—

"Margaret has joined the strikers."

The time had already come to Stillwater when many a sharp-faced little urchin—as dear to the warm, deep bosom that had nursed it as though it were a crown prince—would not have had a crust to gnaw if Margaret Slocum had

not joined the strikers. Sometimes her heart drooped on the way home from these errands, upon seeing how little of the misery she could ward off. On her rounds there was one cottage in a squalid lane where the children asked for bread in Italian. She never omitted to halt at that door.

"Is it quite prudent for Margaret to be going about so?" queried Mr. Slocum.

"She is perfectly safe," said Richard, — "as safe as a Sister of Charity, which she is."

Indeed, Margaret might then have gone loaded with diamonds through the streets at midnight. There was not a rough man in Stillwater who would not have reached forth an arm to shield her.

"It is costing me nearly as much as it would to run the yard," said Mr. Slocum, "but I never put out any stamps more willingly."

"You never took a better contract, sir, than when you agreed to keep Margaret's basket filled. It is an investment in real estate — hereafter."

"I hope so," answered Mr. Slocum, "and I know it's a good thing now."

Of the morals of Stillwater at this time, or at any time, the less said the better. But out of the slime and ooze below sprang the white flower of charity.

The fifth day fell on a Sabbath, and the churches were crowded. The Rev. Arthur Langly selected his text from S. Matthew, chap. xxii. v. 21: "Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's." But as he did not make it quite plain which was Cæsar, — the trades-union or the Miantowona Iron Works, — the sermon went for nothing, unless it could be regarded as a hint to those persons who had stolen a large piece of belting from the Dana Mills. On the other hand, Father O'Meara that morning bravely told his children to conduct themselves in an orderly manner

while they were out of work, or they would catch it in this world and in the next.

On the sixth day a keen observer might have detected a change in the atmosphere. The streets were thronged as usual, and the idlers still wore their Sunday clothes, but the holiday buoyancy of the earlier part of the week had evaporated. A turn-out on the part of one of the trades, though it was accompanied by music and a banner with a lively inscription, failed to arouse general enthusiasm. A serious and even a sullen face was not rare among the crowds that wandered aimlessly up and down the village.

On the seventh day it required no penetration to see the change. There was decidedly less good-natured chaffing and more drunkenness, though Snelling had invoked popular contumely and decimated his bar-room by refusing to trust for drinks. Brackett had let his ovens cool, and his shutters were up. The treasury of the trades-union was nearly drained, and there were growlings that too much had been fooled away on banners and a brass band for the iron men's parade the previous forenoon. It was when Brackett's eye sighted the banner with "Bread or Blood," on it that he had put up his shutters.

Torrini was now making violent harangues at Grimsey's Hall to largely augmented listeners, whom his words irritated without convincing. Shut off from the tavern, the men flocked to hear him and the other speakers, for born orators were just then as thick as unripe whortleberries. There was nowhere else to go. At home were reproaches that maddened, and darkness, for the kerosene had given out.

Though all the trades had been swept into the movement, it is not to be understood that every workman was losing his head. There were men who owned their cottages and had small sums laid by in the savings-bank; who had always

sent their children to the district school, and listened themselves to at least one of Mr. Langly's sermons or one of Father O'Meara's discourses every Sunday. These were anchored to good order; they neither frequented the bar-room nor attended the conclaves at Grimsey's Hall, but deplored as deeply as any one the spirit that was manifesting itself. They would have returned to work now — if they had dared. To this class belonged Stevens.

"Why don't you come up to the hall, nights?" asked Durgin, accosting him on the street, one afternoon. "You'd run a chance of hearing me hold forth some of these evenings."

"You've answered your own question, William. I should n't like to see you making an idiot of yourself."

"This is a square fight between labor and capital," returned Durgin with dignity, "and every man ought to take a hand in it."

"William," said Stevens meditatively, "do you know about the Siamese twins?"

"What about 'em, — they're dead, ain't they?" replied Durgin, with surprise.

"I believe so; but when they was alive, if you was to pinch one of those fellows, the other fellow would sing out. If you was to black the eye of the left-hand chap, the right-hand chap would n't have been able to see for a week. When either of 'em fetched the other a clip, he knocked himself down. Labor and capital is jined just as those two was. When you've got this fact well into your skull, William, I shall be pleased to listen to your ideas at Grimsey's Hall or anywhere else."

Such conservatism as Stevens's, however, was necessarily swept out of sight for the moment. The wealthier citizens were in a state bordering on panic, — all but Mr. Lemuel Shackford. In his flapping linen duster, for the weather was very sultry, now, Mr. Shackford

was seen darting excitedly from street to street and hovering about the feverish crowds, like the stormy petrel wheeling on the edges of a gale. Usually as chary of his sympathies as of his gold, he astonished every one by evincing an abnormal interest in the strikers. The old man declined to put down anything on the subscription paper then circulating; but he put down his sympathies to any amount. He held no stock in the concerns involved; he hated Slocum, and he hated the directors of the Miantowona Iron Works. The least he hoped was that Rowland Slocum would be laid out.

So far the strikers had committed no overt act of note, unless it was the demolition of Han-Lin's laundry. Stubbs, the provision dealer, had been taught the rashness of exposing samples of potatoes in his door-way, and the "Tonsorial Emporium" of Professor Brown, a colored citizen, had been invaded by two humorists, who, after having their hair curled, refused to pay for it, and the professor had been too agitated to insist. The story transpiring, ten or twelve of the boys had dropped in during the morning, and got shaved on the same terms. "By golly, gen'l'men!" expostulated the professor, "ef dis yah thing goes on, dis darkey will be cleaned cl'ar out fo de week's done." No act of real violence had been perpetrated as yet; but with bands of lawless men roaming over the village at all hours of the day and night, the situation was critical.

The wheel of what small social life there was in Stillwater had ceased to revolve. With the single exception of Lemuel Shackford, the more respectable inhabitants kept in-doors as much as practicable. From the first neither Mr. Craggie nor Lawyer Perkins had gone to the hotel to consult the papers in the reading-room, and Mr. Pinkham did not dare to play on his flute of an evening. The Rev. Arthur Langly found it politic to do but little visiting in the par-

ish. His was not the pinion to buffet with a wind like this, and indeed he was not explicitly called upon to do so. He sat sorrowfully in his study day by day, preparing the weekly sermon, — a gentle, pensive person, inclined in the best of weather to melancholia. If Mr. Langly had gone into arboriculture instead of into the ministry, he would have planted nothing but weeping-wilows.

In the mean time the mill directors continued their deliberations in the bank building, and had made several abortive attempts to effect an arrangement with the leaders of the union. This seemed every hour less possible and more necessary.

On the afternoon of the seventh day of the strike a crowd gathered in front of the residence of Mr. Alexander, the superintendent of the Miantowona Iron Works, and began groaning and hooting. Mr. Alexander sought out Mr. Craggie, and urged him, as a man of local weight and one accustomed to addressing the populace, to speak a few words to the mob. That was setting Mr. Craggie on the horns of a cruel dilemma. He was afraid to disoblige the representative of so powerful a corporation as the Miantowona Iron Works, but he equally dreaded to risk his popularity with seven or eight hundred voters; so, like the crafty chancellor in Tennyson's poem, he dallied with his golden chain, and, smiling, put the question by.

"Drat the man!" muttered Mr. Craggie, "does he want to blast my whole political career! *I* can't pitch into our adopted countrymen."

There was a blot on the escutcheon of Mr. Craggie which he was very anxious not to have uncovered by any chance in these latter days, — his ancient affiliation with the deceased native American party.

The mob dispersed without doing damage, but the fact that it had collected and had shown an ugly temper sent

a thrill of apprehension through the village. Mr. Slocum came in a great flurry to Richard.

"This thing ought to be stopped," said Mr. Slocum.

"I agree to that," replied Richard, bracing himself not to agree to anything else.

"If we were to drop that stipulation as to the increase of apprentices, no doubt many of the men would give over insisting on an advance."

"Our only salvation is to stick to our right to train as many workmen as we choose. The question of wages is of no account compared with that; the rate of wages will adjust itself."

"If we could manage it somehow with the marble workers," suggested Mr. Slocum, "that would demoralize the other trades, and they'd be obliged to fall in."

"I don't see that they lack demoralization."

"If something is n't done, they'll end by knocking in our front doors or burning us all up."

"Let them."

"It's very well to say let them," exclaimed Mr. Slocum, petulantly, "when you have n't any front door to be knocked in!"

"But I have you and Margaret to consider, if there were actual danger. When anything like violence threatens, there's an honest shoulder for every one of the hundred and fifty muskets in the armory."

"Those muskets might get on the wrong shoulders."

"That is n't likely. You do not seem to know, sir, that there is a strong guard at the armory day and night."

"I was not aware of that."

"It is a fact all the same," said Richard; and Mr. Slocum went away easier in his mind, and remained so — two or three hours.

On the eighth, ninth, and tenth day the clouds lay very black along the ho-

rizon. The marble workers, who began to see their mistake, were reproaching the foundry men with enticing them into the coalition, and the spinners were hot in their denunciations of the molders. Ancient personal antagonisms that had been slumbering started to their feet. Torrini fell out of favor, and in the midst of one of his finest perorations uncomplimentary missiles, selected from the animal kingdom, had been thrown at him. The grand torchlight procession on the night of the ninth culminated in a disturbance, in which many men got injured, several badly, and the windows of Brackett's bakery were stove in. A point of light had pierced the darkness, — the trades were quarreling among themselves!

The selectmen had sworn in special constables among the citizens, and some of the more retired streets were now patrolled after dark, for there had been threats of incendiarism.

Bishop's stables burst into flames one midnight, — whether fired intentionally or accidentally was not known; but the giant bellows at Dana's Mills was slit and two belts were cut at the Miantowona Iron Works that same night.

At this juncture a report that out-of-town hands were coming to replace the strikers acted on the public mind like petroleum on fire. A large body of workmen assembled near the railway station, — to welcome them. There was another rumor which caused the marble workers to stare at each other aghast. It was to the effect that Mr. Slocum, having long meditated retiring from business, had now decided to do so, and was consulting with Wyndham, the keeper of the green-house, about removing the division wall and turning the marble yard into a peach garden. This was an unlooked-for solution of the difficulty. Stillwater without any Slocum's Marble Yard was chaos come again.

"Good Lord, boys!" cried Piggott, "if Slocum should do that!"

Meanwhile, Snelling's bar had been suppressed by the authorities, and a posse of policemen, borrowed from South Millville, occupied the premises. Knots of beetle-browed men, no longer in holiday gear, but chiefly in their shirt-sleeves, collected from time to time at the head of the main street, and glowered threateningly at the single policeman pacing the porch of the tavern. The Stillwater Grays were under arms in the armory over Dundon's drug-store. The thoroughfares had ceased to be safe for any one, and Margaret's merciful errands were necessarily brought to an end. How the poor creatures who had depended on her bounty now continued to exist was a sorrowful problem.

Matters were at this point, when on the morning of the thirteenth day Richard noticed the cadaverous face of a man peering into the yard through the slats of the main gate. Richard sauntered down there, with his hands in his pockets. The man was old Giles, and with him stood Lumley and Peterson, gazing thoughtfully at the sign outside, —

NO ADMITTANCE EXCEPT ON BUSINESS.

The roughly lettered clapboard, which they had heedlessly passed a thousand times, seemed to have taken a novel significance to them.

Richard. What's wanted there?

Giles. [*Very affably.*] We was lookin' round for a job, Mr. Shackford.

Richard. We are not taking on any hands at present.

Giles. Did n't know but you was. Somebody said you was.

Richard. Somebody is mistaken.

Giles. P'rhaps to-morrer, or nex' day?

Richard. Rather doubtful, Giles.

Giles. [*Uneasily.*] Mr. Slocum ain't goin' to give up business, is he?

Richard. Why should n't he, if it does n't pay? The business is carried on for his amusement and profit; when

the profit stops it won't be amusing any longer. Mr. Slocum is not going to run the yard for the sake of the Marble Workers Association. He would rather drive a junk-cart. He might be allowed to steer that himself.

Giles. Oh!

Richard. Good-morning, Giles.

Giles. 'Mornin', Mr. Shackford.

Richard rushed back to Mr. Slocum.

"The strike is broken, sir!"

"What do you mean?"

"The thing has collapsed! The tide is turning, *and has washed in a lot of dead wood!*"

"Thank God!" cried Mr. Slocum.

An hour or so later a deputation of four, consisting of Stevens, Denyven, Durgin, and Piggott, waited upon Mr. Slocum in his private office, and offered, on behalf of all the departments, to resume work at the old rates.

Mr. Slocum replied that he had not objected to the old rates, but the new, and that he accepted their offer — conditionally.

"You have overlooked one point, Mr. Stevens."

"What one, sir?"

"The apprentices."

"We thought you might not insist there, sir."

"I insist on conducting my own business in my own way."

The voice was the voice of Slocum, but the backbone was Richard's.

"Then, sir, the Association don't object to a reasonable number of apprentices."

"How many is that?"

"As many as you want, I expect, sir," said Stevens, shuffling his feet.

"Very well, Stevens. Go round to the front gate and Mr. Shackford will let you in."

There were two doors to the office, one leading into the yard, and the other, by which the deputation had entered and was now making its exit, opened upon the street.

Richard heaved a vast sigh of relief as he took down the beam securing the principal entrance.

"Good-morning, boys," he chirped, with a smile as bright as newly minted gold. "I hope you enjoyed yourselves."

The quartet ducked their heads bashfully, and Stevens replied, "'Can't speak for the others, Mr. Shackford, but I never enjoyed myself worse."

Piggott lingered a moment behind the rest, and looking back over his shoulder said, "That peach garden was what fetched us!"

Richard gave a loud laugh, for the peach garden had been a horticultural invention of his own.

In the course of the forenoon the majority of the hands presented themselves at the office, dropping into the yard in gangs of five or six, and nearly all were taken on. To dispose definitely of Lumley, Giles, and Peterson, they were not taken on at Slocum's Yard, though they continued to be, directly or indirectly, Slocum's pensioners, even after they were retired to the town farm.

Once more the chisels sounded merrily under the long shed. That same morning the spinners went back to the mules, but the molders held out until night-fall, when it was signified to them that their demands would be complied with.

The next day the steam whistles of the Miantowona Iron Works and Dana's Mills sent the echoes flying beyond that undulating line of pines and hemlocks which half encircles Stillwater, and falls away loosely on either side, like an unclasped girdle.

A calm, as if from out the cloudless blue sky that arched it day after day, seemed to drift down upon the village. Han-Lin, with no more facial expression than an orange, suddenly reappeared on the streets, and went about repairing his laundry, unmolested. The children were playing in the sunny lanes again,

unafraid, and mothers sat on doorsteps across the vivid green of the salt
 in the summer twilights, singing softly marshes, breathed peace and repose.
 to the baby in arm. There was meat on Then, one morning, this blissful tran-
 the table, and the tea-kettle hummed quillity was rudely shattered. Old Mr.
 comfortably at the back of the stove. Lemuel Shackford had been found mur-
 The very winds that rustled through the dered in his own house in Welch's
 fragrant pines, and wandered fitfully Court.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE SAFFRON FLY.

A LEGEND OF BRITTANY.

JUDOCK the sorcerer, Kakous born,
 Master of magic sign and spell,
 Skilled to measure the thought of man,
 Wise with the wisdom of lower hell, —

Judock, hated and mocked and feared,
 Hid in the shadow of Mont d'Yvé,
 High and scornful to men appeared,
 But the soul within him cursed all day.

Mad with the lust of gold was he,
 Thirsty for riches as sea for sands;
 Long he pondered the mystery
 Of hoarding spirits and hiding hands.

Morn and midnight he travailed well,
 Wrought with signet and spell of power,
 Till the Spirit of Sin in the rock that dwells
 He bound and tortured in evil hour.

Round and round, and seven times round,
 Him he bound with a mighty chain,
 Till Debrua howled like a beaten hound,
 And shook and shuddered in mortal pain.

Loud he yelled, "O master of men!
 Set me free, and I will not lie!
 Gold and jewels his hands shall fill
 Who finds and catches the Saffron Fly.

"Weave of thy whitest hair a net, —
 Weave it only with three times three;
 Soak it in blood and wash in sweat,
 So shall the Fly thy captive be."

Judock severed the mighty chain,
The sword of Solomon cleft it through;
With screech, and laughter, and yell of hate,
Back to the rocks old Debrua flew.

Judock wove the wondrous net,
Hunted the Fly by night and day;
Thorns and briers his path beset,
Tearing the flesh from his bones away.

Wild the black rocks over him frowned,
His blood ran cold, he was like to die,
Or ever above that haunted ground
Danced and glittered the Saffron Fly.

Seven long days, through mire and mud,
Well he followed its freakish flight,
Till overhead, on a peasant's but,
He saw the glimmering wings alight.

His bones were stiff, his flesh was cold,
He could not climb a fathom higher;
For one more chance at the Fly of gold
He set the peasant's hut on fire.

Loud they shrieked who burned within.
What cared he, for the Fly, it flew!
Low he cursed and fast he ran,
Black the cinders after him blew.

Now it lights, — on a fennel-tree!
Flower of fennel no witch abides.
The greedy fingers grew numb and weak;
The Fly of fortune his chase derides.

By there wandered a shepherd lad;
Fair to see was the yellow Fly;
Slowly he reached his slender hand,
And safe within it did fortune lie.

Judock's dagger was keen and fine;
Deep to the shepherd's heart it sped.
Loud he laughed as he caught the Fly
Out of the fingers of the dead.

Fair is fortune, and evil too;
Close he grasped, and sharp it stung;
The hand that gathers with love nor ruth
Gathers sorrow for old or young!

Gold like pebbles his coffers filled;
 Gorgeous garments and spreading lands,
 Gems like the dews of morning spilled,
 All were gathered by Judock's hands:

All! — and the blessing of Saint Sequaire;
 Cursèd blessing, that dries the heart.
 His blood grew thick and his body spare,
 He felt the life from his veins depart.

Light grew dark to his groping gaze,
 Bitter was food, the wine cup dry;
 In a year and a day he wasted away,
 And his soul died cursing the Saffron Fly.

Rose Terry Cooke.

INCIDENTS OF THE CAPTURE OF RICHMOND.

[THE following informal relation of incidents in the capture of Richmond was not intended for publication, and was never revised. It was hastily prepared for a few friends composing a literary club in Portland, Maine, of which the writer was a member, and is now printed, after his decease, at their request.]

During the last year of the war of the rebellion, the public interest was so completely centred in the movements of the Army of the Potomac, the campaign of General Sheridan, and General Sherman's march to the sea that the Army of the James attracted comparatively little attention, until one bright Monday morning, on the 3d of April, 1865, the country was electrified with the intelligence that General Weitzel was in occupation of Richmond, and that the flag of the Union was waving over the capital of the Southern Confederacy.

So much blood and treasure had been poured out in the struggles for the capture of the rebel capital; the Union army had been so repeatedly driven back from the almost impregnable de-

fenses of this fortress of the South; the cry of "On to Richmond!" had been for so many years ringing in the ears of the people, only to be followed and associated with baffled expectations and defeated hopes, that when at last the glad news came that General Weitzel was in Richmond and Jefferson Davis a fugitive, a shout of exultant joy went up from every loyal heart in the North, such as had never been heard before, and which was hardly equaled by that which welcomed the subsequent intelligence of the surrender at Appomattox.

A short chapter of the unwritten history of the Army of the James during the few days preceding and following the capture of Richmond, from one who had the best means of knowledge, may not be devoid of interest, and may supply the place of a more labored essay which the overtaxed and wearied brain of a plodding judge refuses to produce in the few hours to be snatched from the ever-increasing throng of litigants clamoring for speedy judgments.

On Saturday, the first day of April, what remained of the Army of the James, after being depleted by the detachment

of two divisions, — one from the twenty-fourth and one from the twenty-fifth corps, — under the command of General Ord, who had moved across the river to reinforce the Army of the Potomac, was encamped on the north side of the James River, on a line extending from Drury's Bluff to Deep Bottom, and directly in front of Longstreet's corps, which occupied a strongly fortified position between these two points. We were under orders from General Grant to attack, on the following Monday, General Longstreet's lines, and endeavor to carry them by assault.

Longstreet was intrenched behind the strongest of all those works so admirably constructed by the best engineers of the regular army, — including Beauregard, who had devoted to the work of destroying the republic the results of an education at West Point, obtained at the expense of the Union, and intended to be used in its defense. In front of a perfectly constructed parapet, armed at all points with the best guns of heavy calibre, was a deep and wide ditch; in front of the ditch was a double row of abatis, and buried in the ground, at a distance of eighteen inches apart, between these rows, were torpedoes, which would explode under a pressure of five and seven pounds respectively. At all exposed points, where the nature of the ground in front did not exclude the probability of an attack, were *chevaux-de-frise* outside of the line of abatis.

The force of Longstreet behind this intrenched line was much larger than our own, which was ordered to make the assault. The prospect was not a pleasant one. The attack was not to be made in the expectation of carrying the enemy's line, but with the absolute certainty of being repulsed with great slaughter. Why then ordered? It was one of those necessities of warfare which require the sacrifice of a few to save many, — the destruction of a portion of an army to insure the victory of the remainder.

Grant was every day drawing closer and closer the lines which were encompassing the armies of General Lee on the south side of the James. If Lee could not break through these, he must fail; for all his sources of supply had been cut off by the operations of Sheridan.

The attempt was then making to force these lines. The decisive battles of the war were then being fought. It was all important at this crisis that Lee should not be strengthened by reinforcements drawn from Longstreet's army on the north of the James. To this end we were to be hurled against Longstreet's intrenchments; not as a feint to distract attention from another point of real attack, but in a persistent and deadly assault, which, regardless of losses to the attacking force, was to keep Longstreet's corps occupied all along his line, and to exclude the possibility of the withdrawal of any of his troops to reinforce Lee.

Every preparation had been made for this assault. Under orders I had placed ten days' rations in the square redoubts along our line, that in the event of repulse and defeat the remnant of our army might take refuge in them, and perhaps sustain themselves until the anticipated successes of General Grant's operations on the south side should enable him to detach a force for our relief. All the *impedimenta* of the army had been sent down to Norfolk. Every soldier had been reduced to the contents of his knapsack and haversack, and every officer to what he could carry on his person and his horse.

Saturday afternoon General Weitzel and one or two of his general officers were occupied in a meadow near Dutch Gap, experimenting with chain-shot and every available form of projectile, — firing at a double line of abatis, which had been constructed for the purpose as nearly as possible like Longstreet's, and endeavoring to break it down with cannon.

The experiments were not successful; chain-shot and Parrott shell and every other missile passed through the interlaced branches of the abatis, and left no visible break or opening. We retired at night-fall, with the conviction that artillery was useless to help us in making the breaches; and that they could be made only with axes in the hands of men exposed at short range to a deadly fire from troops perfectly protected, and exposed also to direct and enfilading fires from the mounted guns all along the enemy's line. In such an assault of course the officers must lead, stimulate, and encourage the men.

Sunday was passed in preparations for the attack, and in letter-writing to the dear ones at home, whom many of us then little expected to see again. Sunday evening General Weitzel came into the hut of a general officer, who was then chief of staff of the Army of the James. He carefully examined the schedules this officer had made of the opposing force, and, expressing great surprise at their completeness and accuracy, asked how such results could be attained with so limited means of information.

The officer pointed to a large, tabulated sheet tacked on the rough timber walls of his hut, and explained that by inquiring of each spy, prisoner, and deserter from the enemy respecting his company, regimental, brigade, and division commanders, and also respecting the companies on his right and left flank, he was enabled, by a comparison of all the answers, to supplement the ignorance of some and correct the falsehoods of others, verifying each by the other, so as to arrive at an approximately correct result.

"The result, general, is wonderful," said Weitzel, "and that is where the lawyer comes in."

General Weitzel was deeply impressed with the responsibility of leading his troops, including his own twenty-fifth

colored corps, into a battle where the slaughter must be fearful and a repulse almost certain. "I have been trying," said he, "to ascertain what troops passed through Richmond yesterday, and from what part of Longstreet's line they were withdrawn. General Mulford, who is coming down from near Richmond with the flag-of-truce steamer loaded with exchanged prisoners, has been unable to obtain from the officers on board any information on the subject. I think if you were there you could find out." I replied, "General, I will make the attempt."

Immediately calling for my horse and my orderly, I mounted, and started in the night through the woods for Aiken's Landing, about four miles distant, where the flag-of-truce steamer, the *City of Richmond*, would land. On arrival I found the exchanged prisoners disembarking. The men, with the habits of old soldiers in the field, upon landing had built fires on the banks, and were grouped in small squads, talking and smoking around them.

I started to cross the gang-plank to see the officers, who remained on the steamer. The way was obstructed with exchanged prisoners lying across the plank, too exhausted and feeble from imprisonment to go ashore; these were the prisoners from Belle Isle. The elation and excitement of a restoration to liberty after long confinement in rebeldom was not sufficient to rouse these half-starved, malaria-stricken skeletons of soldiers from complete apathy and indifference to life or death; they seemed not to care to drag their weary limbs any further, nor to make any exertion to save themselves from falling into the water. Afterwards, in Richmond, I saw the little pestilential island in the river where these poor fellows had been huddled together, closely packed in the low, swampy, fever-breeding inclosure, while on the high bluff, directly above them, was a large plain, where they could easily have been

placed, with abundance of room, pure air, and dry ground.

Having seen this within sight of the dwellings of Davis and General Lee, and having learned that to both of these men official communication had been addressed from rebel officers, detailing the horrors of Andersonville and remonstrating against them, and that the only reply was a promotion of the infamous Winder and an approval of his course, I may be pardoned if I fail to agree with those who think that the president of the Confederacy and the commanding general of the rebel army are not responsible for the twelve thousand nine hundred and twenty martyrs of Andersonville, and the thousands of other victims of Libby and Belle Isle.

With the help of my orderly carefully lifting these poor fellows from the gang-plank and placing them near the camp-fires, to be ministered to by their companions, I then went on board, but failed to obtain the required information. Divesting myself of shoulder-straps and all badges of rank, I passed about and conversed with the men in the small groups about the fires, and finally succeeded in finding a Yankee soldier, — a genuine Yankee, — who had kept his eyes and ears open. He had been a prisoner in Libby, and had been selected to go, under a parole, to carry the stinted rations to the other prisoners inside. He had seen the rebel soldiers, and learned their number and the name of their commander. With what I already knew, this enabled me to determine the precise point from which the troops had been withdrawn. But this information did not help us much, as they were taken from Field's division, which occupied the strongest and most defensible position on the line, quite distant from the place decided upon as the point of our attack.

Remounting, I galloped back to camp. On the way old Charley diversified the ride by giving himself and me a cold

bath: he found the water of a stream we were obliged to ford so agreeable, after the heated gallop I had given him, that he evidently thought it would be pleasant to us both to lie down and roll over in it.

I found General Weitzel awaiting my return. After communicating the intelligence I had acquired, we conversed upon the subject of the expected battle and the rather disheartening outlook. Before midnight a dispatch from General Grant arrived, informing us that the operations on his left flank had been so successful that Weitzel might delay his attack until reinforcements could be sent from the Army of the Potomac. With the heavy weight of this responsibility lifted from him, Weitzel left for his own quarters.

I had a conviction in my own mind of the significance of the withdrawal of a part of Field's division as indicating a desperate state of things. As soon as Weitzel left, therefore, I sent for Major Stevens, who had command of the provost guard and of the picket line, and ordered him, if any rebel prisoner or deserter were brought in that night, to bring him directly to me, and not delay him by the customary routine through brigade and division head-quarters. In case no prisoner or deserter from the enemy should be taken before two o'clock in the morning, he was authorized to offer a furlough of thirty days to any of the pickets who should bring one in. As no furloughs were then granted for any cause, and this would be a great boon to some soldier who wished to see, perhaps, a dying wife or child at home; and as the pickets of the respective armies were within talking distance of each other, so that they frequently exchanged coffee for tobacco, and our pickets regularly supplied me with the Richmond daily papers, obtained in exchange for such things as our soldiers were well provided with and the rebels were destitute of, I had no doubt that I should

see a rebel soldier before morning. I then wrapped myself in my blanket, and lay down to await the result.

Between one and two o'clock Monday morning, Major Stevens came to my quarters, bringing with him a ragged specimen of a rebel soldier. I sprang to my feet, and asked, "To what regiment do you belong?"

He answered, "To the eighteenth Georgia battalion."

"The deuce you do!" said I. "That battalion is in Custis Lee's division, and you are the man of all others in the world I want to see." I said this because I knew that Custis Lee's division occupied a point on the line which the enemy could not afford to weaken. "Where is your division?" I asked him.

He answered, "All I can tell you, general, is that I was out on picket, and at one o'clock, when the relief should have come, the officer came and marched us silently inside of the parapet, and left nobody in our places. When I got in, I found my battalion marching out towards Richmond. I had been conscripted and forced into the army, and had marched enough; so I thought I would n't march any more, but would come over to you uns."

Then I knew that the road to Richmond was open. Imagine the feelings of a Union officer, upon whom, in an instant, before it was known to any other person on the Union side, there flashed the conviction that Richmond was at our mercy; that we should go there the next day; and that in the stillness of that night, while the whole army was quietly sleeping, he was the sole possessor of the knowledge! I immediately dispatched to General Devens to have the twenty-fourth corps ready to move at daylight, gave the same orders to the twenty-fifth, and hastened to General Weitzel's quarters. I found the general sleeping the profound sleep of a Teuton, or, as he sometimes playfully called him-

self, a "long-legged Dutchman." Pulling him out of his bunk, which was the only way to arouse him from the deep sleep which had followed his relief from anxiety and responsibility for his command, I shouted in his ear, "General, we can take Richmond this morning!"

The news was too good and too sudden for ready credence. He would not believe it. Said he, "General, you are dreaming."

I replied, "Come out and put your ear to the ground, and you shall hear the tramp of Custis Lee's division on their way to Richmond."

The gallant Weitzel could not be convinced in that way. After some discussion, as he stood in the open door of his hut, a light was visible on the horizon in the direction of Richmond, which kept gradually increasing, succeeded by explosions.

It was, we afterwards learned, the burning and blowing up of the famous rebel ram Virginia, to prevent her falling into our hands. Weitzel exclaimed, —

"By heavens! General, you are right! Telegraph Devens to be ready to move by daylight."

I replied, "I have sent orders to that effect, and received his reply, that the twenty-fourth will be ready. The twenty-fifth is ready now."

The officers of the staff and of the two corps, to whom the news had extended like wild-fire, came flocking about head-quarters, almost crazy with exultation at the prospect of an immediate advance. The light from the flames of burning Richmond continued to increase, and brought the conviction to all that the rebels were burning their gunboats and their munitions and supplies in the city.

About three o'clock in the morning, the whole heavens were illuminated with the grandest display of pyrotechnics I have seen. The air was full of bursting shells, burning rockets, blue and red lights, Roman candles, fiery serpents, and

every kind of projectile and explosive. This magnificent illumination proceeded from the explosion of an immense naval laboratory near Richmond, in which were manufactured all the torpedoes, shell, fuses, rockets, signal lights, and ordnance stores for the rebel navy.

Our horses were by this time saddled and ready, and we were impatiently awaiting the daylight to cross the enemy's lines. While we were all exchanging congratulations, a young aid-de-camp on my staff, Lieutenant De Peyster, came to me and said, —

“General, do you remember a promise made to me a few months ago, when we left Norfolk for the Army of the James?”

I said, “Yes, De Peyster : I promised if you would bring with you and take care of my old flag that had floated over the city-hall in New Orleans, you should raise it over Richmond.”

“Will you let me do it?” he eagerly asked.

I answered, “Yes, go and get it ; and if you will carry it to Richmond you may raise it over the rebel capital.”

He ran quickly for it, strapped it to the pommel of his saddle, and did raise it that day over Richmond, — the first Union flag that had waved over Richmond since the secession of Virginia. This flag I afterwards gave to General Weitzel, and he presented it to the Historical Society of Ohio. It was the garrison flag of the twelfth Maine regiment ; a regiment which owed its unexampled speedy organization and equipment to the sagacity and foresight of one of the members of this club, — “the war governor of Maine.”

About five o'clock, Monday morning, we started on our march to Richmond : General Weitzel and his staff, comprising thirty or forty officers, in advance ; then a squadron of Massachusetts cavalry under Major Stevens ; a division of the twenty-fourth corps under General Devens ; and a division

of the twenty-fifth (colored) corps, all starting by different roads, and each striving to be first in Richmond. As we rode through Longstreet's lines, the small squares of red cloth inserted in split sticks in the ground over the torpedoes were all in place, — the flight having been too precipitate to leave time for their removal. We carefully guided our horses through the eighteen-inch wide space between them, and rode down into the ditch and up on to the parapet, — several of the horses tumbling into the ditch or rolling down the steep slopes of the parapet, to the great amusement of those of us who were hard-hearted enough to chaff their discomfited riders.

As we crossed the parapet we could see the whole encampment standing precisely as left in the night : not a tent had been struck ; not a gun in the embrasures had been spiked ; everything was left as if an army in the field had been drawn up in line of battle, or for an inspection, and then marched off the field. We dismounted and examined the camps, and found everything in them undisturbed, exactly as they had been occupied the night before. Passing through the encampment, we proceeded along the New Market road, which was completely strewn with blankets, muskets, knapsacks, clothing, every kind of impedimenta that the flying soldiers could throw away to lighten their burdens on their hurried march.

We made good speed on our horses, and were soon far in advance of the troops. As we drew near the city, a deputation, headed by Mr. Mayo, the mayor of Richmond, came to meet us and formally to surrender the city. They expressed great surprise at the fine, well-groomed and well-fed horses of the officers and the style and completeness of all the equipments, which undoubtedly contrasted strangely with the half-starved hacks and dilapidated equipments and uniforms they had been accustomed to see in the ranks of the

Confederate army during the last year of the siege of Richmond. We received the old Virginia gentleman so pleasantly and kindly that he reported, on his return to his anxious compatriots, who inquired what kind of people the Yankees were, that he had met "a company of perfect Chesterfields."

As we entered the city itself, the whole colored population received us with shouts of welcome. The white population remaining were tired of the siege, and thankful for our protection, after what they had suffered from the rebel troops, who had passed through in advance of us, had plundered the city of everything they could seize, and had set it on fire, determined to leave nothing for the Yankees but a heap of ashes in the place where Richmond had been. The houses of the more wealthy residents were closed, and their inmates, screening themselves from observation, only glanced at us from behind their lattices and blinds. But the joy of the poorer classes of whites and the exultation of the colored people at their deliverance from rebel tyranny was something wonderful to see.

The greater part of Richmond was on fire. As we rode through the principal streets, the buildings on both sides were burning over an area larger than that embraced in the burned district at the great fire in Portland. The air was filled with sparks, mingled in places with exploding shells from the rebel ordnance stores. The streets were thronged with people carrying tobacco, flour, and all kinds of commodities from the burning houses, shops, and warehouses. The delighted negroes crowded about the horses of the body-guard, and welcomed their riders with every demonstration of joy, pressing upon them the tobacco which they were saving from the factories and store-houses, so that when we arrived at the state-house every soldier of the provost guard had from five to fifty pounds of

the best smoking tobacco hanging from his saddle.

In the park surrounding the state-house was a scene of the wildest confusion. The rebel cabinet had hastily removed the most valuable archives from the respective departments the night before our entry; and the only time for making their hurried preparations had been since Sunday afternoon, when Jeff Davis was called out of church by the to him unexpected intelligence that the defenses of Richmond were to be abandoned, and the city evacuated by the troops during the night. The cabinet officers took away what papers they could, and the rest were scattered about the several departments, until our horses sank fetlock-deep in unsigned Confederate bonds and notes, letters, and documents of every kind, which covered the ground for acres.

Instantly upon arriving at the capitol the requisite military orders were issued, announcing the occupation of Richmond; appointing a military governor, provost-marshal, and the necessary officers; providing measures for extinguishing the conflagration, for the preservation of peace; and for the general government of the captured city. These measures occupied us until night-fall.

General Weitzel and the military governor occupied the official residence of the late president of the Confederacy, and breakfasted on the fare which had been provided for him, and which he could not wait that morning to partake of. As Davis had been a friend and guest of mine in former days, when he had been making Union speeches in Maine, and had frequently urged me to visit him in his Southern home, — and I had once called at his Mississippi plantation, only to find it occupied as a camp for contrabands, — I thought it rather inhospitable in him not to wait and preside at the breakfast he had prepared for me; but an appetite sharpened by the ride and the work of the morning

prevented my spending much time in mourning my long-lost friend.

Before breakfast the following military orders had been issued, which I read from a Richmond paper of the period:—

HEAD-QUARTERS DETACHMENT ARMY JAMES, }
RICHMOND, VA., April 3, 1865. }

Major-General Godfrey Weitzel, commanding detachment of the Army of the James, announces the occupation of the city of Richmond by the armies of the United States, under command of Lieutenant-General Grant. The people of Richmond are assured that we come to restore to them the blessings of peace, prosperity, and freedom, under the flag of the Union.

The citizens of Richmond are requested to remain for the present quietly within their houses, and to avoid all public assemblages or meetings in the public streets. An efficient provost guard will immediately reestablish order and tranquillity within the city.

Martial law is for the present proclaimed.

Brigadier-General George F. Shepley, United States Volunteers, is hereby appointed Military Governor of Richmond.

Lieutenant-Colonel Fred L. Manning, Provost Marshal General, Army of the James, will act as Provost Marshal of Richmond. Commanders of detachments doing guard duty in the city will report to him for instructions.

By command of Major-General WEITZEL.
D. D. WHEELER, A. A. G.

HEAD-QUARTERS MILITARY GOVERNOR OF }
RICHMOND, VA., April 3, 1865. }

The armies of the rebellion having abandoned their efforts to *enslave* the people of Virginia, have endeavored to destroy by fire the Capitol, which they could not longer occupy by their arms. Lieutenant-Colonel Manning, Provost Marshal General of the Army of the James and Provost Marshal of Richmond, will immediately send a sufficient detachment of the provost guard to arrest,

if possible, the progress of the flames. The fire department of the city of Richmond and all the citizens interested in the preservation of their beautiful city will immediately report to him for duty, and render every possible assistance in staying the progress of the conflagration. The first duty of the armies of the Union will be to save the city doomed to destruction by the armies of the rebellion.

No person will leave the city of Richmond without a pass from the office of the provost marshal.

Any citizen, soldier, or any person whatever, who shall hereafter plunder, destroy, or remove any public or private property, of any description whatever, will be arrested and summarily punished.

The soldiers of the command will abstain from any offensive or insulting words or gestures towards the citizens.

No treasonable or offensive expressions insulting to the flag, the cause, or the armies of the Union will hereafter be allowed.

For an exposition of their rights, duties, and privileges, the citizens of Richmond are respectfully referred to the proclamations of the president of the United States in relation to the existing rebellion.

All persons having in their possession or under their control any property whatever of the so-called Confederate States, or of any officer thereof, or the records or archives of any public officer whatever, will immediately report the same to Colonel Manning, Provost Marshal.

In conclusion, the citizens of Richmond are assured that with the restoration of the flag of the Union they may expect the restoration of that peace, prosperity, and happiness which they enjoyed under the Union, of which that flag is the glorious symbol.

G. F. SHEPLEY,
Brigadier-General U. S. Volunteers
and Military Governor of Richmond.

HEAD-QUARTERS MILITARY GOVERNOR OF }
 RICHMOND, VA., April 3, 1865. }

General Order No. 2. No officer or soldier will enter or search any private dwelling, or remove any property therefrom, without a written order from the head-quarters of the commanding general, the military governor, or the provost marshal general.

Any officer or soldier, with or without such order, entering any private dwelling will give his name, rank, and regiment.

Any officer or soldier entering a private dwelling without such authority, or failing to give his name, rank, and regiment, or reporting the same incorrectly, will be liable to immediate and summary punishment.

G. F. SHEPLEY,

Brigadier-General U. S. Volunteers
 and Military Governor of Richmond.

After the labors of the first day in extinguishing the flames, giving orders for removing the bricks and stone of the fallen walls, so as to clear the streets and renew the supply of gas and water which had been cut off by the destruction of the mains, and in organizing measures for the government and police of the city, the officers of the army of occupation assembled in a large building near the executive mansion, and held a love-feast, to celebrate the fall of Richmond, and to listen to the congratulatory dispatches which poured in from the whole North.

I pass over these festivities and the thousand other occurrences of the next few days, to relate an incident which is a part of the unwritten history connected with the visit of Abraham Lincoln.¹ A few days after the fall of Richmond, as I was rapidly riding from my head-quarters in the custom-house, where I occupied rooms just vacated by Judah P. Benjamin, secretary of state of the

Confederacy, I saw an excited crowd moving up the street. Dispatching my orderly to ascertain the occasion of the tumult, he soon returned, saying, "General, they say it is the president." Putting spurs to my horse, I rode immediately to the advancing multitude. At the head of the procession was Abraham Lincoln leading his boy "Tad" by the hand, walking in the middle of the street, accompanied by Admiral Porter, and followed by the officers of Admiral Porter's flag-ship, the Wabash, and a crowd of curious gazers, — white, black, and intermediate shades; men, women, and children, — all anxious to get a look at Father Abraham.

Dismounting, I went up to him, when he exclaimed, "Hullo, general! is this you? I was walking round to find head-quarters." I dispatched an orderly to report the facts to General Weitzel, and we walked together to the executive mansion. When we arrived in front of it, I presented the president to the people, and he acknowledged their hearty cheers by a few simple, sensible, and kindly words.

While the officers of the navy who had accompanied the president were exploring Richmond, and he was conferring with General Weitzel, Judge Campbell, who had left the bench of the supreme court of the United States at the breaking out of the rebellion, and had been a member of the rebel cabinet, and was now in Richmond undergoing the process of reconstruction, came to me as an old friend, and solicited the favor of an interview with the president. I communicated his desire to Lincoln, who expressed a readiness to see him. The interview took place. Judge Campbell endeavored to satisfy the president that as Richmond was evacuated by the Confederacy, and in possession of the Union army, the Virginia troops, who had gone into the contest upon the ground

¹ April 6, 1865: the president's second visit to Richmond after its capture. His first visit was on

April 4th, the day following the entry of the Union army.

that they owed their first allegiance to their State, would no longer care to fight. He urged that if the legislature of Virginia could be convened, it would now recall the Virginia troops from the field, and declare, so far as Virginia was concerned, the rebellion ended.

In the conference, Judge Campbell, appealing to the kind, generous, and forgiving nature of Lincoln, who was only too ready to concede everything to a fallen foe, succeeded in convincing him of the feasibility of this project, and that it would save the effusion of much blood. The president then ordered General Weitzel to grant passes and permission to the members of the rebel legislature of Virginia to assemble in Richmond.

General Weitzel had no opportunity to communicate this result to me before the president had left Richmond, although the president told me that he had acceded to Judge Campbell's request.

When General Weitzel informed me of the order, I asked for a copy.

He said, "I have no written order."

I replied, "You are not safe without one."

"Why do you say so?" he asked.

"Because," I answered, "this order will be revoked as soon as the president reaches Washington and confers with his cabinet; more, the cabinet will deny that any such order ever was issued."

"Why so?" said he.

"Because this is madness. By this shrewd move of Judge Campbell the rebel legislature, assembled under the new constitution recognizing the Confederacy, will covertly gain recognition as a legal and valid legislature, and creep into the Union with all its rebel legislation in force, thus preserving all the peculiar rebel institutions, including slavery; and they will get, as the price of defeat, all they hoped to achieve as the fruits of victory. The thing is monstrous. The cabinet will swear that you have misunderstood the verbal order, or will-

fully misinterpreted it. I wish, for your sake, you had the order in writing."

"I am a soldier," said he, "and do as I am ordered."

"Right, general," I said. "Issue to me the order for the safe conducts, and I will obey it." So he issued the order to me. I wrote a form of safe conduct, or pass, as follows:—

By command of the president of the United States, safe conduct through the lines of the army is hereby granted to —, a member of the so-called legislature of Virginia, from his place of abode in Virginia to Richmond, and while going to, remaining in, and returning from Richmond, and during the meeting of the so-called legislature. If this permission be used for the furtherance or utterance of treason against the United States in any form, this safe conduct will be void and its protection withdrawn.

By command of GODFREY WEITZEL,
Major-General.

G. F. SHEPLEY, Brigadier-General,
Military Governor.

When these orders were printed, I showed them to Weitzel, and said, "The passes are ready for the members of the legislature; notice has been publicly given that they can have them. I have obeyed orders; so have you. I am afraid, general, as most of the gentlemen for whom these papers are intended are scattered over Virginia, and between us and them are the lines of two contending armies, not many of the passes will be delivered before this order is revoked from Washington, and before General Grant has solved the question for them. At the rate he is now progressing, he will soon withdraw the Virginia troops from the field without the help of a rebel legislature."

It turned out as I had expected. As soon as the president arrived in Washington, having reflected upon the effect of recognizing a rebel legislature, and

conferred with his cabinet, he revoked, by telegraph, his order to Weitzel. The cabinet officers denied the fact that such an order was issued, and the blame was thrown on Weitzel; and newspaper reporters circulated a charge that the movement originated with Weitzel, and it was attributed to his sympathy for the rebels. Not so President Lincoln. As soon as he was on board the Wabash, going down the river, he sent General Weitzel a *written order* in the same terms as the verbal one he had previously given. This shows the kindness and sense of justice of Abraham Lincoln. The written order was sent purely for Weitzel's protection, that the responsibility for the act might rest on the president's own shoulders, and no one else might suffer. When, therefore, after the decease of Lincoln, a high government official allowed it to be said without contradiction, "No one than he [Lincoln] more bitterly condemned the acts of General Weitzel and his officers in Richmond in attempting to assemble the rebel legislature of Virginia," he did not know, as I did, that General Weitzel had in his possession the peremptory *written order* of the president, and that the act was against the opinions and advice of the only officers in Richmond who were cognizant of it.

After his interview with Judge Campbell, the president being about to return to the Wabash, I took him and Admiral Porter in my carriage. An immense concourse of colored people thronged the streets, accompanied and followed the carriage, calling upon the president with the wildest exclamations of gratitude and delight. He was the Moses, the Messiah, to the slaves of the South. Hundreds of colored women tossed their hands high in the air, and then bent down to the ground, weeping for joy. Some shouted

songs of deliverance, and sang the old plantation refrains, which had prophesied the coming of a deliverer from bondage. "God bless you, Father Abraham!" went up from a thousand throats. Those only who have seen the paroxysmal enthusiasm of a religious meeting of slaves can form any adequate conception of the way in which the tears and smiles and shouts of these emancipated people evinced the frenzy of their gratitude to their deliverer. He looked at it all attentively, with a face expressive only of a sort of pathetic wonder. Occasionally its sadness would alternate with one of his peculiar smiles, and he would remark on the great proportion of those whose color indicated a mixed lineage from the white master and the black slave; and that reminded him of some little story of his life in Kentucky, which he would smilingly tell; and then his face would relapse again into that sad expression which all will remember who saw him during the last few weeks of the rebellion. Perhaps it was a presentiment of his impending fate.

I accompanied him to the ship, bade him farewell, and left him, to see his face no more. Not long after, the bullet of the assassin arrested the beatings of one of the kindest hearts that ever throbbed in human bosom.

The sceptre descended into the hands of Andrew Johnson. Andrew Johnson descended into the hands of the Southern rebels. Then followed the ill-advised and ill-considered measures of reconstruction, and the conflicts of Ku-Klux and carpet-baggers; all which Providence seems to have tolerated as perhaps a necessary act in the great drama of the social revolution, which substituted a system of equality of personal and civil rights for the dynasty of a dominant over a servient race.

George F. Shepley.

BROWN'S RETREAT.

I.

BROWN'S Retreat flashed upon them all of a sudden.

The neighborhood had gone to sleep, one night, guileless and innocent, — that is, theoretically guileless and innocent, — and had awakened in the morning to the consciousness that Brown's Retreat was in its midst.

There was considerable mystery and confusion attending the want of knowledge whether Brown's Retreat meant that Brown had retreated, or if it was a general invitation into the "retreat," or if Brown was a practical joker and Brown's Retreat merely a gentle stimulant to that weakness.

Edgerly was such a prosperous town that it was no misnomer to call it a city. It had a fine harbor and a fine East India trade, and it had a charming collection of water-side characters. It had a fine state-prison that was kept on the most desirable plan. Five hundred gentlemen were lodged there who had differences with their country's laws. Once in a while, curiously enough, one of these gentlemen would escape. There were other fine institutions in Edgerly, of which it is, however, unnecessary to speak.

Edgerly itself was built on some three or four hills, so that the narrow, zigzag streets were not only narrow and zigzag, but they had quite an abrupt slope; and some of them, had they been built as surveyors intend, would have led you, running at a smart pace, down into the very depths of the dubious-looking black water at the foot of the hill, where, at the weather-beaten wharves, with their perfume of bilge-water, some rusty-looking schooner would be lying at anchor, displaying on its bare spars a varied collection of trousers and under-garments

hung out to dry, besides affording a glimpse of a decidedly untidy nautical character mopping the unsavory deck.

To be sure, this represents Edgerly's least respectable side, but, to tell the truth, we have nothing to do with its more aristocratic aspect.

It was nearly at the foot of Edgerly's down-hill street that Brown's Retreat flashed out. At a rough guess it was six feet by ten, and occupied one half of the ground floor of No. 7, a wooden house with depressed-looking windows, at each of which appeared a vision of somebody's baby and some baby's mother, all looking very frouzy and much in want of soap and water and fresh air.

Brown's Retreat was, then, about six feet by ten, and left lookers-on no doubt of its character, as it boldly proclaimed itself "Brown's Retreat" on a deal-board, painted in lamp-black by one whose right hand had lost its cunning, for the letters resembled Edgerly streets, being narrow and zigzag in the extreme. Nevertheless, they stared into the world over the small, dingy show-window, which revealed as a solid foundation, two quarts of dismal-looking apples, surmounted by several rows of sticky pop-corn balls, a collection of combs and seed-cakes, a few paper dolls, a sprinkling of dead flies, clay-pipes, and shoe-strings.

Sometimes a child's face would peer out eagerly from among these treasures; a child's face, yet strangely unchild-like, with shrewd gray eyes watching stealthily, — a poor little body shivering in a doubtful calico dress, with an attempt at finery in a string with three glass beads about her wretched little neck, and a horse-hair ring on an emaciated forefinger.

The child was small, the shop was small, and the counter was very small.

The selection of wares was modest, and the greater part graced the window.

When the sign, "Brown's Retreat," appeared over the window the neighborhood stared. Whether the invisible Brown grinned is unknown; but true it is that the mysterious child continued to keep the little shop with much solemnity. Once in a while, when the shop was empty, — which, Heaven knows, was most of the time, for neither money nor trade was very brisk in that part of Edgerly town, — a cautious voice would whisper hoarsely, "Is the coast clear, Popsy?"

The mysterious child would reconnoitre stealthily, and then with much difficulty would whisper through the key-hole of a small door in the back of the shop, half lost in the gloom of the place, "Yes, Nunc!" Then a man's head would peer out cautiously from the slightly opened door, — a man's head, with tumbled, brown hair, an unshaven face, and undecided blue eyes, that had, however, little redeeming wrinkles at the corners, as if the man could laugh at a joke.

If Popsy whispered warningly, "Shoo, — shoo, Nunc!" there would come back a muffled "All right, Popsy!" By which you will see that not only was there a Brown's Retreat, but there was even a retreat to that, like a Chinese puzzle of a ball within a ball.

It was on a late November day that Brown's Retreat appeared before an astonished world; a raw day, when the inky waves with a greasy scum, down in the harbor, had foamy white caps tossing upon them, and plebeian Edgerly went about with a red nose and its hands in its pockets, and some of the ladies had their dress skirts over their heads.

Popsy, having flashed out along with the Retreat, was much stared at and questioned; but the only information gleaned was that Popsy had a sick uncle in the back room, who was n't to be dis-

turbed. He had bought out the previous occupant, she further volunteered, who had failed ingloriously, with five dollars debts and assets *nil*.

"Uncle says, too, we must n't trust," Popsy added, parenthetically. As she spoke a low chuckle was heard through the key-hole of the back room, as if some one could n't help laughing, for the life of him.

"Merciful powers, what's that?" asked the visitor.

"It's only uncle a-choking," said Popsy, with much presence of mind.

II.

A man may be a rascal, and yet possess a fine sense of humor. That was the matter with Popsy's uncle. Not that he was such an awful rascal, if you judge by any other standard than this world's. His name was Brown, and before he became ripe for the penitentiary he had been quite a decent member of society, who even went to church once in a while. That was his misfortune. Had he not gone to church he might still have been quite a decent member of society instead of what he was.

One Sunday morning he wandered into a meeting-house, and heard the preacher grow eloquent on forgiving the sins of our fellow-men; how that he, the preacher, loved mankind, and there was nothing his erring brethren could do to him which would turn him against them. Brown had gone into the sacred edifice more for warmth than from piety, for it was a bitter, biting winter day, and his lucky star was, just then, very dim. Being there he listened, and listening believed the eloquent words. Confidingly, and with a certain sense of humor, too, he took the reverend gentleman at his word: that night the parsonage was entered and a large number of valuables were stolen. Brown was not caught in the act, exactly, but a silver cream jug

was found in his left coat-tail pocket for which he could not account; especially, as it had a strange monogram engraved on one fat side. To his surprise and disappointment the minister appeared against him; a jury without a bit of humor found him guilty, and a prosaic judge sentenced him to five years' imprisonment.

Brown did not belong to that class novelists delight in describing, the noble convict. He was human, — that is all I have to say for him; human, with a fine ignorance of mine and thine; but beyond that, he would do no injury to man or child, except, perhaps, in self-defense, when we are all either cowards or wild beasts.

That late November night when he escaped, one thought had been uppermost in his distracted mind, — to secrete himself on some outward-bound vessel in Edgerly harbor, and be carried to parts unknown; very fine in theory, very hard in practice, though Brown had his friends, and you know that truthful adage, "honor among thieves."

That eventful night, when, after deathly danger, he stood trembling and shuddering once more under the skies, a free man, unimaginative creature that he was he felt his own unspeakable wretchedness. With the instinct of a hunted beast more than the consciousness of a man with a deadly fear at heart, that made him repent of his rash folly too late, he turned his back on the open country, that would have meant safety to many a man, and groped his way through miserable alleys and no-thoroughfares, shrinking at every sound and starting at every shadow, to Edgerly's marketplace.

The sky was black, the rain fell in torrents; and a piercing wind swept the great drops hither and thither.

"Dog's weather!" muttered a policeman, and pulled his coat collar about his ears, and was for a moment not quite as watchful as he should be. "Good

convict's weather," Brown may have thought, if the power of thinking was still left to him in the midst of cold and terror, as he crouched in an angle of the great market that stretched its granite length in dim perspective, lighted at distant intervals by flickering gas-lamps, about which the rays, falling on mist and rain, formed a dismal yellow halo. Deserted all, deserted.

Edgerly market lay quite near the wharves; not very respectable, to be sure, but Brown was satisfied, and Brown and respectability had long since ceased to know each other. Quite unhindered he continued his vagrant, groping way, till, being about to turn a corner, a corner with a traitorous street-lamp, he ran face to face against another man.

"Damn you!" muttered the newcomer. Then instantly catching sight of the cowering face, he grasped the wretched man's arm with the power of a vice. "You, Brown," —

"You, Jack," — and Brown tried to free himself desperately, and raised one clenched fist.

"None o' that, Brown; we're friends!" cried Jack. "Ned Brown, you here? Are n't you — why — you must have — you must have" —

"Cut? Yes," Brown interposed. "I'm off, Jack. They'll be after me now, sure!" he cried, and peered anxiously about.

"From the . . . ?" Jack asked, turning his thumb in the direction of Edgerly's prison. Brown nodded, and was about to hurry on, when the other stopped him. "Yours is hard luck, old boy. Here, take this; it'll help you on. I'll do som'mat more for you if I can, — for old time sake, ye know." Thrusting some money into the man's hand, this good Samaritan, in the guise of a common sailor, vanished.

With a ray of comfort in his heart Brown clutched the money to his breast, and at last found himself in that narrow, zigzag street which led to the black

water at the foot of the wharf, a street not very dainty in its inhabitants, and very willing to give anything it possessed for miserable money. It was the most undesirable of all the streets in a great city,—a street with tumble-down, wooden houses and odd nooks; with narrow lanes and alleys creeping out, and, here and there, dark quadrangles below the level of the street, with rickety wooden steps leading down to them, and dimly lighted by an oil lamp swinging from a wooden arch overhead and throwing a wretched glimmer on unspeakable poverty and crime. Down this street the culprit crept. He had just reached such a quadrangle, and had shrunk back from the dreary darkness and the dreary light, when he heard a bitter sobbing, and the next instant he felt something pull at his trousers. With a shudder and an oath he looked down.

"Let go, you brat!" he muttered, as he caught sight of the shivering form of a child crouching on the top of the miserable flight of steps. The child ceased sobbing and shrank back at the sudden violence of face and tone, while the unhappy man disappeared into the darkness. There is a touch of superstition, a fear of a higher power, be it what it will, in the most unimaginative and irreligious of us,—a feeling that, somehow, as we do, so shall we be done by. Fleeing, as he was, from every known peril, Brown was yet stopped in his headlong course by an unexplained feeling that a certain guiding power—Brown would call it "luck," in an unvarnished statement—might, in retribution, forsake him as he had passed by the child. So he retraced his steps to where she had fallen on her face and was weeping most bitterly. "What's the matter, young 'un?" he asked roughly.

"They've turned me out o' doors, for father's gone, I don't know where, and mother—mother's dead,—and oh, I'm so cold and hungry, and I'm so afraid!" she cried, looking about fearfully.

"Well, what's to be done with you, young 'un?" Brown demanded, not unkindly.

The child stopped sobbing, and looking up to him with an imploring face said, with innocent confidence, "P'raps you'll take me with you."

It did not enter Brown's head to disbelieve her story.

"Take you with me," he repeated, with a grim smile, for he saw the ghastly humor of the thing,— "take you with me? Why, I have n't got a bunk for myself to-night."

The child had been bred in that state of society where hunted-down Brown was but an every-day object to her. He seemed a stranger in Edgerly, and what wonder, therefore, that he was without a lodging?

"I know of a boarding-house where they'll take you in," she said eagerly; "that is, if you can pay," she added, with some misgivings. Brown nodded. "It's right here in the street,—near the wharf; and—and—p'raps you'll tell 'em to take me in, too, and—and p'raps you'll give me a bit of bread."

"Go ahead," said Brown, and he followed his ragged guide. He was reckless, this breaker of laws, and as a gambler stakes his all on one throw of the dice, so he staked life and liberty on this small vagrant, with a feeling of superstition that his "luck" could not forsake him; for had he not befriended one nearly as wretched as himself?

The child led the way to a tumble-down wooden house with depressed windows. The landlady, a middle-aged virago, was just having a dispute with a slightly intoxicated lodger, which she postponed for an instant to attend to business. The delicate matter of references not being alluded to, the stranger, in consideration of a certain modest sum, was allowed to take possession of a dingy room back of a six-by-ten-foot shop, followed by his small guide with a tallow candle.

"Two doors and a low window," said Brown, peering curiously about in the miserable room. "One door leads into the shop, the other into the entry, and the window," he said, throwing it open as noiselessly as possible, and putting his head out, "into an alley — so!" he exclaimed, and shut it again. Then he seated himself on the tall, uninviting bed, and, dangling his legs backwards and forwards, stared into the pinched, haggard face of the child, who stood watching him very patiently. "And what may your name be, young 'un?" he asked abruptly.

"Popsy," she said briefly, returning his stare.

"You're pretty well alone in the world?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"So am I," he said thoughtfully, — "so am I. We might," he added, as if thinking aloud, — "we might hang on to each other, for the present at least, might n't we?"

"I bet we might!" Popsy answered energetically, with a world of gratitude in her old young eyes.

"Well, then, call me uncle; Nunc, you might say, for short. Now, Popsy?"

"Well, Nunc?"

"Fetch a pint of milk and a loaf of bread."

Popsy disappeared, and Brown lay back on the bed and laughed. The idea of his playing the part of protector was too funny; it struck him so forcibly that he forgot his own precarious position in amusement at the comic side of the transaction.

Such was the advent of Brown, who rented the six-by-ten-foot shop, and, hiding day-times, prowled about at night in search of means to escape from Edgerly town and the Edgerly laws he had broken. Yet the man could not be the man he was without having his little joke. In his leisure moments, so very plentiful, he traced the words "Brown's Retreat" on a pine board, and, trusting

to the name of Brown as a disguise, nailed it over the shop window one night, where it surprised Edgerly the next morning, to the intense delight of its owner, who nearly choked with suppressed laughter when an unsuspecting policeman, in passing, read the sign and grinned.

That policeman had a nice sense of humor, but it was as nothing compared to Brown's.

III.

But Justice did not sleep because guileless policemen passed by Brown's Retreat unsuspectingly. No; she was only slightly confused; perhaps rubbing her bandaged eyes, and resting the end of her classic nose on the hilt of her conventional sword. But she was not asleep. She had put her hand into her respectable pocket and offered two hundred and fifty dollars reward for the apprehension of the fugitive Brown, which stimulated quite a number of loafers to find him out.

November had turned into the bitterest, coldest December. Approaching Christmas hardly disturbed this part of Edgerly by any undue gladness; though Brown's Retreat made a sacrifice to the season in the shape of a few twigs of holly and an evergreen-tree.

Popsy had developed fine shop-keeping talents, with a shrewd eye open for cash customers. This calculating eye, in looking over the street one December morning, lighted on a stranger in an attire several degrees better than that usually worn by the gentlemen about. It was a cross between a naval and a police uniform, and there was something military in the slouched hat that was carelessly cocked over a wide-awake eye; there was, too, something military in the dyed mustache.

This personage, with his hands in his trousers pockets, stared at the sign of Brown's Retreat, and said "Hallo!"

with a dim sense of amusement. Then he looked in at the door, and said "Hal-lo?" interrogatively. Without waiting for an answer, he leaned his elbow gracefully on the counter, and remarked to Popsy, —

"Of course you're not Brown; who may Brown be?" to which the child listened in silent alarm. "Brown's a man who likes a joke," the stranger continued, surveying the dismal place with much scorn; "for of course nobody'd call this a retreat except as a joke. . . . What did you say?" he abruptly asked Popsy, who stood by in open-mouthed consternation.

"If you please," she said, with a little courtesy, — "if you please, sir, Brown's my sick uncle, and mustn't be disturbed."

"Oh, really, mustn't he?" said this remarkable individual, calmly making for the little door.

"No, you shan't!" cried Popsy, and thrust her slight figure between the stranger and the back room.

"Why, you ferocious little savage! what harm would it do him?" he cried, retreating, nevertheless, while he stroked his dyed mustache nonchalantly, and laughed a weak laugh, which would have been still weaker could he have seen through the deal door, where Brown sat on the bed with a loaded revolver in his hand, ready with an unexpected welcome.

"He's sick, and you mustn't go in," Popsy said hastily, fearing, child as she was, that she had made a blunder, even in her quick defense of him; for she knew his story, and that he was waiting for a favorable moment to escape on one of the schooners down at the wharf, — a transaction by no means strange to Popsy.

The mysterious stranger, as if in his turn to allay her suspicion, or her alarm, looked over the wares on the counter, and at last purchased a clay pipe, and then sauntered carelessly out of the shop,

followed by the child's eager gaze and by a couple of cautious eyes that looked stealthily out of the inner door after the retreating figure, and made such a mental note of it that that inquisitive person would not have been safe from Brown beneath any disguise. "The devil's in that sneaking cuss!" he muttered, as he drew his head in again. "Popsy!"

"What's it, Nunc?" the child asked, putting her shrewd face in at the door.

"If that chap comes loafing round here again, you do this; do you understand? Now do it!" So Popsy coughed obediently, as Brown directed. "It's getting as hot as h—ll round here. I'll have to cut, or they'll pin me again," he muttered.

"Nunc," said Popsy, still lingering, "there was another man here this morning what asked to see you; and I said you was sick, and he said he was a doctor. I said you wouldn't see no doctor; then he said he was a friend o' yourn, and he'd come round again."

There was a look of veiled fear in the man's eyes, and he clenched his brawny hands, and felt as if the game he was playing was coming to a delicate point.

The zigzag street was indeed becoming unsafe quarters; the neighborhood was accustomed to harbor suspicious characters, and, after a first nod of surprise, forgot all about them. But the mysterious Brown, who was never seen, who rented a shop where there was little to sell, became the subject of conversation. The police was after him, too; but it was not the police that looked in at the store and bought clay pipes; nor did the police say it was the doctor and his friend. The police was scouring the country far and wide in search of the criminal, but it had not occurred to that able body to examine the region under its very nose; that duty was being performed by self-constituted spies, who had recourse to the police only at the last moment, fearing it might claim the

reward. The culprit, knowing the tricks of the trade, instantly recognized his visitors' errand, and muttered a curse upon them. The man was not so delicate in his sentiments — not being a noble convict — as to doubt the honor or purity of their profession; he merely questioned their right to be stepping into the shoes of those whose duty it was to arrest him in the way of business.

"Curse them for sneaking dogs! Why can't they leave a fellow alone!" he thought, with a despair at heart that nearly made him give in, beaten.

Nevertheless, that night he once more groped his way stealthily out of the house, through a back door that led into an alley-way, darker for a cloudy night and dirtier than usual for a spell of thawing. Into this dirt and darkness Brown disappeared.

The neighborhood about Brown's Retreat, if not very honest or respectable, had a touching confidence in other people's honesty and respectability; for it always slept with its doors wide open in summer and on the latch in winter, the delicate formality of a bell or knocker being quite unknown. At midnight, or a little later, the faint light of a tallow candle lit a corner of Brown's Retreat and awoke Popsy from her slumbers on a miscellaneous heap of old clothes and a patchwork quilt to the fact that an unknown man was bending over her. A sailor he seemed; a strong looking man, with a face smoothly shaven but for a short, cleanly cut mustache.

Being only a child, Popsy was for a moment filled with unspeakable terror at the sudden awakening, the light, and the strange man. Then there flashed into her mind, young as she was, the danger of the man who had befriended her, and whose object was, she knew, to remain undiscovered.

Without moving her eyes from the stranger's face, she slipped on to her feet, and stood at the door of Brown's

room, as if to defend it. Not a word she said, but stood there shivering and trembling, with one small, faithful hand on the door-knob and a pleading look in her faithful eyes that made his own dim; that made him turn away for an instant, and then ask in a husky voice, "Don't you know me, Popsy?" Popsy started at the tones. "Well, this beats all! Don't you know your Nunc?" cried the man. "I swear, youngster, either you're asleep or I'm another man. What, don't you know me, Popsy?" he asked, and held out his arms to her.

"Yes, you are Nunc!" the child cried, throwing her arms about his neck. Then, after a little thoughtful pause, she added, "And yet you are not."

The man was, indeed, well disguised. Since Popsy had known him his face had become rough and dark by a beard and mustache of some weeks' growth. Soap and water and a comb, prosaic as it sounds, had helped the transformation. The trim sailor's dress, rough as it was, formed such a contrast to the wretched clothes he had picked up piecemeal.

With better clothes something of that disgraced, hunted-down look in his eyes had disappeared; so that as far as his outer man was concerned Brown might again have been classed as a respectable member of society.

"And yet you are not Nunc," the child repeated, not quite comprehending his disguise.

Brown said nothing, but lifting her in his arms carried her into the back room and closed the door. Placing the candle on the rough table, he seated himself and took the child on his knee.

"Look here, Popsy," he began, with some embarrassment, "you know I'm hiding from the — from the" —

"Perlice," Popsy interposed wisely.

"Well, yes, to be sure. And the fact is, to make a long story short, those two chaps who've been a-prowling round here are making the place too hot for

me; and, Popsy," he said, with a certain tenderness in his voice you would hardly have expected from so rough a man, — "Popsy, I've got to leave you, though I said I wouldn't; and it does seem hard and mean, now, does n't it, young 'un?"

"Oh, Nunc, Nunc!" the child sobbed.

"There, there!" Brown said, rocking her to and fro like a sick baby. "Now, listen to what I've done. You don't know Jack? Still, how should you?" he muttered to himself. "Ay, Jack's a good one and has stood by me like a rock, darn him!" Brown said affectionately. "Now, Jack's got me a berth with himself on the Mary Ann, bound for the East Indies. The skipper's glad of a steady hand, and asks no questions at this time o' year. There'll come a woman for you to-morrow, Popsy, who'll take ye along with her. She's Jack's sister, and," speaking almost in a whisper, "once she was to have been my wife, — my wife. But I went to the dogs — God forgive me! — and she's only Jack's sister now. Be mindful of her, Popsy; be true and good like her, and some day you'll grow up to be a good woman, just as she is, — Heaven bless her!" Brown cried, and buried his face in his hands for a moment.

"I will, I will, Nunc!" the child answered piteously. "But when are you coming back?"

"Never," said Brown, accustomed to staring hard facts in the face, — "never. But when you're a woman grown, — a good woman, mind, like *her*, Popsy, — perhaps then you'll come out to me — But what's the matter, young 'un?" as Popsy, slipping from his knee, with head bent forward listened intently.

"Nunc, don't you hear something?" she whispered, terror-stricken.

Instantly Brown was deadly still, listening with that keen suspense which only a man feels whose liberty and life are at the mercy of a sound.

There was the noise as of a delicate

tampering with the metal about a knob or a lock, — a noise which would have been unheard in the day-time, but which a dead midnight barely caught and re-echoed into those straining, foreboding ears.

There was only time to act. With the quickness of a man to whom self-possession in danger has become a second nature, he sprang to the low window, tore it open, and without another word or look leaped out into the midnight darkness, and ran, ran for dear life, with the horror at heart of perhaps running into the very hands of his pursuers.

The child, with quick instinct, shut the betraying window, and then, with the hot tears welling up into her eyes, shrank back into a dim corner, and waited till the low door opened, and by the flash of a lantern and the flaring light of the candle she saw three men enter, one of whom carried a revolver in his hand. This last man was a policeman, and he stepped in with a certain business-like air which was in fine contrast to the lagging steps of the men behind him, in whom the child instantly recognized the nautical loafer of the morning and the individual who said he was a doctor and a friend.

"Where's Brown? Where's the man?" the policeman asked, peering about, with his lantern in one hand and the revolver in the other.

"This is Brown's Retreat with a vengeance, said the nautical gentleman, while the friendly individual used some strong language about meddling fools, with a glance at the former.

Without a knowledge of what would happen, with the glitter of the ugly looking pistol in her eyes, but with a world of gratitude in her heart, poor Popsy crept out of her corner, and said humbly and pleadingly, "If you please, sir, I'm Brown!"

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Of course they tried to ferret him out, but the humorous rogue did actually

escape on the *Mary Ann*, bound for the East Indies, with the briskest kind of a breeze to push her along.

I had a feeling of sympathy with Brown all the time, for he had a vein of humor in him; and a vein of humor is an excellent point in a man, even if two hundred and fifty dollars are offered as a reward for his capture as a common thief.

He was, to be sure, a bit foolhardy in his appreciation of a joke, for in his leisure he nailed up another deal-board with "*Brown's Retreat*" upon it at the head of his bunk, to the curiosity of the other seamen. Only one understood the delicate innuendo, and that was the good Samaritan, Jack.

As his country's prisons were never again honored by his presence, as nothing was heard of his death, as mysterious presents are continually reaching Popsy, who has grown to be a true and noble-hearted girl just as Jack's sister was before her, it is pleasant to think that the wretched criminal found some spot on earth where he prospered; where he could have his little joke with out being locked up; where preachers say what they mean and human nature is to be trusted.

The name of Brown is not uncommon. Should you know a middle-aged man of that name, with a misty past and a taste for a joke, you might ask him if he ever heard of Brown's Retreat.

Anna Eichberg.

PASSING.

"WHAT ship is this comes sailing
Across the harbor bar,
So strange, yet half familiar,
With treasure from afar?
O comrades, shout, good bells ring out,
Peal loud your merry din!
Oh, joy! At last across the bay
My ship comes sailing in!"

Men said in low whispers,
"It is the passing bell.
At last his toil is ended."
They prayed, "God rest him well!"

"Ho, captain, my captain!
What store have you on board?"
"A treasure far richer
Than gems or golden hoard;
The broken promise welded firm,
The long-forgotten kiss;
The love more worth than all on earth,
All joys life seemed to miss."

The watchers sighed softly,
"It is the death change.
What vision blest has given
That rapture deep and strange?"

"O captain, dear captain,
 What forms are those I see
 On deck there beside you?
 They smile and beckon me,
 And soft voices call me,—
 Those voices sure I know!"
 "All friends are here that you held dear
 In the sweet long ago."
 "The death smile," they murmured;
 "It is so passing sweet
 We scarce have heart to hide it
 Beneath the winding-sheet."

"O captain, I know you!
 Are you not Christ the Lord?
 With light heart and joyous
 I hasten now on board.
 Set sail, set sail before the gale,
 Our trip will soon be o'er:
 To-night we'll cast our anchor fast
 Beside the heavenly shore."
 Men sighed, "Lay him gently
 Beneath the heavy sod."
 The soul afar beyond the bar
 Went sailing on to God.

Alice Williams Brotherton.

WINTERING ON ÆTNA.

MORE years ago than I now like to remember, I had my first sight of Ætna. It was from the sea, as we coasted the Sicilian shores on our way to Messina, and I recall how unlike other mountains it looked, rising as it did from a base which seemed to spread over all visible Sicily, till the eye was led up a steeper and steeper ascent to a summit that was lightly touched with snow in the upper sky. The strangeness was partly in the way the slopes were covered with what seemed little volcanoes, which studded the great mass they rose from so thickly that one grew tired of counting them. No mountain has ever so impressed me since, and I looked back at it, regretting to leave it unvis-

ed, but hoping to return and study it at leisure.

As fate willed, it was unseen by me for many a year after, until, unexpectedly, I lately found myself occupied with a scientific errand, which brought me once more to Messina, but this time with Ætna as my destination.

I should have been there in October, and it was now December, but in spite of my haste to get on the mountain before the snows covered it, I stopped at Taormina, half-way to Catania (whence the ascent was to be made), to view Ætna from the north. Taormina is built on the southern slope of a spur projecting into the Mediterranean, whose northern ridge, rising a thousand feet above

the sea, is crowned by the ruins of a Grecian theatre. The stream of pleasure travel seems to pass by this wonderful coast, so that comparatively few tourists see the shores of Sicily, except from the steamer which takes them to Athens or Alexandria; but if the reader is among those few, he may remember the view from these ruins at sunrise as one of which the earth cannot furnish many. He will remember, perhaps, rising long before daybreak for a solitary climb through steep lanes, half seeing, half groping, his way between high walls, over which started into dim sight spectral figures with outstretched arms, resolved, as he drew nearer, into some overleaning cactus, vaguely outlined overhead against the starry sky. Mounting higher, one comes out from between the overshadowing walls into the moonlight, the waning moon, a crescent in the east, "holding the old moon in her arms," while, when higher yet, the columns of the ancient proscenium stand out against a faint glow that shows where the sun is yet to rise; till, passing by these, climbing and groping up the stone benches which once held tiers of spectators, one takes a solitary seat at the summit. Below, the last lights are still twinkling on the coast, but beyond and over the columns, all along the south, rises a dark something, which might be a hundred yards away, but is Ætna, and twenty miles distant. As the dawn grows brighter the outlook extends north and east to Italy, and as the sun makes ready to come out of the ocean the gray mass in the south moves further away, and takes on distinctness as it recedes, until we make out the whole form of Ætna, with the outline of the crater and of the snow fields about its summit. These distant snows suddenly changed their gray to a rose pink as they caught the light of the sun before it had risen to me; but of all that was seen when it came out of the ocean I was most concerned with the mountain itself, which

can be viewed better here, as a whole, than from any nearer point.

The coast line on the left preserves the level to the eye, but except for this, so wide is the base of Ætna that it fills the whole southern landscape, which seems to be tilted upward till its horizon ends in the sky. I could see from here how almost incomparably larger the immense volcano appears than Vesuvius; and the actual difference is in fact enormous, the height of Ætna being (if we disregard the terminal cone of each) nearly three times, and its mass probably twenty times, that of its Italian neighbor. The entire mountain in all its substance is lava, which has built itself up in eruptions; but from this point the successive zones of vegetation are visible which in the course of ages have in part occupied its surface. Extending to perhaps a fifth of the whole actual height before me (but covering a great deal more of the foreground in appearance) is the cultivated region, dotted with villages, which shine out from a background of what we know must be vineyards and olives. The second zone is barren, and in sharp contrast with the former. It rises to perhaps two thirds of the whole height, and its broad masses of gray are patched with moss-like spots hardly distinguishable in color, but which are really forests of oak and chestnut. All above this rose what even from my distant station could be recognized as naked black deserts, streaked here and there with snow, while above this was the terminal cone, snow covered at the time I saw it, and with a depression at the summit from which slowly drifted a thin vapor. The railway south of Taormina runs along the coast (and is carried through cuttings on old lava streams, which here flowed down to the sea) until it reaches Catania, a city which, as every one knows, is not only built on lava, but which has been cut through and through by lava streams, and shaken down by earthquakes in recent times,

and which lives from day to day at the mercy of its terrible neighbor.

The city wears an air of freshness unusual in Europe, for it has been almost wholly rebuilt since the last destruction in the seventeenth century, and with its handsome streets, bright, clean stone façades, and the bustle of its hundred thousand inhabitants, it seems to belong less to the Old World than to the New. But if new in some respects, it is old in other ways. That faith in the supernatural which is dying out so rapidly elsewhere in Europe — and nowhere more rapidly than in Italy — is lively and strong among all classes in Catania. For over against the place is an outlet of those very infernal regions whose existence some deny, whence come rivers of fire which run through your streets and carry your houses away as water does grains of sand, not to speak of earthquakes which shake the stone walls down on you without warning when you are asleep; death in sudden forms, for thousands at once, and against which thousands are powerless as one, has come from there before, and will again at some unknown moment, and is an ever-impending terror, against which science is unavailing and man's strength impotent.

Only if the reader has had the fortune or misfortune to experience an earthquake can he know that sense of utter helplessness, that distrust of every accustomed stay, mental and material, when the solid frame of earth is shaken; for there comes with this earthshake a belief that the order of nature itself is going from under us, and that neither in the moral nor physical world is there anything left to stand on. This may seem fanciful (those who have tried an earthquake know whether it is so), but after one brief personal experience I am disposed to confess a doubt whether my reasoned faith in the order and harmony of the universe would last through another; whether, that is, it would not irrationally yield for a little — let us say

while the tremor lasted — to an overwhelming need of something to cling to. At any rate, there is a good deal in Mr. Buckle's theories, and I don't wonder that these dwellers on the great volcano trust nature less and the supernatural more; more than people in the West End of London, for instance, where two or three earthquakes would probably help more to restore old ways of thought in the public Mr. Mallock addresses than the same number of his cleverest essays. The very street carts of Catania are painted in the liveliest colors with devotional subjects. Profane ones sometimes intrude, it is true, but more often we have martyrdoms of the saints, the holy souls in purgatory, or the sufferings of the damned, — themes which are selected both as tending to edification and as calling for a great deal of red and yellow in the flames. The long *Strada Etna*, which points straight at the mountain, was gay with these carts when I started, one December day, for the ascent. I had been recommended to lodge during my stay at Nicolosi, the highest village on the mountain; but beside that it was not high enough for my purpose, I had found it on a previous exploration so uninviting that I had decided on making my quarters in the uninhabited region several hours' journey further up, where on the property of the Duke of Alva is a mule shed, which from the neighborhood of some chestnut-trees has received the fine-sounding name of *Casa del Bosco*; and this was my final destination. I had received contradictory accounts as to the safety of this region, most of them agreeing that, though bandits were a very real danger in Western Sicily, the eastern part of the island was safe. Mr. Marsh, our minister at Rome, however, strongly urged me not to make a prolonged stay in the desert region unprotected, and his kindness had procured me official recommendations from Rome to the local authorities; the final advice I received at the consulate be-

ing to accept the guard which would be offered as a courtesy, and to dismiss it if it seemed superfluous. It was to meet me at Nicolosi, to which the carriage road was now climbing with many zigzags. It passes in sight of the place where the great lava stream of two centuries ago turned aside at the intercession of St. Agatha, and a little higher up we drew sensibly near to the Monte Rossi, whence the terrible destruction flowed. They are now two peaceful-looking hills above Nicolosi, the terminal village; where all roads end, all cultivation ceases, and where begins that uninhabited waste, covering an area of something like two hundred square miles, which *Ætna* lifts into the cold upper air from out of the centre of a densely populous and fertile region on the warm slopes below.

The day was growing gloomy, and when the carriage reached Nicolosi it had settled into a fine rain. Here I found Giuseppe, at once guide, philosopher, and cook, whom I had engaged during my stay at Casa del Bosco; and here the mayor or syndic of the town appeared with the soldiers, and made me an address in Italian (which I unfortunately do not understand), and to which I replied, as best I could, in French (which, I have been sorry to learn since, he does not speak a word of). These formalities settled, I mounted a most ungainly mule, and preceded by a train of others, bearing instruments and provisions, with Joseph and two aids leading and two soldiers following, under the admiring gaze of the whole population of Nicolosi, disappeared from their sight, in the mist.

The ascent was at first slow and regular, and the feet of our animals sunk deep in powdery lava dust, as we crawled upward. At a dilapidated shrine, whose mildewed saint and half-effaced frescoes represented the last outpost of the local civilization, the road ceased wholly, and the path was strewn thick with lava

lumps, through which the mules picked their way with steady steps. The horizon rose as we ascended, and through occasional openings in the mist we saw it slowly climbing the sides of the Monte Rossi, and finally surmounting them; but one more volcanic cone, and then another, appeared above us, and was successively overtopped by the still-mounting horizon line, which we still seemed to carry with us, till thicker mist and coming twilight shut out all but the immediate foreground. This consisted of ridges of lava, old streams, which, like glaciers and rivers, rise highest in the middle, but which have cooled so long ago that they have had time to become partly broken. Great masses have fallen off, here and there, from some of the later and harder rivers, each of which has its history of ravage and its name. All these are known to Joseph, who beguiles the way by opening the stores of a wonderful memory, and telling of the many great personages whom he has served as guide in former years. Among these I particularly remember her majesty Queen Victoria and the Empress Eugénie, both of whom, Joseph assures me, he personally attended in their ascent of *Ætna* over this very path; but in spite of the interest such associations ought to attach to it, it grows more and more weary, and the climb has seemed interminable an hour ago, when, with the last twilight of our day, we scramble up the bed of one final lava ravine, and reach Casa del Bosco.

It consists, as I had found on a previous visit, of three rooms (without windows), in one of which the horses and mules were stabled (and made night hideous by their fighting and screaming); on the other side the guard was bestowed; while in the middle of the floor of the central apartment, which I reserved for myself, Joseph kindled a charcoal fire, over which I tried ineffectually to get warm or dry, till I got a headache which sent me early to bed. Before retiring I

examined the ornaments of the room, which consisted of several rather curious printed prayers against earthquakes, stuck up on the lava walls, and one engraving in which the Blessed Virgin was represented as trampling upon an ugly beast with seven heads, which were marked with the names of the seven deadly sins, except that the Catanian artist had characteristically labeled the biggest head, on which the Virgin's foot was treading, "*Ætna*." So guarded, I lay down, after supper, in the driest corner, and went to sleep to the sound of the rain dripping on the floor, — not uncomfortably; thinking of a house on the other side of the Atlantic, where certain people would be gathered round the dinner-table, for this was Christmas Day.

The next morning brought snow, which did not stay on the ground, but turned to more rain, and I had little to do but to watch the guard eat my macaroni and drink my wine, which latter was done without the help of bottle or glass, these experts lifting the small barrel (holding perhaps twelve gallons) high in the air, and letting the contents fall into the open mouth. One or two men, armed with carbines and mounted on horses which seemed to tread with the security of mountain goats, made their appearance during the day, to inquire after my welfare and to drink my health. Joseph calls them forest guards of the Duke of Alva, in whose mule shed I am living on sufferance. There are twenty-four of them, it seems, patrolling the various deserts and forests of the mountain, and an indefinite number may be expected to find Casa del Bosco on their way so long as it holds wine, macaroni, and a simple stranger. These gloomy reflections were aided by a report from Joseph that the barrel was already nearly empty, and that it would certainly be necessary to send down for more wine the next day. Believing that it was at any rate a debatable question whether the brigands, if they came, might not be less

expensive than my defenders, I sent the soldiers off the next morning, with a letter to the syndic, thanking him for their services.

At night, however, two new ones appeared through the rain to replace them, bringing a message from the syndic to the effect that he was only acting under orders from the prefect of Catania, who had concerned himself in the matter, and who was the person to address.

The third morning broke bright and calm; the rain and mist that walled us in were gone, and as I opened the door my first glance fell through the exquisite transparency of the air, on what seemed to be an adjacent pool, with its water slowly rippling as from a gentle breeze. There was an instant of wonder how I could have passed it unseen, even in the twilight; when a second look showed that the pond had no further shore, and I saw with a startled sense of strangeness that I was looking at the Mediterranean, in this direction over twenty miles away. The ripples, or ocean waves rather, crawled over it with a distinctness which seemed almost impossible, and I found I was in fact witnessing a phenomenon rare enough to have had its visibility called in question altogether. I did not see it again during my stay, but its visibility appears to depend on the united conditions of a previous easterly gale rolling a swell upon the coast and a clear sunrise filling the valleys between the waves with shadow, and marking their long moving crests with light.

The coast was seen for a great distance to the south, a part of ancient Syracuse being visible, while between the foot of the mountain and the sea stretched a great plain with a river running through it. Near the bottom of the mountain the plain rose into steep foothills crowned with villages, whose white square houses on the lava soil looked like dice thrown upon the top of some black pedestals, and among which the

outlines of more than one mediæval castle grew afterwards discernible through the telescope. When I try now to recall what struck me most at first, I seem to re-gather the impression that the whole plane of the earth was tilted about me, owing to the vastness of the slope of the mountain, beside which Vesuvius, with its railroad and shoals of tourists, is a parlor volcano.

Here all is lonely. Below is one volcanic cone upon another; all around are ridges of black lava. Just behind the hut, on a higher ridge, a pile of snow seems near enough to gather a snow-ball in and bring it back before it melts, but it is eight hours' journey above us; and a faint smoke ascending from what looks like a little depression in the summit of the snow heap helps one to realize that it is the terminal cone of *Ætna*, further above our heads than we are above the Mediterranean down there.

After looking a while, till the real dimensions of the scene were partly comprehended, I turned to my work. A little later I was disturbed in it by voices, sounding very near and distinct, though no one was visible. I looked for some time in vain for the speakers, until I discovered them at a distance (as I afterward found by measurement) of over half a mile from me. The voices of the two, in apparently ordinary conversation, continued to reach me, till I asked myself whether I had been gifted of a sudden like Fine-Ear. I think it was this which first drew my attention to the phenomenal stillness of the place, devoid as it is of animal life and deserted of man. This was the only time I remember hearing a human voice except from the visitors to the hut. Here were no tourists, Murray or Baedeker in hand, to invade the quiet; no song of a way-faring peasant, no lowing of cattle; none of that faint, multitudinous hum of insect notes that make an all-pervading something in our own fields, which is hardly recognized as sound, and yet is

not silence. Its entire absence here shows that one may never have known what real silence is like. When the wind was still, the ear seemed to ache for a sound, and I should almost hesitate to say how far its powers were sharpened. On another day, for instance, I was startled at my work out-of-doors by a noise like that of a fanning close to my ear. I looked round and finally up, discovering its origin in the flapping of the wings of two crows at a great height overhead, every motion of the wings seeming to be repeated at the very ear.

This fourth day my diary records that two more soldiers arrived, and that the second barrel began to run low. I sat down and wrote a letter to the prefect, commending the admirable good order of the country under his charge, as rendering the services of the military superfluous, and suggesting their withdrawal. This was sent down by Joseph, who was instructed to deliver it, if possible, to the prefect, in that dignitary's own person, and to make sure of an answer; and in the afternoon I started out for a walk. Monte Vittori, one of the innumerable volcanic cones which lay apparently close at hand, was my objective point. It looked to be a few minutes' walk, but it was nearly an hour of climbing over the chaotic lava masses, through and across fissures in the old fields, down which later lava streams had flowed, and hardened in falls that made precipices to clamber up, before I reached its foot. In the latter part of the way, I became conscious that I was under the surveillance of a soldier from the hut, who was trying to keep me in sight from a distance without being seen. His orders must have been strict indeed to take him out from his comfortable idleness to a climb (which every Italian detests), and I pushed on, thinking he would give me up and go back. Finally I lost sight of him, and after another half hour of desperate struggle on its smooth, yielding slopes I reached the summit of Monte Vittori.

Casa del Bosco had disappeared; the great white cone above was just as far, or just as near, as ever, and the only new prospect was that of endless barren mountain ridges to the west. My guardian had disappeared also, and convinced that I had beaten him I slid down, reaching in two minutes' descent the foot I had been thirty in climbing from. After a rest here, turning for one last look at the summit, I saw a figure emerge from the other side above the crest. It was my soldier! The next day it was the same thing, and I found myself under unobtrusive but constant guardianship when I went a hundred yards from the hut.

In the evening Joseph returned, bringing a message to the effect that the prefect was desirous of taking the extremest care of my safety, as a thing precious to him, and that to this end he sent two more soldiers, making four *en permanence* and six during half the time! There was nothing for it but resignation and another barrel; but I then and there issued orders for the regulation of my household, giving Joseph, my majordomo, to understand that the hospitality to wandering forest-guards must have its limits; that hereafter each warrior was to have three bottles of wine per diem, and no more; and that no one was hereafter privileged to drink from the barrel except myself.

Each day after this passed uneventfully. I was busied with my work, and after it took a ramble for exercise; after that a solitary dinner, and when the night was cloudy went to bed to pass the time. I recollect views in some of my climbs which exceeded in lonely wildness and strangeness anything else I ever saw on the earth, but strongly resembled certain prospects the moon offers to the student of her surface, when, armed with a powerful telescope, he is transported to the awful solitudes of that dead, alien world. Just such a purely lunar landscape I have often looked at below me on *Ætna*: the

long rifts filled with little craters, the loneliness and the silence helping the illusion, till after a time, during which no bee hummed, or fly buzzed, or sight or sound of life appeared at my lonely perch, it was easy to fancy myself on another planet, where this one seemed so unearthly. Even at the hut, except for the duke's guards, who rode up occasionally, there were not many signs that men still lived on the earth. I should except, though, the passage of a muleteer and three mules, in the early dawn, on their way up to the snow-fields; they came down toward twilight, laden with what looked like packages of dried leaves and straw, in which the snow was bundled, and would keep till it reached Catania the next day, and was sent on thence to Agosta. This was the ice supply not only for Catania, with its hundred thousand inhabitants, but for the towns along the eastern coast, to all of which not only in the winter, but in the torrid heats of their spring, the great white summit of *Ætna* hangs like a cloud in the upper air, tantalizing them with its suggestions of delicious cold. The snow at this time, though it occasionally fell at the Casa, never remained long on the ground, and the mules had to go far above for their load. The only animals I ever saw besides were sheep in the nearer valleys below, up to which they had been driven for pasturage; but wolves were plenty, and left their tracks each night in the lava sand by the hut, close to which, apparently, lay their highway to the food in the valleys below. They are cowardly if alone, but when united in packs and starving it goes badly with the solitary shepherd who meets them in their raids through these places, from which they retreat before daybreak to the still more desert solitudes above.

One day, when some leisure had been earned, I started with Joseph at mid-day for a walk. Our object was to ascend to the base of the snow-fields, and

to enable me to judge for myself how far the ascent to the actual summit would be practicable at another time. We left, after an hour's walk, most of the scattered chestnut-trees behind us, and then climbed, for hours more, over lava ridges looking much like glacial moraines, through a region almost utterly bare of vegetation, without bringing the great terminal cone much nearer; we finally reached the source of the snow supply, and then a plateau, whence we could see, over the western shoulder of Ætna, a prospect limited only, I think, by the island; and a wonderful view of mountains it was! Not in the Alps nor in the "Rockys" have I seen a region more rugged or more savagely desolate than the interior of modern Sicily; though it is this barren land which was once called "the granary of Europe." Only to the south and east we saw signs of towns and cities. Fifteen miles away, as the crow flies, in something which looked like a tuft of spear-grass, we recognized the masts of the huddled shipping in the little harbor of Catania. The coast line extended beyond the promontory that bounded it at our lower station, and beyond still another on the south we could catch the glitter of the sunshine on the white houses of ancient Syracuse, forty miles away. Far below us the snow lay in what looked like patches in the wrinkles of the hills; but some of them we had passed over, and knew them to be snow-fields sheltered in the ravines from the sun. Above us the snow stretched unbroken, but immediately around us it had melted on the powdery black lava, which showed wolf-tracks everywhere. There was no vegetation, except, at rare intervals, a tuft of what looked like the softest grass, springing unexpectedly out of the volcanic soil, and inviting one to a seat, — treacherously, for the "grass" is filled with fine thorns as delicate and sharp as cambric needles. The plant is called, according to Joseph, "the Holy Spirit," and the wolves (still according

to Joseph) eat it, rather than starve; but this I found it hard to believe. In spite of the snow-fields, I resolved to attempt the ascent to the cone the next fair day, and after lingering to the last minute it was necessary to tear one's self away from the sight of the approaching sunset, and, making our best speed downward while daylight lasted, we finally groped our way to the Casa, which we reached after dark.

Tired of the monotony of succeeding days of rain, I started for an expedition to the Valde Bove, a huge depression in the eastern side of the mountain, flanked by almost precipitous walls some thousands of feet in height. Two of the soldiers accompanied me as an escort, and were changed below at every station. Their presence was not unwelcome when we reached, in a dark night, strange quarters in an unprepossessing neighborhood. Here my sleeping-room was guarded efficiently by my military friends, who lay down outside the chamber door on some straw, and slept there all night, as I did too, with a not unpleasant sense of security. This was all very well, but next day, after being turned back by a violent snow-storm from the entrance to the Valde Bove, I resolved to have one day of civilization, and started down to Aci Reale, on the coast, where I knew there was a hotel kept for the benefit of foreigners, and where, presumably, a bath and other long-missed luxuries were to be had. As we descended, the snow was left behind us. The way was through almost continuous vineyards and villages, and in the latter I grew aware that I was an object of lively interest and curiosity from my escort; popular opinion, as well as I could make out, being divided as to whether I was some very eminent personage indeed, with a military guard, or a captured brigand under the conduct of the gendarmes. To the latter theory my general appearance — I had slept in my clothes for two nights — lent, I was painfully conscious, but too much plausibil-

ity, and at the first station we reached I stopped, and in what fragmentary Italian I could muster explained to the officer on duty that I was going down into a town of twenty thousand inhabitants, in which the presence of my defenders, although a highly considerate attention on the part of his government, was not positively necessary, and was in fact an honor of which I was undeserving. My polite friend answered, however, that it was none too much for a person of my merit, and that, besides, he had strict orders; and I resigned myself to seeing a fresh detail of men provided, with which I entered Aci Reale, causing an amount of public interest and discussion which few tourists can flatter themselves with having aroused there.

To all this, at last, I grew case-hardened, riding through the villages indifferent to the admiration I was the cause of, and finally set out to climb to my hermitage again. Here it was too evident the halcyon days were gone, and that my expedition to the summit was a thing not to be thought of till another season. As we ascended we encountered snow when but a little way above Nicolosi, and had to dismount and struggle through it, till, wet and weary, we got back to my hut once more, toward which I was surprised to feel a home-like warming. I could, in fact, adopt almost every word of what another solitary remarked on a similar occasion: "I cannot express what a satisfaction it was to me to come into my old hutch and lie down in my bed. This little wandering journey, without settled place of abode, had been so unpleasant to me that my own house, as I called it to myself, was a perfect settlement, and it rendered everything about me so comfortable that I resolved I would never go a great way from it again while it should be my lot to stay on the Island," said Robinson Crusoe. Here, however, day after day went by in dull monotony; the snow fell thicker than ever, and it was plain that work

was over for the winter. I waited on for a few hours of sunshine and starlight to complete my observations, and beguiled the days as well as I could; but they seemed long, and not having kept a tally of them by notching a post for Sundays, as Robinson Crusoe did, I almost lost count of the time. Once the silence was broken by the sound of far-distant, deep-voiced bells, coming up from the remote Piano di Catania, hidden in the perpetual mist (and hence Joseph and I conjectured that this day was a Sunday), and once the clouds rolled away *below*, and while the snow still fell from a leaden sky overhead, the sunlight for a few minutes streamed *up*, reflected from the green bright plains where it was still shining. Twice mule trains came up to me, bringing into my snow and fog tokens that the sun had been shining somewhere, in the shape of newly picked ruddy-golden mandarins and other fruits, along with wine and more substantial things for my men, — my men they were, up here, though down below they perhaps considered me their man. They were all civility and obedience, poor fellows, in everything not touching their orders to see personally that I came to no harm, and I used to enjoy watching their apparent bliss in their idleness. Free of guard duty, with nothing to do save to lie on straw, talk, and play cards, eat infinite sausage and macaroni, and drink, alas, not unlimited wine, — but still each man his daily three bottles, — with plenty of sleep, these stormy days were, I imagine, happy days to them.

I remember the last time that the sun shone; the clouds opened just as it had set to us, and before its rays had left the summit of the mountain. The light climbed fast, till it lay rosy for a few seconds on the snowy cone. Then this turned to an ashy gray, as the light lingered for a moment more on the smoke which rose above it, and then all went out. This is the last I remember of the sunshine on *Ætna*, and it came no more

till it was time to go; and I packed up my instruments, saw them loaded on the mules, locked the door of the hut, — it had a door, though no window, — and waded through the snow which hid Casa del Bosco when I turned for a last look at it. A twenty minutes' descent carried us down to where the snow was beginning to melt as it fell, and here the mules were mounted again, and we kept on them till in about three hours we saw the houses of Nicolosi, where the mules were left. My coming was unexpected, and no carriage was to be had, and I walked on attended by two of my ever constant guard, whom it was impossible to shake off. At last a carriage presented itself in the road, and calling to the driver my destination in Catania I got in, leaving the soldiers to take care of themselves. They were equal to the occasion, however, and mounted the carriage, where their uniforms and the presence of a passenger inside, whom they were supposed to be guarding, excited

even more than the usual attention. I turned for one final look at *Ætna*. We were driving through sun-lit streets, but the clouds hung over the mountain and wrapped all its vast bulk in gray, except the villages about its base through which we had come. I was recalled by the shouts of delight and interest with which my equipage was greeted as it rattled through the more crowded streets. Carriages were drawn up to see what must have been imagined a political prisoner of distinction go by, and shrill Italian screams, which I interpreted to mean, "They've got him!" heralded the coming wonder; and happy were they who could look into the carriage windows as we drove up to the consulate.

Here, borrowing in part the words of another, I will only say, "As I never happened to stand in a position of greater dignity, I deem it a stratagem of sage policy here to close these sketches, leaving myself still in so heroic an attitude."

S. P. Langley.

UNFULFILLMENT.

Ah, June is here, but where is May? —

That lovely, shadowy thing,
Fair promiser of fairer day,
That made my fancy stretch her wing,
In hope-begetting spring.

The spaces vague, the luminous veil,
The drift of bloom and scent,
Those dreamy longings setting sail,
That knew not, asked not, where they went, —
Ah! was this all they meant, —

This day that lets me dream no more,
This bright, unshadowed round?
On some illimitable shore,
The harbor whither those were bound
Lieth, nor yet is found.

Frances Louisa Bushnell.

A FRENCH COMIC DRAMATIST.

ONE of the most curious changes of opinion that is recorded anywhere in the history of literature has suddenly taken place within the past eighteen months in France. For more than twoscore years M. Eugène Labiche has been putting forth comic plays with unhesitating liberality. His humorous inventions have delighted two generations, and he is set down in the biographical dictionaries as one of the most amusing of French farce writers. Attempting in rapid succession and with almost unbroken success every kind of comic play, from the keen and quick comedy of the *Gymnase Théâtre* to the broad buffoonery of the *Palais Royal*, for nearly forty years M. Labiche was one of the most prolific and the most popular of French playwrights. His work was seemingly unpretentious, and the author modestly made no higher claim than to be the exciting cause of laughter and gayety. Having made a fine fortune, he watched for the first symptom of failing luck, and as soon as two or three plays were plainly not successes he announced that he should write no more, and withdrew quietly to his large farm in Normandy.

The retiring of a mere comic writer was of no great moment, and few paid any attention to it. But a friend of M. Labiche's, and by far the foremost dramatic author of France to-day, M. Emile Augier, came to visit M. Labiche in his country retirement, and fell to reading the odd plays of his host as he found them in his library. He was so struck and so surprised with what he discovered that he prevailed on the author to gather together the best of them into a series of volumes, promising to write an introduction. In the spring of 1878 appeared the first volume of the *Théâtre Complet* de M. Eugène Labiche, with a preface by M. Emile Augier, in which he pointed

out that the author of a hundred and fifty comic plays was not a mere farce writer, but a master of humor for whom he had the highest admiration. "Seek among the highest works of our generation a comedy of more profound observation than the *Voyage de M. Perrichon*, or of more philosophy than the *Misanthrope et l'Auvergnat*. Well, Labiche has ten plays of this strength in his repertory." The leading dramatic critics of Paris—and in France dramatic criticism is still one of the fine arts—fell into line, M. Francisque Sarcey first of all. They read the volumes of M. Labiche's *Théâtre Complet*, as they followed one another from the press, and with one accord almost all confessed their surprise at the richness and fecundity of M. Labiche's humor. Indeed, it seemed as though the critics had taken to heart the repairing of their previous unwitting indifference, and were unduly lavish of admiration. So it came to pass in the fall of 1879, when the tenth and for the present final volume of the *Théâtre Complet* appeared, that, urged to overcome his modesty by his cordial friends, M. Labiche became a candidate for a vacant chair in the French Academy, seeking admittance among the forty immortals chosen from the chiefs of literature, science, and politics. Three years before such a step would have seemed a good joke; but now no one laughed. Certainly those did not laugh who opposed his election, and the staid *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in an elaborate article, written rather in the slashing style of the earlier *Edinburgh Review* than with the suave and academic urbanity we have been taught to expect in the pages of the French fortnightly,—the *Revue des Deux Mondes* argued seriously and severely against his election. But the tide has turned in his favor, and per-

haps before these pages get into print¹ M. Eugène Labiche will have taken his place in the Academy by the side of his fellow dramatists, M. Victor Hugo, M. Emile Augier, M. Jules Sandeau, M. Octave Feuillet, M. Alexandre Dumas, *fils*, and M. Victorien Sardou. A seat in the Academy, it may be remembered, was an honor refused to Jean Baptiste Poquelin de Molière, to Caron de Beaumarchais, to Alexandre Dumas, and to Honoré de Balzac.

It is said — but with how much truth I do not know — that what determined M. Labiche to stop writing for the stage was the recalling of an incident of Scribe's later years. One day, about 1860, M. Labiche had called on M. Jacques Offenbach, at his request, to see about the setting to music of a little piece which had already been successful without it. While they were talking a card was brought to M. Offenbach, who impatiently tore it up, and told the servant to say he was not at home. Then turning to M. Labiche, the composer said that the visitor was Scribe, who had been bothering him to set one of his plays, "but I will not do it," added M. Offenbach roughly, "for old Scribe is played out!" M. Labiche at once resolved that when he was old, like Scribe, and rich he would not lag superfluous on the stage. And with the first intimations of failing power to please the fickle playgoers of Paris he withdrew. For three if not four years no new play from his pen has been brought out in Paris. He has written a trifle or two for the Théâtre de Campagne, and for Saynètes et Monologues, two little collections of comedies for amateur acting; but for the paying public he has done nothing. It is to M. Emile Augier that the credit is due of bringing M. Labiche out of his retirement. The preface which he had been too lazy to write for his own collected plays he wrote for M. Labiche's, and it was this preface which first opened the

eyes of the press and the public, and led to the frank acknowledgment of M. Labiche's very unusual merit. The theatrical managers are only too eager now for new pieces from him, and in the mean while they have revived, right and left, some of the most mirthful of his plays. *La Grammaire* at the Palais Royal, *Les Trente Millions de Gladiateur* at the Nouveautés, and, above all, *Le Voyage de M. Perrichon* at the Odéon have been received with great cordiality and appreciation.

To most Americans, I fancy, the name of M. Labiche is utterly unknown, and one may well ask, What manner of plays are these, that they could remain so long misunderstood? The question is easier to ask than to answer. The most of them are apparently farces, in one, two, three, four, or even five acts, — farces somewhat of the Madison Morton type. Mr. Morton borrowed his *Box and Cox* from one of them; the late Charles Matthews took his *Little Toddlekins* from another; from a third came the equally well-known *Phenomenon* in a *Smock-frock*. These are all one-act plays. Of his larger work, a version of the *Voyage de M. Perrichon* has been done at the Boston Museum as *Papa Perrichon*, and Mr. W. S. Gilbert has used the plot and caught the spirit of the *Chapeau de Paille d'Italie* in his *Wedding March*. In many of M. Labiche's plays, perhaps in all but the best of them, the first impression one gets is that of extravagant buffoonery, — the phrase is scarcely too strong. But soon one sees that this is no grinning through a horse-collar; that it has its roots in truth; and that, although unduly exuberant, it is in essence truly humorous. To the very best of M. Labiche's plays, the half dozen or so comedies which entitle their author to take rank as a master, reference will be made later. In all his work, in the weakest as well as in the best, the dominant note is gayety; they are filled full of frank, hearty, joyous laughter. In read-

¹ M. Labiche has been elected since this article was written.

ing his plays, as in seeing them on the stage, you have rarely that quiet smile of intellectual appreciation which is called forth by Sheridan in English, and by Beaumarchais or M. Augier or M. Dumas in French. The wit is not subtle and quiet, excepting now and again in the half dozen chosen comedies. There is rather the rush of broad and tumultuous humor than the thrust of wit and the clash of repartee. It is not that the dialogue has not its felicities and its not always felicitous quibblings and quips; it is because the laughter is evoked by a humorous situation, from which with great knowledge of comic effect, and with unfailing ingenuity, the author extracts all the fun possible. A comedy ought to stand the test of the library, — how few modern comedies there are in English which will stand it! — but a farce, making no pretensions to be literature, may well be excused if it does not read as well as it acts. Yet M. Labiche's plays, frankly farces as the most of them are, and devised to lend themselves to the whim and exaggeration of comic actors, will still repay perusal. I have just finished the reading of the ten volumes of his *Théâtre Complet*, and I confess to real enjoyment in the course of it. The fundamental idea of each piece is in general so humorous and the individual scenes are so comic that I paid my tribute of laughter in my chair by myself almost as freely as in my seat at the theatre. Even in the plays where the fun seems forced, as though the author were out of spirits when he wrote, at worst there is nearly always one scene as mirthful as any one could wish. This quality of humor, which does not rely upon any merely verbal cleverness, is difficult to set before a reader. An epigram of Sheridan's or of the younger Dumas's can be selected for quotation which shall be typical of the writer's whole work. It would be only by long paraphrases of entire plays, or at least of the main plots, that any fair idea

could be given of M. Labiche's merits, so closely, as a rule, is his humor the result of his comic situation. But the attempt must be made, however inadequately. In the *Trente Millions de Gladiateur*, one of the poorest of M. Labiche's plays, is a scene which M. Francisque Sarcey thus spoke of when the piece was last given in Paris: —

"The scene of the slaps is now legendary. I do not know anything more unexpected or more laughable. A druggist, very much in love with a young lady, has by accident, one night, thinking to strike another, given his future father-in-law a resounding slap. The father of the lady declares that he will never consent to the marriage until he has returned the blow. But the druggist is a man of dignity, and he has been a commander in the national guard; still, after many a hesitation he submits. He presents himself to be slapped, and holds forth his cheek. But he has no sooner received the blow than, carried away by an irresistible impulse, he returns it, crying with disgust, 'That does not count. We must begin again.' Finally, at the very end of the piece, when she whom he loves is, unknown to him, promised to another, love brings him again to the father, and again he holds out his cheek for the blow. The father rolls up his sleeve, gives him the slap, and then at once points to the other suitor, and says, 'Allow me to present my future son-in-law!'"

Another scene as characteristic is to be found in the *Vivacités du Capitaine Tic*. The captain is a very quick-tempered man. His cousin Lucile, whom he loves, says she will have nothing to do with him if he forgets himself in future as he has done in the past. An irritating old man, who wishes to marry Lucile to his nephew, determines to provoke the captain into an outbreak. Lucile promises to warn her cousin when he begins to get heated by tapping a hand-bell. The old man is irritating, and the

young officer warms up at once, to be checked by a tap of the bell. As Lucile puts the bell down, the old man unconsciously takes it up, and goes on with his insulting remarks. Again the captain boils over, and is about to throw the insulter out of the window when Lucile shakes the old man's arm, and so rings the bell. The officer laughs, and after that he has no difficulty in keeping his temper, in spite of the strength of the old man's provocation, which indeed goes so far as to call Lucile to her feet, to defend her cousin with warmth, not to say heat. Then the captain, leaning coolly against the fire-place, taps a bell there, and calls his cousin to order. Both of the young people break into a hearty laugh, and ring their bells once again under the nose of the disappointed old man, who goes out saying that the captain "has no blood in his veins"!

All this may sound simple enough, and perhaps dull enough, in a bald paraphrase, but no one would call the scene dull when it is read in full as M. Labiche has written it, with manifold clever little turns in the action and neat little touches in the dialogue. Both of the plays from which these scenes are taken have stood the severest of tests, — the ordeal by fire; they have been tried in the glare of the foot-lights. It is no easy task to bring a smile on the faces of a thousand people assembled together; it is no light endeavor to force the smile into a hearty laugh; and nowhere is a public more experienced and more exacting than in Paris. But most of M. Labiche's plays have received due meed of merriment. The laughter is not always evoked, it must be confessed, by devices as simple as those just set forth. There is sometimes a descent into the broadly fantastic both of situation and of dialogue. The effort to be funny is at times apparent, and the means adopted are, now and then, far-fetched.

M. Labiche's plays divide themselves

readily into three classes: first, the farcical comedies of broad and generous fun; second, the plays in which the fun has run away with itself and become extravagance, — still founded on a humorous idea, it is true, but none the less extravagant; and, third, the plays in which the humor has crystallized around a thread of philosophy, — the plays in which the fun rises from the region of farce into the domain of true comedy, of a high quality. Most of the fifty-seven plays in the ten volumes of the *Théâtre Complet* take their places at once in the first division; they are comic dramas, neither falling into wild farce nor rising into real comedy. These are comedies of large and hearty laughter, with no Rabelaisian breadth of beam, but with not a little of Molièrian swiftness. The linking thus of M. Labiche's name with that of the great, sad humorist who wrote the *Misanthrope* is not as incongruous as it might seem. Along with other and perhaps nobler qualities for which we revere him, Molière had comic force, the *vis comica*, in its highest expression. And this is a quality which M. Labiche has, as we have seen, in a very high degree. In a few other particulars it might be possible to trace something of a likeness. M. Labiche in his most fanciful inventions could scarcely surpass the exuberant fancies of Molière; the author of the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* and the *Malade Imaginaire* does not hesitate to be exuberant, and extravagant also, when he needs must make the pit laugh. And in M. Labiche's very best work there are strokes which the author of the *School for Wives* would not despise.

If M. Labiche were always as strong as his strongest work, just as a bridge is as weak as its weakest point, he would hold high rank among the heirs of Molière. His *Théâtre Complet* is not complete; indeed, it contains barely a third of his dramatic writing; but it would give the reader a higher opinion of his

powers if it were but a third of what it is ; if, instead of ten volumes, we had only three or four, — and of these one, or at most two, would suffice to hold the few plays which raise the author above most, if not all, of the other French stage humorists of our time.

This best work of M. Labiche's, this third division of his plays, includes a half dozen comedies, each of which is devoted to illustrating a philosophic truth. They may be called dramatizations of La Rochefoucauld-like maxims. In *Celimare le Bien-Aimé*, the truth illustrated is seemingly the homely one that our pleasant vices are chickens which will surely come home to roost. In the *Voyage de M. Perrichon*, it is the more ducal axiom that we like better those whom we have benefited than those who have benefited us. The history of this last play, if current report may be credited, affords an instance of the rather roundabout, not to say half-accidental, way in which M. Labiche has made his masterpieces. He started out with the well-worn plan of getting fun out of the misadventures of a Parisian shop-keeper in Switzerland ; but just as Dickens soon abandoned the sporting exploits of Mr. Winkle, which were at first intended to form the staple of the *Pickwick Papers*, so M. Labiche, when the play was half written, coming to a scene in which Perrichon was rescued from mortal peril by the suitor for his daughter's hand, saw at once that this scene ought to have its counterpart, in which Perrichon should pose as the relieving hero. This suggested the axiom that we like better those whom we have benefited than those who have benefited us ; and the author thereupon rewrote the play, taking this maxim as the Q. E. D. Perrichon's daughter now has two suitors, one of whom, acting up to the axiom, coolly calculates that to have been foolish enough to get into danger will not be a pleasant recollection, while to have saved another's life will be most gratifying to

recall. So he pretends to be in danger, and lets Perrichon get him out of it, and calls him a preserver, and has the rescue elaborately noticed in the newspaper. The simple and conceited shop-keeper avoids the man who saved him, and seeks the man he saved. And so the play goes on : whenever one suitor really serves Perrichon, the other devises a fresh occasion for Perrichon apparently to benefit him. In the end, of course, all is exposed and explained, — in a less skillful manner than is usual with M. Labiche, — and the really brave and deserving young man gets the fair daughter. Here, again, all paraphrase is bald and bleak when contrasted with the fertile luxuriance of the humorous original ; but I trust the subject has been shown plainly enough for the reader to see that it lends itself readily to comic treatment. I trust, too, that the reader may be induced to examine for himself (and also for herself) the play as it is in the second volume of M. Labiche's *Théâtre Complet*, where it is accompanied by *La Grammaire*, a bright and lively little play in one act ; by *Les Petits Oiseaux* ; by *Les Vivacités du Capitaine Tic*, already referred to ; and by *La Poudre aux Yeux*, an almost equally amusing though short comedy, in two acts, perhaps better known in America than any other of its author's work, as it forms part of the excellent college series of French plays edited by Professor Bôcher, of Harvard. These five plays are all entertaining, characteristic of the author, and free from all taint of impropriety.

A certificate of good moral character cannot be given to all of M. Labiche's plays. *Le Plus Heureux des Trois* and *Celimare le Bien-Aimé*, two of his best works, had better be avoided by those who have not been broken in to French ways of looking at life. But two other plays, very nearly as good, *La Cagnotte* and *Moi*, are without any Frenchness or Parisianism. These four

plays, with the *Voyage de M. Perrichon*, represent M. Labiche at his best. The first query which the reader of the rest of his works makes is, Why does not he write always at this level? Why does he let wit so lively and humor so true waste themselves on the wildness of farce? The answer is not far to seek. It is to be found in the insultingly modest way he spoke to M. Augier about his own writings. It is because he really did not know how good his best work was. He apparently ranked all his plays together; he had aimed at fun, at amusement only, in making them; and although some had paid better and been more praised than others, he did not see that now and again one of them rose right up from the low level of farce to the broad table-land of true comedy. This of course suggests the further question, Why did he not see his own merits? And that is not so easy to answer. Perhaps it is owing to his writing generally for farce theatres, where the comic company so overlaid his work with the freaks of individual fantasy that he could not see the higher qualities of what was best, any more than did the professional critics, whose duty it surely was to sound a note of warning and prevent such pure comic force from wasting itself. Perhaps it is due to some want of self-reliance, — of which one may possibly see proof in the fact that there are fifty-seven plays in the ten volumes of *Théâtre Complet*, containing in all one hundred and twelve acts, and only four acts are the work of M. Labiche alone and unaided by a collaborator.

Literary partnerships are the fashion in France nowadays, — a fashion which tends to the general improvement of play-making, but which has hampered M. Labiche, and kept him from doing his best. In one way his reluctance to rely on himself is freely shown when we come to examine the result of his collaborating. First of all, we see that although a dozen, at least, different writers at differ-

ent times, some of them again and again, worked in partnership with him, yet the fifty-seven plays are all alike stamped with his trade-mark. M. Augier and M. Legouvé and M. Gondinet are authors of positive force and distinct characteristics, yet the plays they have written with M. Labiche are like his other plays, and unlike their other plays. In the development of the comic theme, in expressing all possible fun from the situation, in giving the action unexpected turns to bring it back again for a fresh squeeze, — in all this M. Labiche is unexcelled; in all this the plays are beyond peradventure his doing. But in the technical construction, in the sequence of scenes, in the mere stage-craft, which differs in different pieces, and is indifferent in many of them, there is nothing of M. Labiche's own; in all probability, intent upon his higher task, he slighted this, and left it in great measure to his coadjutors. M. Augier points out the generic likeness of all the plays which M. Labiche has signed, and suggests that it is because he writes all these plays alone. In M. Augier's case repeated conversations between him and M. Labiche enabled them to make out a very elaborate *scenario*; this was their joint work, and this done M. Labiche requested permission to write the piece himself, which M. Augier generously granted, revising the completed play in a few minor points only.

Although in general the technical construction of the play seems to be the work of his collaborator of the moment, yet even in this one can now and again detect traces of M. Labiche's individual cleverness. No one of the contemporary comic dramatists of France can so neatly and so simply get out of a seemingly inextricable entanglement. A single sentence, a solitary word sometimes, a slight turn given to the dialogue, and the knot is cut, and nothing remains but "Bless you, my children," and the fall of the curtain. An instance of this drama-

turgical cleverness can be seen in *Les Deux Timides*, one of the most amusing of his one-act plays.¹

A recent critic in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, pleading specially against M. Labiche's candidature for a seat among the forty, has pointed out that he has not hesitated to use the same idea twice; that, for instance, the *Vivacités du Capitaine Tic* is erected on the same foundation as the shorter and slighter *Un Monsieur qui prend la Mouche*, — both being based on the identical hot-headedness of the hero. He might have instanced also that instead of repeating the situation M. Labiche sometimes reverses it; that *Le Plus Heureux des Trois* is in part the turning inside out of the idea of *Celimare le Bien-Aimé*. In spite of discoveries like these, one of the first things which strikes the reader of M. Labiche's plays is his almost inexhaustible variety of comic incident. Any one of his plays is a series of freshly humorous situations. What little old material may here and there be detected is wholly cast in the shadow by the brilliant fun of the original incidents. But, strange to say, the sterility of character is almost as quickly remarked as the fertility of situation: and this shows at once that he cannot, no matter at what interval, be put even in the same class with Molière, who sought for humor in the human heart, and not in the external circumstances of life.

This repetition of characters is but added evidence in proof of M. Labiche's lack of ambition and want of belief in his best powers; for in *Moi*, written for the *Comédie-Française*, he has shown a capacity for the searching investigation of characters invented with almost as much freshness as he had in other plays contrived comic incidents. There are lines in *Moi* worthy of the highest comedy. And in more than one other

play his characters deserve, indeed demand, study. But in general they are merely the Punch-and Judy puppets required by the plot. There is scarcely a female figure in all his plays which the memory can grasp; all are slight, intangible, shadowy, merely the projections needed by the story. M. Sarcey tells us that M. Labiche does not pretend to "do" girls or women; he says that they are not funny.

But none of his men are as weak as his women; some of his peasants are drawn with great and amusing accuracy; most of his minor characters are vigorously outlined and well contrasted one with another; and one character, repeated with but little alteration as the central figure in perhaps two dozen plays, is drawn with a marvelous insight into the inner nature of the bourgeois of Paris. Although grotesque almost in its humor, the caricature is vital; for it is a personification of the exact facts of bourgeois life. M. Perrichon and *Celimare* and *Champbourcey* (in *La Cagnotte*), and their fellows in many another play, are not unlike Mr. Matthew Arnold's *homme sensuel moyen*; and with a master hand M. Labiche lays bare the selfish foibles and petty vanity of the average sensual man.

One cannot help wondering what Mr. Matthew Arnold's opinion of M. Labiche's *Théâtre Complet* would be, if it were of high or of equal enough merit to deserve his study. Mr. Arnold would surely be confirmed in his belief that it is for the average sensual man that the French dramatist of our day writes. Not that there is any pandering to sensuality in M. Labiche's plays. On the contrary, the ultimate moral of his work is always wholesome. As the sharp critic of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* confessed, his pleasantry is not either heavy and gross, as in the old *vaudeville*, or licentious, as in the new *opéra-bouffe*. "Generally it is gay, witty, and, what is not without value, at bottom always

¹ An admirable adaptation of this amusing little piece, by Mr. Julian Magnus, has been printed in *Comedies for Amateur Acting*.

honest." M. Labiche is too healthy to take kindly to vice, but like other hearty natures, like Rabelais and like Molière, he is not always free from a fancy for breadth rather than length. He has the old French *sel gaulois* rather than Attic salt.

And if, dropping morality, we consult Mr. Arnold as to M. Labiche's title to a seat in the Academy, we shall have no difficulty in getting an answer. In the essay on the Literary Influence of Academies Mr. Arnold gives us Richelieu's words in founding the French Academy: its "principal function shall be to work with all the care and all the diligence possible at giving sure rules to our language." It was to be a literary tribunal. "To give the law, the tone, to literature, and that tone a high one, is its business." Sainte-Beuve said that Richelieu meant it to be a *haut jury*, — "a sovereign organ of opinion." And M. Renan tells us that "all ages have had their inferior literature; but the great danger of our time is that this inferior literature tends more and more to get the upper place. No one has the same advantages as the Academy for fighting against this mischief." To make these quotations is to crush M. Labiche's claim to be admitted as one of the forty jurists. But if the Academy exists for such high aims, why is it not true to them? How many of the dramatists who now have seats there are entitled to them? M. Victor Hugo of course is; and equally of course is M. Emile Augier, for he is a master, writing in the grand style. And perhaps M. Jules Sandeau may justly claim a place for his *Mademoiselle de la Seiglière* and also for his share in the ever admirable *Gendre de M. Poirier*. But by what right is M. Octave Feuillet there? The empress used to like his novels. And is M. Alexandre Dumas, or M. Victorien Sardou, a writer who can speak with "the authority of a rec-

ognized master in matters of tone and taste"? M. Dumas is strong and brilliant, but his brain is hopelessly lopsided. M. Sardou is a very clever caricaturist, of immense technical skill. If these have each a seat among the forty, why not M. Labiche also? He is surely not more out of place than they. Their election was the reward of skill and ability and success. His would mean no more and no less. If the Academy is what Richelieu meant it to be, M. Labiche belongs outside. If its duty is to reward success, as the election of M. Feuillet, M. Dumas, and M. Sardou apparently asserts, then M. Labiche also deserves an election. For as M. Emile Augier tells us in the preface from which quotation has been made before, M. Labiche is a master, "and without hyperbole, since there are as many degrees of mastership as there are regions in art; the important thing is to be a master, — not a school-boy. It is in a matter like this that Cæsar's phrase is so true: Better to be the first in a village than the second at Rome. I prefer Teniers to Giulio Romano, and Labiche to the elder Crébillon. It is not the hazard of the sentence which brings together under my pen the names of Labiche and of Teniers. There are striking analogies between these two masters. There is at first the same aspect of caricature; there is, on looking closer, the same fineness of tone, the same justness of expression, the same vivacity of movement." And here follows a remark, already cited, but repeated now because it is the ultimate expression of M. Labiche's ability: "The foundation of all these *joyeusetés à toute outrance* is truth. Look among the highest works of our generation, seek for a comedy of more profound observation than the *Voyage de M. Perrichon*, or of more philosophy than the *Misanthrope et l'Auvergnat*. Well, Labiche has ten plays of this strength in his repertory."

J. Brander Matthews.

CONFEDERATION IN CANADA.

It was a curious coincidence of history that France gave up to George II. the last of her Canadian dependencies at the very moment when, upon European soil, she was curbing the ambition of George's natural ally, Frederick the Great. At first the conquest of Canada, in 1759, involved only a change of military rulers. From 1764 to 1774 there followed a mixed military and civil government,—the Canadian French, unlike the Acadians, being allowed to remain, with a guaranty to the people of their religion and to the clergy of their rights. Hence arose a most jealous feeling on the part of the English, a ridiculous minority, who claimed that they should have been chosen to man the new ship of state. A compromise was effected by the Quebec Act of 1774, which authorized the appointment of a council to govern “the Province of Quebec,”—the maritime provinces not being included in that term. The old *Coutume de Paris*, of 1666; the edicts and ordinances of the French kings and colonial intendants; the feudal tenure, with the relations of *seigneurs* and *censitaires*; in a word, the civil (old Roman) law, and even the canon law,—all these still held as to property and civil rights. The innovations were, the English criminal law, including trial by jury, and the English form of wills, together with the rules respecting evidence in commercial cases.

So completely were the French satisfied with this arrangement that, during the American Revolution, they could be aroused to hostility against England neither by the eloquence of Franklin nor by the brave deeds of Montgomery. Conversely, the Quebec Act gave the utmost dissatisfaction to the English, both in Canada and in the New England colonies. The arrival in Canada

of the Protestors and United Empire Loyalists, who had suffered for the expression of their opinions in the United States, tended to increase the opposition to the new constitution, and led to the Act of Separation, in 1791. The Province of Quebec was divided into Upper Canada and Lower Canada, now the provinces of Ontario and Quebec. Each division had a house of assembly and a crown-nominated council.

Left to itself, the upper province at once made the most radical changes, by displacing the old French laws for the common law of England. General Simcoe, the first governor, proposed to found a government “so honorable, effective, and dignified” that he might welcome all who fled from the political uncertainties of the United States. “The New England Americans,” he wrote, “have an aristocratic spirit, and want the nobility. Let us show them what true nobility is.”

Notwithstanding the hopes of Pitt, then chancellor of the exchequer, the difficulties in Lower Canada continued to increase. The English barred the legislative council against the French, and the French kept the English from the House of Assembly. The resulting “dead-lock” led to arbitrary measures by Governor Craig, which availed little except to name his administration The Reign of Terror. Nor did these quarrels of race and religion have more than a temporary check during the war of 1812. The French attempted to starve the English out by refusing to employ them; while the English, looking wistfully at Upper Canada and the United States, appealed to the home government for protection. Dead-locks increased. Governors appropriated the revenue without sanction of the legislature, and the situation was made peculiar-

ly aggravating by the annual division of seventy thousand dollars among seventeen of the fortunate councilors, who very naturally cared neither to conciliate nor to be conciliated. In 1834 the House of Assembly passed ninety-two resolutions against the governor and council. They were draughted by M. Papineau, afterwards the leader of the rebellion in that section. M. Parent, editor of the *Gazette de Québec*, declared that such a course would lead to war. Papineau asserted that, in such an event, the Yankees would cheerfully help forward a plan for annexation to the United States. Parent turned on his heel, avowing that the last man to desert Canada would be a French Canadian: "Si cela arrive, tant pis, mais quant à moi je ne désespérerai jamais, et je serai, le cas échéant, le dernier Canadien."

Upper Canada, also, was not free from trouble. The Act of Separation reserved one seventh of the public lands for the clergy of the Church of England. More than two million acres had been thus reserved, when the legislature, in 1819, attempted to provide endowments and rectories. The persistent opposition of other denominations led to the abandonment of the lands, although they were not finally secularized till 1854.

The government and the clergy were more successful in founding an aristocracy; perhaps after the original suggestion of General Simcoe, but nevertheless distasteful to the people, who were fond of the Yankee school-master and the Methodist minister from the States. So frequently was the executive council selected from the members of the legislative council that the former body earned the *sobriquet*, The Family Compact; while public officers of all grades became less and less responsible to the people. Reform was defeated at the hustings, and the crisis brought on the rebellion of 1837-38. The Upper Canada Progressives and the Lower Canada French joined issue with the Upper

Canada Tories and the Lower Canada English. The incongruity of such a union left no semblance of strength, save that the grievances of the patriots were synchronous.

A commission of inquiry was sent from England. On their return, the constitution of 1791 was suspended so far as Lower Canada was concerned, and a special council of crown-appointed members ruled from 1838 to 1841. Lord Durham advised a union of the two provinces under a responsible government, it being futile to continue a mere personal government in such close proximity to the United States. The French of Lower Canada opposed a union, not only because they feared religious and political degradation, but because they declined to share the debts of Upper Canada. Their constitution having been revoked, it was held that they had no choice but to allow the special council to join with the legislature of Upper Canada in assenting to the Union Act of 1841, which gave to each of the old provinces an equal representation in the single elective legislature of the new Province of Canada. There was also a legislative council, consisting, till 1856, of life members appointed by the crown. After that date the members were elective.

For the first time the people of Canada, in 1841, found themselves possessed of all the responsibilities of government. For the first time the realm of politics gave opportunity for thought and action. Parties assumed the names of parties in the old country, regardless of the issues between them. Sometimes to one of these parties and sometimes to the other the French opposed a united front, and succeeded in defeating legislation long after they had become the minority of the population. There was a surfeit of politics. In twenty-three years (1841-1864) there were fourteen governments, or entire changes of cabinets and policies, besides the frequent forcing out of

individual ministers. Five of these governments existed between May, 1862, and June, 1864. As a most natural sequence, the credit of Canada was damaged, and another rebellion was feared.

Although the country had outgrown the Union Act, still the old upper province gloried in the secularizing of the clergy reserves, the development of common-school education, and the release of Toronto University from the Church of England. The progress of the old lower province was marked by the decline of feudalism and the establishment of elementary instruction. As a provincial unit Canada had reason to feel proud of her titanic canals and her rapidly increasing railways.

The upper province, having distanced the lower in point of population, demanded a proportionate increase of representation in the legislative assembly. The lower province did not relish the threatened change. To preserve peace under the existing constitution, Hon. John A. Macdonald, at the head of the liberal conservatives, threw himself into the breach. But neither party had sufficient strength to hold the government for more than a few months at a time. At length, wearied by this political seesawing, Canada accepted an invitation to meet the representatives of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island in a friendly discussion regarding a union of the maritime provinces. The home government, under the Gladstone-Bright ministry, had favored a closer bond between the British colonies in North America; especially after the Trent affair, of November 8, 1861, had pointed to Canada as a possible field of battle with the United States. The convention met in Charlottetown on the 1st of September, 1864. A month later another meeting was held in Quebec. Resolutions were passed in favor of a union of all the provinces. The home government looked kindly upon the movement, and hoped it would not "make any ma-

terial addition to the taxation, and thereby retard industry or tend to impose new burdens on the commerce of the country."

The Canadian legislature assembled in Quebec, January 19, 1865. In his speech from the throne, Lord Monck, the governor-general, said, "With the public men of British North America it now rests to decide whether the vast tract of country which they inhabit shall be consolidated into a state, combining within its area all the elements of national greatness, providing for the security of its component parts, and contributing to the strength and stability of the empire, or whether the provinces shall remain in their present fragmentary condition."

In the legislative council, Sir E. P. Taché, the premier, moved an address, — which was afterwards carried, — to the effect that the queen be pleased to submit to the imperial Parliament a measure for confederation upon the basis of the Quebec conference. The Hon. John A. Macdonald also moved a similar resolution in the legislative assembly. He showed that the vast expenses of maintaining separate governments would be saved; that the prosperity of the country under confederation would much exceed its prosperity under the Union Act; and that the dependence of Canada upon England would gradually cease, until there should result an attitude of cordial alliance "in peace or war." The motion was carried on the 14th of May, by a vote of 91 to 33. A commission — consisting of Messrs. Macdonald, Cartier, Galt, and Brown — crossed the ocean to confer with the imperial authorities. Assurance was given of aid in case of war, and the Canadian Commons were informed that their wish for a renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty had been already anticipated.

But the confederation was not accomplished without opposition. In spite of urgent requests from the home govern-

ment, the legislature of New Brunswick showed its hostility to the scheme by sending a protesting delegation to England. Prince Edward Island was obstinate until a subsidy was forthcoming to purchase the proprietary rights from non-residents. Nova Scotia resolved that confederation was impracticable, and insisted upon the original proposition,—the union of the maritime provinces; but the home government gave the premier, Dr. Tupper, to understand that nothing short of a general union would be allowed. Newfoundland also declined, and still declines, to enter the confederation. The ground of all this opposition was the fear of the maritime provinces that such a union might work against their commercial interests, their trade being largely with the United States.

The Fenian invasion of 1866 also retarded the progress of the scheme; but the early months of 1867 found delegates from all the provinces (except Newfoundland) comfortably established in England to await parliamentary action. The Earl of Carnarvon, the secretary of state for the colonies, introduced the measure in the House of Lords, where it was finally passed on the 26th of February, the House of Commons following on the 8th of March; and by the royal assent, on the 29th of March, the British North America Act became a law, to take effect on the 1st of July. The senate of the new Dominion of Canada was also announced. On the appointed day the previous governor of Canada (Lord Monck) was sworn in as governor-general of the Dominion. Hon. John A. Macdonald was first knighted, and then called upon by Lord Monck to form a cabinet. His selection of political enemies, as well as friends, indicated a purpose not to repeat the excesses of political strife which marked the constitution of 1841.

The original provinces of the Dominion were, Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia,

and New Brunswick. The first House of Commons, elected in the fall of 1867, had a majority of unionists. Nevertheless the anti-unionists carried Nova Scotia, and the ministry of that province resigned. A series of concessions and an annual subsidy, which strained the new constitution, finally won this province over. After much delay in regard to its public lands, Prince Edward Island also entered the Dominion, in 1873. The troubles in the northwest territories were ended by the purchase of the entire tract from the Hudson's Bay Company. From this tract the province of Manitoba was set apart in 1870, and the district of Keewatin in 1876. British Columbia entered the Dominion in 1871, under circumstances to be considered below.

Thus, after much tribulation, did the seven provinces constitute an actual confederation. Each province has its own requirements regarding the popular franchise, and each has its peculiar specimens of law. Quebec and Manitoba have substituted the code civil de Québec for the old French law; and they retain the English and statutory criminal law. The remaining provinces have the common law of England. There has been as yet no codification of the criminal or commercial laws by the government of the Dominion; nor does there seem to be any present prospect of such action. The residuum of power rests with the general government, the authority and jurisdiction of the provinces being very much circumscribed. Doubtless this idea was borrowed from the developments of our own civil war.

Scarcely had the later provinces been admitted when the cry of "secession" was heard. British Columbia, with a white population of ten thousand, had been induced to enter the Dominion by a solemn promise that the Pacific railway should be completed within ten years from 1871. Although the agreement was made in the hey-day of Canada's

apparent prosperity, yet the Macdonald government would probably have progressed toward a fulfillment, even in more disastrous times, had it not been obliged to resign, in 1873, on account of alleged corruptions in letting contracts. The in-coming reform government, under the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, had never committed itself to the building of the road; and it was not inclined to build further than to save the honor of the Dominion. Its policy was to construct the railway as far as the upper Great Lakes, and to depend upon wagon-roads and water-ways for the remainder of the route to the Pacific. British Columbia demanded what was nominated in the bond, and sent a delegation to England to make complaint. Lord Carnarvon effected a compromise in 1874, by which the province agreed to wait sixteen years from that date for the completion of the road, — the Esquimault branch (a little strip in British Columbia) to be built at once. The failure of this measure in the Canadian Parliament revived the cry of secession. A bonus of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars was offered to the province for the abandonment of the proposed branch. It was indignantly refused; and the inhabitants insisted upon something more tangible than the small army of surveyors which covered their hills. Lord Dufferin paid them a conciliatory visit in 1876; showed the physical and financial difficulties of the project, and assured them of the honest intentions of the government. A meeting of skeptics was held in Victoria on the evening of Lord Dufferin's speech, and it was resolved "that in case the Dominion government persist in ignoring the Carnarvon settlements it is the request of this meeting that our representatives in the provincial Parliament shall, at the next session, record their votes for the separation of British Columbia from the Dominion."

The Mackenzie government lasted

from 1873 to 1878, and was succeeded by the former conservative government under Sir John A. Macdonald. Its policy now dictates a vigorous prosecution of the work as nearly as possible after the original plans. The British Columbians seem always to have been dissatisfied. A secession memorial of the legislature was forwarded to Ottawa, and thence to the imperial government; and the first day of May, 1879, was fixed upon for a peaceable secession, which has never yet taken place. The new tariff is also disliked, because the interests of British Columbia suffer out of proportion to the rest of the Dominion. Even the taxation for public works is resisted, because such works are of no benefit unless the Pacific railway is built; and secession may yet be carried out on the ground that the Dominion has not fulfilled the contract. A resolution allowing the province to go was introduced in the Canadian Commons on the 8th of April, 1879; but no one seemed inclined to second it. If the province should slip out from the Dominion yoke, the present government would be relieved of building the railway in these depressed times, a boon which a member of Parliament confessed would be appreciated; and added, significantly, "We will trade off British Columbia for Newfoundland."

But would Newfoundland come? Her revenues for five years have doubled the amount of her subsidy had she become an integral part of the Dominion. Her wealth of fisheries, mines, and forests is still within her control, and her public debt is insignificant. Drawing her supplies largely from the United States, she will be in no haste to enter a confederation committed to a protective tariff and burdened with debt. She has not yet forgotten the days of the American Revolution, when the Non-Intercourse Act sent starvation among her barren hills. Newfoundland will not come, in spite of Dr. Tupper's assurances that she will. Dr. Tupper, it will be recalled, in

1865 most earnestly opposed the confederation so far as Nova Scotia was concerned. But the Intercolonial Railway bagged this province; and now (as minister of public works) he affirms that a railway across Newfoundland will be a sufficient inducement for that island to share the privileges of confederation.

The actual relation of the several provinces to the Dominion government was very clearly shown by the Letellier case in 1878-79. The Hon. Luc Letellier de St. Just held his commission as lieutenant-governor of Quebec from the Mackenzie reform government. The politics of that province being decidedly conservative, he often found himself at variance with his own Parliament and ministry. A difference of opinion having arisen in regard to a tax affecting certain delinquent municipalities, he abruptly dismissed his ministry under the lead of M. de Boucherville, although it was backed by the constitutional majority in the Parliament of Quebec. Lord Dufferin would not interfere, because Letellier was responsible to the Dominion government; and of course the government of that day had no censure for him.

With the return of the conservatives to the control of the Dominion government, in September, 1878, the House of Commons sympathized with the De Boucherville ministry, and revived a vote of censure to M. Letellier which the former house had refused. The conservatives claimed that the lieutenant-governors are no longer responsible to the queen, but to the Parliament of Canada; that Parliament can dismiss them; and that the governor-general must take the initiative by the advice of Parliament through its committee, the cabinet of Canada. On the other hand, the reformers defended M. Letellier on the ground that his dismissal of the cabinet was constitutional, although he was not sustained until a new Parliament had been elected, and that parliamentary action would endanger the autonomy of the

provinces. In spite of this protest, the Commons voted the censure on the 13th of March, 1879. Under threats from the Quebec members, Sir John A. Macdonald was obliged to hint Letellier's dismissal to Lord Lorne. The governor-general pleaded the want of precedents, and submitted the case to her majesty's government for instructions.

This was a terrible blow to the pride of the Canadians. They had hoped that they were in a semi-independent condition; but now even the premier of Canada informed them that they were "as much under the imperial authority as if in England." Loud protests came from all parts of the Dominion, and a resolution was presented in the Commons to the effect that this reference to the home authorities "is subversive of the principles of responsible government granted to Canada." Finally, word was received from Sir M. Hicks-Beach, the colonial secretary, that the home government refused to interfere in the matter; and therefore the governor-general removed Letellier on the 25th of July, 1879.

Thus it became evident that any political party which is in power at Ottawa can remove the lieutenant-governor of a province if he happens to be of the opposite faith. Nay, more: the governor-general himself is the pliant tool in the hands of the premier. He may represent the queen; but what does that signify? Bagehot's work on the English constitution states that the sovereign is no longer a separate, coördinate authority with the House of Lords and the Commons. The right to encourage, to warn, and to be consulted exists, but not the right to veto. "The queen must sign her own death-warrant if the two houses send it up to her." Therefore, as the vicegerent of the queen, the governor-general is at the mercy of the Canadian Parliament; a fact which Lord Dufferin cared not at all to conceal as he delivered his speeches from the throne, at the dictation first of Macdonald, and then of Mackenzie.

His "policy" is the identical policy of the party in power for the time being; and it may be changed in the twinkling of an eye by a single adverse vote in the Commons.

A writer in an English magazine foreshadowed the serious aspect of affairs in case the governor-general's duty should "force him into conflict with the desires of the Canadian people." A prominent journal replied that, were such the case, "the people would not consider the niceties of 'sentimental loyalty,' but would simply insist upon the privileges of self-government guaranteed by the constitution." No one predicted a crisis in the Letellier affair; but some anticipated imperial interference when announcement was made of the new protective tariff, which discriminates as well against England as the United States. The opposition press denounced the movement, because it had been made without England's advice or consent. The ministerial press appealed to Lord Beaconsfield to settle the question for all time, after the manner of Lord Kimberly, — Gladstone's colonial secretary, — who, some years ago, surrendered to Australia every power in regard to trade. Canada's position was strengthened by quoting the action of England in 1847, when she adopted free trade, almost to the ruin of the West Indies and Canada, neither of which colonies had been consulted.

In England the effect of the new policy of protection was more marked. On the 8th of March, 1879, Sir George Campbell gave notice that he should ask the chancellor of the exchequer as to the information her majesty's government had respecting the governor-general's speech from the throne, a speech which advocated a policy of protection at a time when her majesty's government was opposed to such policies; and also whether "it is desirable to continue the connection of this country with Canada under such disadvantageous and humiliating terms." Mr. Bright asked the secretary

of state for the colonies "if it was intended to represent to the Canadian government the impolicy of a war of tariffs between the different portions of the empire." The secretary replied that, much as the government regretted the changes in tariff, the matter was in the power of the Canadians, and that Lord Dufferin had not been required to reserve for the decision of the home government bills imposing differential duties, nor had Lord Lorne. Such widely divergent papers as the London Times and the Daily News admitted the independence of Canada, but suggested that the preferences of England should be consulted, because she must protect Canada against foreign countries. After weeks of debate, the tariff was finally carried through the Canadian Commons in March, 1879; and thus was severed the commercial link which bound the Dominion to the old country.

Revenons à nos moutons. Even if there be no interference from abroad, the government of Canada by a ministry is open to serious objections. "The Canadians," said Lord Dufferin in 1874, "are accustomed to see the popular will exercise an immediate and complete control over the country. No Canadian," he added, referring to the United States, "would breathe freely if he thought the ministers were removed beyond the supervision and control of the legislative assemblies." With all deference to this opinion, it would be difficult to show that the mercurial changes in the government from 1841 to 1867 (already noticed above) did not stamp ministerial rule as a most dismal failure. This kind of rule may do for England, with its foreign policies and with a home territory fully developed; but in Canada the case is quite different. An immense breadth of partially explored territory sends up a demand from all quarters for "sectional representation" in the cabinet. The best men are not available, because, aside from silencing each section, each

religious creed must be pacified. Can such a cabinet frame a policy which shall satisfy all sections and all creeds? Can any cabinet, in a country like Canada, endure the losses of time and temper which arise from an opposition continually prodding with senseless questions, and constantly angry because it is at the left of the speaker? The "outs" want to enter, and the "ins" want to remain where they are.

"Methinks I hear a lion in the lobby roar!
Say, Mr. Speaker! shall we shut the door
And keep him out? Or let him in,
And take our chance to get him out again?"

The worst feature of ministerial rule is this very instability of the government; and instability is a most serious drawback to political or commercial prosperity. It was many years after the conquest before England learned the needs of Canada; and during that time there were frequent changes in the constitutional government of Canada: I. A military government (1759-1764). II. A mixture of military with civil authority (1764-1774). III. A more purely civil administration under a governor and crown-appointed council (1774-1791). IV. A government popularized by the addition of an elective assembly (1791-1841). V. A government responsible to the people (1841-1867). VI. The present government, both responsible and representative (since 1867). That is to say, in a space of one hundred and twenty years, six different constitutions were given to Canada; an average duration of twenty years for each. Twenty-three governors-general ruled in the sixty-six years in which the colony was under one government, averaging less than three years for each. Twenty lieutenant-governors in Lower Canada and sixteen in Upper Canada administered the affairs of those provinces during the half century of their separation (1791-1841). Through all these phases of government five different cities have had the honor of being the capital: Quebec (till 1791);

Toronto, in Upper Canada, and Quebec, in Lower Canada (1791-1841); Kingston (1841-1844); Montreal (1844-1849); Toronto and Quebec, alternately (1849-1858); Ottawa (since 1858).

If the object of this article were to institute comparisons favorable to the United States, we might, at this point, very appropriately refer to our own constitution, which has remained comparatively intact for over ninety years; and to the average terms of our presidents; and to the remarkably infrequent succession of political parties to the control either of the executive or of the legislative departments, as the most convincing proof that a form of government which is not easily changed by a party vote in the popular legislative body is better adapted to the wants of a new country than any other form less stable and less conservative. What could have been a greater strain upon our constitution than the days of *de facto* and *de jure*, from November, 1876, to March, 1877? And yet, in the midst of that trouble, Lord Dufferin gave this most sincere and genuine compliment: "If we look across the border, what do we see? A nation placed in one of the most trying and difficult situations which can be imagined; two hostile and thoroughly organized camps arrayed against each other in the fiercest crisis of a political contest. Yet in spite of the enormous personal and public interests at stake, there is exhibited by both sides a patriotic self-restraint, a moderation of language, and a dignified and wise attitude of reserve which is worthy not only of our admiration, but of the imitation of the civilized world."

Although Joseph Cook considers an elective judiciary one of the best features in his *Ultimate America*, still it is a serious question whether a system of wise appointments would not be better. The difference, after all, appears trivial between electing a judge, in the American manner, and electing some one to

appoint him as a reward for party services, after the Canadian manner. It is yet to be proved, however the selection has been made, that our judiciary is a whit behind that of our neighbors, either in ability or in worth.

The civil service of Canada is not what it once was. Formerly, the employee of the government felt so secure in his position as to call Ottawa his permanent home. Promotion might be slow, but it would always follow good behavior. A superannuation fund stood ready for him in case he became incapacitated, and a half-pay pension was his after twenty-five or thirty years of constant service. Wisely eschewing all activity in politics he kept his place, whether this party or that party held the reins of government. The civil service is still most efficient and praiseworthy under the fostering care of the board of civil-service examiners. But we already hear the rival parties in Parliament charging each other with applying to their civil service the American motto, "To the victors belong the spoils;" and it is even said that Sir John A. Macdonald provided for certain of his followers in new offices and increased salaries to the amount of nearly half a million dollars, when he was obliged to surrender the premiership in 1873.

The election laws of Canada are probably as effective for the prevention of bribery as any laws can be. Still, we read in the Canadian papers of stuffed ballot-boxes, the buying of voters, and the payment of money to influential electors. In the Kingston election of 1874, it was decided that Sir John A. Macdonald had been guilty of bribery through his agents; but that he could not be holden, because it did not appear that they were "his authorized agents for that purpose." In July, 1872, Sir George E. Cartier wrote to Sir Hugh Allan for money to carry the elections in the interest of the conservative party; while in 1876 it is stated that Mr. George

Brown wrote to an honorable senator to ask if he could not "come down handsomely," or at least contribute something toward the success of the reform party. With all our complaints of fraudulent voting in the United States, it is seldom that such scenes are exhibited as are common to Canadian villages on election days, each party keeping "open house" in a tavern hired for its special use.

When the Dominion was formed the debts of the several provinces were assumed to the amount of sixty-two and one half million dollars. The amount finally assumed, on account of misunderstandings, was a much larger sum. According to Sir Francis Hincks, the public debt in April, 1872, was eighty millions. The debt now exceeds one hundred and fifty millions, and an increase of more will give the Canadians a public debt as large, *per capita*, as that of the United States. The appropriations for railways and canals have been enormous, no less than three hundred millions having been used in this manner during the past thirty years. The fact that the debt is no larger shows that Canada must have partially paid for these great improvements out of the ordinary revenue. Although the debt has been incurred for better facilities for transportation, yet it may be pertinent to inquire if it pays to extend public works which may not take care of themselves for many years to come. The Intercolonial Railway, for instance, has run behind a million dollars within the short time it has been in operation, — and that, too, under the most experienced management. As a whole, the railways in Canada have paid on their capital and bonded debt scarcely one half of the percentage paid by the railways in the United States.

The combined revenues of Upper Canada and Lower Canada were one million dollars in 1841. In 1867 the revenue of the new Canada was fourteen millions; at present it is about

twenty-three millions. The ordinary expenses of the government do not unreasonably exceed this sum; although there are large appropriations for legislation, immigration, and the militia, including a totally superfluous military school at Kingston. But there are expenses of government, available for reduction, which might be called "extraordinary." The governor-general receives a salary of \$47,517.55, besides the expenses of the Government House. Eight lieutenant-governors receive from eight thousand to fourteen thousand dollars each. Fourteen legislative bodies (in the Dominion and provinces) aggregate 661 members, at a cost of half a million dollars. Then there are sixty-five executive councilors, which, added to those already enumerated, make one representative to every six thousand people in Canada. At the same rate, the United States would have 7260, and Great Britain six thousand! Concerning this the *Toronto Mail* says: "The total cost of government, Dominion and provincial, — exclusive of the amounts spent on immigration, police, penitentiaries, debt management and interest, hospitals and charities, Indians, public works maintenance, etc., — is upwards of \$10,750,000 a year, or over \$2.50 per head of the population. In addition to this load, moreover, we have to carry our municipal governments, of the cost of which it is impossible to form an estimate."

If there were great results from this phenomenal expense, there might be less complaint. The cost of legislation for the Parliament of last year was \$618,000; of which \$303,000 was an indemnity to members. An honorable senator has recently made the statement that the "country would not give ten cents on the dollar for all the legislation representing that indemnity and those salaries." In the Province of Ontario it costs three hundred thousand dollars — more than is required in most of the

States in the Union — for the legislature to pass a few unimportant bills and disburse three million dollars. Surely the *Mail* is justified in calling a halt. "No country in the world pays so dearly for government, and if Ossa is to be piled on this Pelion either the people's back will break under the burden, or they will unload and try a change, which would, in effect, be a revolution, — a quiet but still a disastrous one for Canada."

The true Yankee will not be satisfied without asking after the amount of business transacted by Canada with foreign countries, as a basis for such enormous expenses. He will note that her exports were fifty-eight millions in 1868; ninety millions in 1873 and 1874; and seventy-nine millions in 1878. The imports of 1860 were seventy-three millions; they rose to one hundred and twenty-eight millions in 1874, but fell off to ninety-one millions in 1878. During the past six years Canadian exports to Great Britain have risen from forty-three to fifty-eight per cent. of the total amount exported; while exports to the United States have fallen from forty-seven to thirty-two per cent. In the same period Canadian imports from Great Britain have fallen from fifty-four to forty-one per cent.; and imports from the United States have risen from thirty-seven to fifty-three per cent. Since the date of confederation (1867) Canada has managed to import more than three hundred and fifty millions in excess of her exports; and the Yankee cannot blame her for trying to keep her men and her money at home by the newly executed policy of protection.

We have seen, during our inquiry, that Canada has always been a peculiarly hard country to govern; that this has been partially owing to a series of experiments by the home government; that no responsibility to the people existed before the year 1841; and that subsequently the government by a ministry has proved too unstable for the wants of

a new country. We have also noticed the immense expense of carrying on so many coördinate branches of the government, while the public debt is constantly increasing at an alarming ratio. If time and space did not fail us, we might inquire into the statements which are made to the effect that Canada receives no money from England; that England does not even pay her own officer, the governor-general; that she neither builds nor repairs her own fortifications, nor does she pay for the armament of the military forces in Canada; and that she did not assist in suppressing the Fenian raids for which Canada was in no sense responsible. These and kindred complaints in connection with the results which we have already examined in detail lead us briefly to consider the most apparent tendencies of the confederation:—

I. In the first place, we may safely assert that the tendency of Canada is to depart from English domination. This is true, in spite of Beaconsfield's eulogies upon the Dominion at the expense of the United States. The English liberals have a more realizing sense of the true attitude of the colonies toward the mother country; for their *dictum* would bind these satellites to England, as Lord Granville says, "by a silken cord, and not by an iron chain." Lord Derby, their latest acquisition, recently said that "Canada and Australia must soon become separate nations." The late under-secretary of state for the colonies, Lord Blatchford, predicts that "as the colonies develop they must either become separate nations, or they must have a share in the government of the British confederacy,"—an alternative which he believes to be highly visionary. Indeed, the very threats of the ministerial press in Canada, when the new tariff was enacted, show that the Dominion would rather protect itself, even against England, than to have the empty honor of being a British colony, "social-

ly recognized" by the imperial government. The Letellier affair, also, shows that loyalty in the concrete is still a *bête noir* to the Canadian, if it means full submission to the home authorities.

II. The tendency of Canada being thus evident, and the question of her independence having been virtually settled in 1875 by the decision that no appeal should lie from her supreme court to the English courts, we may dismiss all attempts to imperialize with a mere passing mention. Earl Grey favors a quasi-government for the colonies by a committee of the privy council; but he threatens them with a total separation in case they act too independently,—a most dangerous treatment with a people who have already tasted the fruits of colonial liberty. Still less is there the possibility that Canada will become a part of an imperial federation, with her representatives in the British Parliament, and with the right of her citizens to be recognized as citizens of any other imperial colony. Such results are hardly possible; although the recent calling of Sir John A. Macdonald to the British privy council might seem to lead the Dominion towards the vortex of imperialism.

III. Whether the separation of Canada from England is a matter of years or of decades, it is evident that the constitution of 1867 does not meet the requirements of the country. The great expense of confederation must be reduced either by the formation of a legislative union of the provinces, or by the extinction of the legislative councils. The duties of the several lieutenant-governors of provinces might be readily performed by an additional minister of the Dominion government, with supervisory power to approve or to refer to the cabinet. The number of provinces might also be reduced, with great benefit to all concerned. The precise nature of the changes that are coming is not ours to suggest, or even to prophesy. It is

safe to assume that the Canadians are abundantly able to take care of themselves when the occasion shall be given. Left to themselves, they must naturally drift toward a government more democratic in its constitution and more popular in its execution than any they have yet enjoyed. But this natural drifting democracy-ward does not by any means argue that they will finally tie up along-

side the United States. That is a question to be decided in the future. It cannot be decided now. In the mean time the American people will watch coming events across the border with a kindly interest. The Canadian people have already accomplished wonders, in spite of continual drawbacks; and the future will show their capabilities in a larger field.

Frederic G. Mather.

REMINISCENCES OF WASHINGTON.

V.

THE VAN BUREN ADMINISTRATION, 1837-1841.

WHILE the electoral votes for the eighth president of the United States were being counted, in the presence of the two houses of Congress, Senator Clay remarked to Vice-President Van Buren, with courteous significance, "It is a cloudy day, sir!"

"The sun will shine on the 4th of March, sir!" was the Little Magician's confident reply.

The prediction was fulfilled, for on his inaugural morning the sun shone brightly, and there was not a cloud to be seen in the clear sky. Washington was crowded with strangers from all parts of the country, and in anticipation of the time set for the ceremony great numbers began to direct their way at an early hour to the Capitol. Congregating before the eastern portico of the Capitol, the dense mass of humanity reminded those who had traveled abroad of the assembled multitude in front of St. Peter's on Easter Sunday, waiting to receive the Papal blessing.

President Jackson and President-elect Van Buren were escorted from the White House to the Capitol by a volun-

teer brigade of cavalry and infantry, and by several democratic political organizations, marshaled by General Van Ness, who had a corps of mounted aids. General Jackson and his successor rode in an elegant phaeton, made of oak from the original timber of the frigate Constitution, which had one seat holding two persons, and a high driver's box in front, bordered with a deep hammer-cloth. The unpainted wood was highly polished, and the fine grain was brought out by a coat of varnish, while on a panel on either side was a representation of "Old Ironsides," as the frigate was called, under full sail. The phaeton was drawn by General Jackson's four iron-gray carriage-horses, with elaborate brass-mounted harness, and it was a very dashing turnout.

Arriving at the Capitol, General Jackson and Mr. Van Buren went to the senate chamber, where they witnessed Colonel Johnson take his oath of office as vice-president. They then repaired to a platform erected over the steps of the eastern portico, followed by the diplomatic corps, the senators, and the principal executive officials. A cheer greeted the old hero, who had risen from a sick bed, against the protest of his physician, that he might grace the scene, and a smile of satisfaction lit up

his wan, stern features as he stood leaning on his cane with one hand, and holding with the other his crape-bound white fur hat, while he acknowledged the compliment paid him by a succession of bows. Mr. Van Buren then advanced to the front of the platform, and with impressive dignity read in a clear, distinct voice his inaugural address. His manner and emphasis were excellent, yet the effect upon the multitude was not what might have been expected from so great a collection of men devoted to his support. The obvious cause was, that few of the half million could hear him at all, and that, notwithstanding the invitations to cheer, given at the close of every sentence by Marshal Van Ness, only feeble shouts responded to the wavings of the baton. When he had concluded Chief Justice Taney administered the oath of office, and no sooner had he reverentially kissed the Bible, as a pledge of his assent, than General Jackson advanced and shook him cordially by the hand. The other dignitaries on the platform followed with their congratulations, the populace at last cheered, and the bands played Hail to the Chief.

President Van Buren and ex-President Jackson were then escorted back to the White House, where for three hours a surging tide of humanity swept past the new chief magistrate, congratulating him on his inauguration. The assemblage was a promiscuous one, and the reception was as disorderly an affair as could well be imagined. At four o'clock in the afternoon, the members of the diplomatic corps called in a body, wearing their court-dresses, and Don Calderon, who was their dean, presented a congratulatory address. In his reply, Mr. Van Buren made his only known *lapsus linguae* by addressing them as the "democratic corps." It was not until after his attention had been called to the mistake that he corrected himself, and stated that he had intended to say

"diplomatic corps." In the evening two inauguration balls were given.

Many strangers had been unable to find conveyances to take them away, and could not obtain tarrying-places. It was interesting, towards night-fall, to witness the gathering anxiety in many a decent man's countenance as he went from boarding house to hotel, and from hotel to private residence, seeking lodgings in vain. Money seemed to be useless in Washington for once. It could indeed procure for the possessor the most luxurious dishes and the rarest beverages; but while the palate could be gratified, there was no rest for weary limbs. Beds! beds! beds! was the general cry. Hundreds slept in the market-house on bundles of hay, and a party of distinguished Bostonians passed the night in the chairs of a barber's shop.

General Jackson remained but four days at the White House, and then left for Tennessee, relieved from the cares of his late station, and exhibiting an unwonted gayety of spirit. During the previous winter he had not expected to live until the conclusion of his term, and he could but feel buoyant and happy in finding himself sufficiently recovered to undertake the journey, with the prospect of enjoying some years at the Hermitage, in the midst of the agricultural occupations of which he was so fond. On the day of his departure he could not catch the melancholy contagion of his friends around him, who were oppressed with the thought of parting with him. He told one merry story after another, rallied his friends, and jocosely proposed a matrimonial connection to a member of his late cabinet whose eyes were filled with tears.

Mr. Van Buren was the first president who had not been born a British subject; yet he was at heart a monarchist, opposed to universal suffrage, and in favor of a strong central government, although he had reached his exalted position by loud professions of democracy. He en-

deavored to establish a personal intimacy with every one presented to him, and he ostensibly opened his heart for inspection. The tone of his voice was that of thorough frankness, accompanied by a pleasant smile, but a fixed expression at the corners of his mouth and the searching look of his keen eyes showed that he believed with Talleyrand that language was given to conceal thought.

President Van Buren's wife (by birth Miss Hannah Hoes, of Columbia County, New York) had been dead nineteen years when he took possession of the White House, accompanied by his four sons, and presided over the official receptions and dinner-parties with his well-known tact and politeness. In the November following his inauguration, his eldest son and private secretary, Colonel Abraham Van Buren (who was a graduate of the military academy at West Point, and who had served on the staff of General Worth), was married to Miss Angelica Singleton, a wealthy South Carolina lady, who had been educated at Philadelphia, and who had passed the preceding winter at Washington, in the family of her relative, Senator Preston. On the New Year's Day succeeding the wedding, Mrs. Van Buren, assisted by the wives of the cabinet officers, received with her father-in-law, the president. Her rare accomplishments, superior education, beauty of face and figure, grace of manner, and vivacity in conversation insured social success. The White House was refurnished in the most expensive manner, and a code of etiquette was established which rivaled that of a German principality.

President Van Buren found himself saddled at the commencement of his administration with national financial embarrassments, bequeathed as a legacy by his "illustrious predecessor," as he designated General Jackson in one of his messages. The destruction of the Unit-

ed States Bank had forced the transfer of the national funds, which it had held on deposit, to the state banks. They had loaned these funds on securities, often of doubtful value or worthless, and when the day of reckoning came general bankruptcy ensued. Manufacturers were obliged to discharge their workmen; provisions were scarce and dear in the Atlantic States, because funds could not be obtained for the removal Eastward of the Western crops; and there was much actual distress in the large cities on the sea-coast. To quiet the popular clamor, the president convened Congress in an extra session, and in his message to that body, on its assembling, he proposed the establishment of an independent treasury, with sub-treasuries in different cities, for the safe-keeping of the public money, entirely separate from the banks.

The whigs opposed this independent treasury scheme, but, to the surprise of those with whom he had of late been politically affiliated, it received the cordial support of Mr. Calhoun. When Congress began to discuss this measure, he became its champion in the senate, and soon "locked horns" with Mr. Clay, who led its opponents. The debate was continued session after session, and in time Messrs. Clay and Calhoun passed from their discussion of national finances into an acrimonious, reciprocal review of the acts, votes, and motions of each other during the preceding thirty years.

John Quincy Adams wrote in his diary that "these oratorical encounters between Clay and Calhoun, are Lilliputian mimicry of the orations against Ctesiphon and the crown, or the debate of the second Philippic." Others, equally competent to judge, and not prejudiced by jealousy, pronounced this personal debate the greatest oratorical contest that ever took place in the senate of the United States, not excepting the Webster and Hayne controversy, although that received greater publicity through judicious advertising. Mr. Ben-

ton was of this opinion, and described the debate in his memoirs as abounding with exemplifications of all the different sorts of oratory of which each of the senatorial gladiators was master. "On one side [Clay], declamation, impassioned eloquence, vehement invective, taunting sarcasm; on the other [Calhoun], close reasoning, chaste narrative, clear statement, keen retort. There was no crying or blackguarding in it; nothing like the weeping scene between Fox and Burke, when the heart overflowed with bitterness at the recollection of former love, now gone forever; nor like the virulent one, when the gall, overflowing with bitterness, warned an ancient friend never to return as a spy to the camp which he had left as a deserter."

In concluding this memorable debate, Mr. Calhoun denounced Mr. Clay for the part he had taken in the tariff compromise of 1833, and declared that in that contest the nullifiers were triumphant, — "they had the Kentucky senator on his back, — and that he [Mr. Calhoun] was his master then. Mr. Clay was evidently somewhat taken by surprise at this declaration, and he replied indignantly, giving a history of the tariff compromise alluded to, and clearly demonstrating that he had been actuated by patriotic motives in that controversy as a pacificator between the North and the South. Finally, Mr. Clay, drawing himself up to his full height, fixed his eyes upon Mr. Calhoun, and exclaimed in ringing tones and with a contemptuous gesture, "He my master! he my master! I would not own him for my slave!"

The financial condition of the country grew worse and worse. There was a total stagnation of business throughout the Union, and from every section came tidings of embarrassment, bankruptcy, and ruin. There were no available means for the purchase of Western produce and its transportation to the At-

lantic markets, so it remained in the hands of the farmers, who could not dispose of it except at a great sacrifice. In Ohio, for example, pork was sold at three dollars a hundred pounds, and wheat at fifty cents per bushel, while the price of agricultural labor was but thirty-seven and a half cents a day. Amid this general distress, one class only remained unscathed by the blighting effects of the democratic financial policy: the president and his army of subordinate office-holders continued to receive their salaries in gold or silver. For this they obtained a premium on changing it into the paper currency in general circulation, and they were thus benefited in proportion as the people were embarrassed. This naturally caused great popular discontent, and aided in bringing about a great political uprising.

Among other evidences of the bitter and ferocious spirit which characterized political contests in those days was the duel between Mr. Cilley, of Maine, and Mr. Graves, of Kentucky, in which the former fell. Mr. Cilley, in a speech delivered in the house of representatives, criticised a charge of corruption brought against some unnamed congressman in a letter published in the *New York Courier and Enquirer*, over the signature of "A Spy in Washington," and indorsed in the editorial columns of that paper. Mr. James Watson Webb, the editor of the *Courier and Enquirer*, immediately visited Washington, and sent a challenge to Mr. Cilley by Mr. Graves, with whom he had but a slight acquaintance. Mr. Cilley declined to receive the hostile communication from Mr. Graves, without making any reflections on the personal character of Mr. Webb. Mr. Graves then felt himself bound, by the unwritten code of honor, to espouse the cause of Mr. Webb, and challenged Mr. Cilley himself. This challenge was accepted, and the preliminaries were arranged between Mr. Henry

A. Wise, as the second of Mr. Graves, and Mr. George W. Jones, as the second of Mr. Cilley. Rifles were selected as the weapons, and Mr. Graves found difficulty in obtaining one, but was finally supplied by his friend Mr. Rives, of the Globe. The parties met, the ground was measured, and the combatants were placed; on the fourth fire Mr. Cilley fell, shot through the body, and died almost instantly. Mr. Graves, on seeing his antagonist fall, expressed a desire to render him some assistance, but was told by Mr. Jones, "My friend is dead, sir!" Mr. Cilley, who left a wife and three young children, was a popular favorite, and his tragic end caused a great excitement all over the country. Mr. Wise was generally blamed for having instigated the fatal encounter; certainly, he did not endeavor to prevent it.

Congress had its comedies as well as its tragedies, and the leading comedian was Thomas Corwin, a representative from Ohio, who was a type of early Western culture and a born humorist. He was a middle-sized, somewhat stout man, with pleasing manners, a fine head, sparkling hazel eyes, and a complexion so dark that on several occasions — as he used to narrate with great glee — he was supposed to be of African descent. "There is no need of my working," said he, "for whenever I cannot support myself in Ohio, all I should have to do would be to cross the river, give myself up to a Kentucky negro-trader, be taken South, and sold for a field hand." He always had a story ready to illustrate a subject of conversation, and the dry manner in which he enlivened his speeches by pungent witticisms, without a smile on his own stolid countenance, was irresistible. His greatest effort was a reply which he made to Mr. Crary, of Kentucky, who had undertaken to criticise the military ability of General Harrison. John Quincy Adams went over to Mr. Corwin's desk, and advised him to reply; without success at first, Corwin saying

that he was "something like Balaam's ass, — he could never speak unless kicked into it." The next afternoon, however, he did reply, and his speech, as a model of humorous retort, has never since been equaled at the Capitol. His description of Mr. Crary as he appeared on parade as a militia general, and after the fatigues of a muster, when treating his brigade to water-melons and whisky at a country grocery store, as the ancient heroes assuaged their thirst from the skulls of their slaughtered enemies, was a delicious piece of satire. Then, turning to the history of General Harrison, Mr. Corwin gave an eloquent picture of his patriotic services with convincing force. No member of Congress ever received such personal discomfiture from a speech, and Mr. Crary never recovered from Corwin's onslaught. Even at his home the farmers always offered him water-melons, in their season, accompanied by quotations from Corwin's speech. He retired from public life an extinguished orator.

During the Van Buren administration Congress undertook to fill the four vacant panels in the rotunda of the Capitol, the other four being occupied by Colonel Trumbull's paintings, representing revolutionary events. Contracts were entered into with John Vanderlyn, Henry Inman, Robert Weir, and John G. Chapman, each one of whom was to receive ten thousand dollars, payable in five installments, for a picture. Mr. Inman, after having received six thousand dollars, died, without having finished his picture, if indeed he ever commenced it. Mr. Chapman was the first to complete his work, *The Baptism of Pocahontas*, which has been generally condemned as an artistic failure and as a libel on historic truth. In catering to the pride of those who claimed to be descended from the Indian princess, who outranked the other first families of Virginia, Mr. Chapman had difficulties to contend with, more depressing, probably, than

even the lack of inspiration which must have attended the portrayal of an apocryphal ceremonial.

The spirited bronze statue of Jefferson, by his admirer, the French sculptor David d'Angers, which Lieut. Uriah P. Levy had presented to Congress, but which had not been accepted, and had been denied a position in the Capitol, was reverentially taken in charge by two naturalized Irish citizens, staunch democrats, and placed on a small pedestal in front of the White House. One of them was the public gardener, Jemmy Maher, already alluded to in these reminiscences, and the other was John Foy, the keeper of the restaurant in the basement of the Capitol, famous for his witty sayings. Prominent among these *bon mots* was his encomium on Representative Dawson, of Louisiana, noted for his intemperate habits, the elaborate ruffles of his shirts, and his pompous strut. "He came into me place," said Foy, "and after ateing a few oysters he flung down a Spanish dollar, saying, 'Niver mind the change, Mr. Foy: kape it for yourself.' Ah! There's a paycock of a gintleman for you."

An attempt was made to improve the condition of Pennsylvania Avenue, by giving the roadway a coating of finely broken stone, then known as macadamizing, after the English inventor, Captain MacAdam. The narrow-rimmed wheels used in this country failed to consolidate the pebbles into a firm mass, as was done by the broad tires used in England, and the roadway was compared by the wits to the stony roads of Arabia Petraea, and was only useful as an arsenal for belligerent boys. A few squares on the streets which intersected Pennsylvania Avenue were covered with buildings, and beyond them, northward, were the broad commons known as "the slashes," where Hibernian milk-maids kept their cows, and also reared large flocks of geese.

President Van Buren endeavored to

restore the good feeling between the administration and Washington "society," which had been ruptured during the political rule of General Jackson. He gave numerous entertainments at the White House, and used to attend those given by his cabinet, which was regarded as an innovation, as his predecessors had never accepted social invitations. Ex-President Adams, the widow of President Madison, and the widow of Alexander Hamilton each formed the centre of a pleasant coterie, and the president was open in the expression of his desire that the members of his cabinet and their principal subordinates should each give a series of dinner-parties and evening receptions during the successive sessions of Congress.

The dinner-parties were very much alike, and those who were in succession guests at different houses often saw the same table ornaments, and were served by the same waiters, while the fare was prepared by the same cook. The guests used to assemble in the parlor, which was almost invariably connected with the dining-room by large folding-doors. When the dinner was ready the folding-doors were thrown open, and the table was revealed, covered with dishes and cut-glass ware. A watery compound called vegetable soup was invariably served, followed by boiled fish, over-done roast beef or mutton, roast fowl or game in their season, and a great variety of puddings, pies, cake, and ice-cream. The fish, meat, and fowl were carved and helped by the host, while the lady of the house distributed the vegetables, the pickles, and the dessert. Champagne, without ice, was sparingly supplied in long, slender glasses, but there was no lack of sound claret, and with the dessert several bottles of old madeira were generally produced by the host, who succinctly gave the age and history of each. The best madeira was that labeled "the supreme court," as their honors the justices used to make a direct importation

every year, and sip it as they consulted over the cases before them, every day after their dinner, when the cloth had been removed. Some rare old specimens of this supreme-court wine can still be found in Washington wine-cellars.

At the evening parties the carpet was lifted from the room set apart for dancing, and the floor was chalked in colors to protect the dancers from slipping. The music was almost invariably a first and second violin, with flute and harp accompaniments. Light refreshments, such as water ices, lemonade, negus, and small cakes, were handed about on waiters between every two or three dances. The crowning glory of the entertainment, however, was the supper, which had been prepared under the supervision of the hostess, aided by some of her intimate friends, who had also loaned their china and silver ware. The table was covered with *alamode* beef, cold roast turkey, ducks, and chickens; fried and stewed oysters, *blanc mange*, jellies, whips, floating-islands, candied oranges, and numerous varieties of tarts and cakes. Very often the young men, after having escorted the ladies to their respective homes, would meet again at some oyster-house, to go out on a lark, in imitation of the young English bloods in the favorite play of Tom and Jerry. Singing, or rather shouting, popular songs, they would break windows, wrench off knockers, call up doctors, and transpose sign-boards; nor was there a night-watchman to interfere with their roistering.

A decided sensation was created at Washington, during the Van Buren administration, by the appearance there of a handsome and well-educated Italian lady, who called herself *America Vespucci*, and claimed descent from the navigator who gave his name to this continent. Ex-President Adams and Daniel Webster became her especial friends, and she was soon a welcome guest in the best society. In a few weeks after her

arrival, she presented a petition to Congress, asking, first, to be admitted to the rights of citizenship; and, secondly, to be given "a corner of land" out of the public domain of the country which bore the name of her ancestor. An adverse report, which was soon made, is one of the curiosities of congressional literature. It eulogized the petitioner as "a young, dignified, and graceful lady, with a mind of the highest intellectual culture, and a heart beating with all our own enthusiasm in the cause of America and human liberty." The reasons why the prayer of the petitioner could not be granted were given, but she was commended to the generosity of the American people. "The name of America — our country's name — should be honored, respected, and cherished in the person of the interesting exile from whose ancestor we derive the great and glorious title."

A subscription was immediately opened by Mr. Haight, the sergeant-at-arms of the senate, and judges, congressmen, and citizens vied with one another in their contributions. Just then it was whispered that *Madame Vespucci* had borne an unenviable reputation at Florence and at Paris, and had been induced by a pecuniary consideration to break off an intimacy with the Duke of Orleans, Louis Philippe's oldest son, and come to Washington. Soon afterwards the duke's younger brother, the Prince de Joinville, came to this country, and refused to recognize her, which virtually excluded her from reputable society. For some years subsequently she resided in luxurious seclusion with a wealthy citizen of New York, in the interior of that State, and after his death she returned to Paris.

Nearly a year before the presidential election of 1840, whig delegates from twenty-two States assembled in convention at Harrisburg, and nominated as their candidate William Henry Harrison, of Ohio, with John Tyler, of Virginia,

for vice-president. These nominations were an enigma to the democratic friends of President Van Buren, and they unwisely lavished every opprobrious epithet upon them. General Harrison's military fame, his humble pecuniary circumstances, and the log-cabin which formed a part of his rural residence were alternately made the theme of reproach and scurrilous attack. The louder this clamor became, and the more dastardly the attacks, the more ardently the whigs thronged to the banner of their chosen candidate. The sympathy, the generosity, and the patriotism of the nation were aroused and enlisted in the conflict.

The struggle was commenced at once in Congress, where the leading whigs cordially united in a decisive warfare on the democrats. General Harrison was eulogized as a second Cincinnatus, — plowman, citizen, and general, — and the sneering remark that he resided in a log-cabin was adopted as a partisan watchword. The most notable speech was by Mr. Ogle, of Pennsylvania, who elaborately reviewed the expensive furniture, china, and glass-ware which had been imported for the White House by order of President Van Buren. He dwelt on the gorgeous splendor of the damask window-curtains; the dazzling magnificence of the large mirrors, chandeliers, and candelabras; the centre-tables, with their tops of Italian marble; the satin-covered chairs, tabourets, and divans; the imperial carpets and rugs; and, above all, the service of silver, including a set of what he called gold spoons, although they were of silver-gilt. These costly decorations of the White House were described in detail, with many humorous comments, and then contrasted with the log-cabins of the West, where the only ornamentation, generally speaking, was a string of speckled bird's eggs festooned about a looking-glass measuring eight by ten inches, and a fringed window-curtain of white cotton cloth.

This and similar speeches stimulated the people in their opposition to the administration which had persevered in forcing upon them a financial system injurious to the business interests of the country, and by midsummer at least one half of the voters in the country were actively engaged in the political campaign.

Log-cabins were raised everywhere for whig head-quarters, some of them of large size, and almost every voting precinct had its Tippecanoe club, with its choristers. For the first time the power of song was invoked to aid a presidential candidate, and immense editions of log-cabin song-books were sold. Many of these songs were parodies on familiar ballads, adapted to well-known tunes; as, for example, one sung to Auld Lang Syne, the first verse of which ran thus: —

'Can grateful freemen slight his claims
Who bravely did defend
Their lives and fortunes on the Thames,
The farmer of North Bend?

Chorus: The farmer of North Bend, my boys,
The farmer of North Bend,
We'll give a right good hearty vote
To the farmer of North Bend."

That fine old ballad, John Anderson, my Jo! was changed into a campaign song, commencing, —

"John C. Calhoun, my Jo, John, I'm sorry for
your fate,
You've nullified the tariff laws, you've nullified
your State;
You've nullified your party, John, and principles,
you know,
And now you've nullified yourself, John C. Calhoun,
my Jo!"

One of the best compositions, the authorship of which was ascribed to George P. Morris, the editor of the New York Mirror, was a parody on The Old Oak-en Bucket. The first verse ran, —

"Oh, dear to my soul are the days of our glory,
The time-honored days of our national pride;
When heroes and statesmen ennobled our story,
And boldly the foes of our country defied;
When victory hung o'er our flag, proudly waving,
And the battle was fought by the valiant and true,

For our homes and our loved ones, the enemies
braving,
Oh, then stood the soldier of Tippecanoe, —
The iron-armed soldier, the true-hearted sol-
dier,
The gallant old soldier of Tippecanoe."

Mass conventions were held in the larger cities and in the central towns at the great West, attended by thousands, who came from the plow, the forge, the counter, and the desk, at a sacrifice of personal convenience and often at considerable expense, to give a hearty utterance to their deep-felt opposition to the party in power. Delegations to these conventions would often ride in carriages or on horseback twenty-five or thirty miles, camping out during the excursion. They carried banners, and often had a small log-cabin mounted on wheels, in which was a barrel of hard cider, the beverage of the campaign. On the day of the convention, and before the speaking, there was always a procession, in which the delegations sang and cheered as they marched along, while the music of their numerous bands aided in imparting enthusiasm.

The speaking was from a platform, over which floated the national flag, and on which were seated the invited guests, the local political magnates, the clergymen of the place, and generally a few revolutionary soldiers, who were greeted with loud applause. The principal orators during the campaign were

Mr. Clay, Mr. Webster, Mr. Preston, Mr. Wise, Mr. Corwin, Mr. Ewing, Mr. Thompson, and scores of less noted names. General Harrison took the stump himself at several of the Western gatherings, and spoke for over an hour on each occasion. His demeanor was that of a well-bred, well-educated, venerable Virginia gentleman, destitute of humor and fond of quoting from classic authors.

At that time many of the States voted for presidential electors on different days, which rendered the contest more exciting as it approached its close. There was no telegraphic communication, and there were but few lines of railroad, so that it was some time after a large State had voted before complete and correct returns could be received. At last, all the back townships had been heard from, and the exultant whigs were certain that they had elected their candidates by a popular majority of over one hundred thousand! Twenty States had given Harrison and Tyler two hundred and thirty-four electoral votes, while Van Buren and Johnson had received but sixty electoral votes in six States. The log-cabins were the scenes of great rejoicing over this unparalleled political victory, and the jubilant whigs sang louder than before: —

"Van, Van, Van, is a used-up man."

RECORDS OF W. M. HUNT.

IV.

ON Mr. Hunt's return from Mexico, in the spring of 1875, we expected to see many sketches and paintings as souvenirs of his journey, but nothing of the kind was brought home. In their stead we found his studio resplendent with

Mexican trappings, bricabrac, shawls, yellow draperies, a large collection of Mexican opals, and a pair of leather breeches. All these he showed and caressed with childish delight. Mexico was one of the most interesting countries in the world. There was nothing like it; he was going back another year

to make a long stay. He put on his leather breeches, and strode about the studio for our amusement.

His bringing no paintings or sketches of consequence home with him was due probably to the fact that the journey was made for rest and recreation after a hard winter's work at portrait painting. There were, to be sure, at the late sale several charcoal sketches purporting to be Mexican subjects, but it is doubtful if they were correctly named. The brown picture that has been already mentioned as having been painted the next day after the artist had seen a Jules Dupré was catalogued at the sale as a view at West Newbury. Years ago, when first exhibited, Mr. Hunt had called it a view in Weston. Artists record impressions, and the public like to have them named. Sometimes such impressions are more or less accurate transcripts of scenes in nature from a chosen point, but a landscape painting is often merely the artist's impression of an effect, and bears no resemblance in composition to any one spot.

Mr. Hunt was an excellent man of business. At the time of the greatest depression in real estate, a house in Park Square was offered for sale by auction. Mr. Hunt talked over the purchase of this house a great deal, and with his usual earnestness. He was sure it would increase largely in value; it was an entirely safe investment. He would like to occupy a part of it immediately, himself. To our surprise, he then named the exact sum that he proposed to give for it, adding that if it went above this sum he should not buy. To our suggestion that it would be a pity to lose it rather than go a few hundred dollars higher, if necessary, he said, "I will not go one dollar higher. A man must have a limit, and wherever you put the limit there you must remain. You might as well not have a limit if you are going higher. I consider it a good purchase at my figures: it may be a good bargain at a

higher price. I don't know about that." This astonishingly cool way of treating the matter, right in the face of his enthusiasm over the location of the house, its desirability, and the probable low price it would fetch, was a revelation to us; but we were not surprised afterwards to learn that the house was sold at a few hundred dollars above Mr. Hunt's limit. He got some one to look after his interest at the sale, lest he might, under the impulse of the moment, go beyond his limit. On the Millets which he sold, a few years since, his profits were, he told us, in the neighborhood of one hundred dollars on every dollar invested. "And," he remarked, "the Millets were sold below rather than above their market value." He once showed us an unusually fine specimen of Diaz that he bought twenty years before for two hundred francs. It would easily bring fifty times that amount now.

"Whenever," said Mr. Hunt one day, "in repainting a picture, there is a particular spot that you wish to save, paint it right out, or you will sacrifice the rest of the picture to it."

I have spoken of Mr. Hunt's having been invited to lecture in the Sunday afternoon course at Horticultural Hall, and his final decision not to accept the honor. He had already declined to deliver some lectures at Yale College, and afterwards a like request from Harvard College had not been complied with. As to the latter, he said, one evening, "Professor — came round, at our club, and sat down by me and began to make himself agreeable. I didn't mean he should get the better of me in that respect, so I made myself agreeable, too, just as agreeable as I could, — and you know, when I try, I can make myself pretty amusing; and I don't think he got much the start of me in that line. Well, presently, after we had both been so agreeable that nothing further could be expected in that way, he asked me to

deliver some lectures at Harvard College. I didn't promise to do it, but I said I would think the matter over, and let him know. I *have* been thinking the matter over, and have pretty much concluded to ask him to permit such of the students as want instruction in art to come to me in my studio on certain evenings, when I will talk to them. I shall feel at home in my studio, and have plenty of pictures and drawings about me with which to illustrate my lectures. You see, I have my doubts whether they really want to learn anything about art at the college. Perhaps they only want me to come over there and lecture. If that's all they want, I sha'n't go. If they really want to learn, — if anybody really wants to learn, — I'm ready to teach. I like to teach. So I think I will just invite the authorities to let the students hear the lectures in my studio. If they are in earnest, they will accept my proposal; but I don't expect it to be received very cordially. It is n't what they want."

The letter below is a draught of one that was sent in answer to the invitation from Yale College. The matter that follows, it was proposed, first, to embody also in the letter, but this was not done.

DEAR SIR, — In answer to your invitation to lecture on art before the Yale School of Fine Arts, I would say that my time is already more than taken up in trying to learn how to paint, and as I can get no information from lectures I do not believe I could give any. The world is full of people who lecture on art, and I will not interfere with them. Yours truly, W. M. HUNT.

"Neither poets nor artists can be manufactured; much as ever they can be supported when they do exist.

"No man can teach me to produce good work in art except a producer of good work, and he brings his work with

him as a thinker brings brains and a fighter brings fists.

"A talker may persuade himself that he knows everything. A doer persuades the world he knows something.

"When the world wants wealth and works, it will demand of the financier and the critic some tangible proof of their wisdom; but paper and talk are easier handled, and will suffice for to-day.

"It is well to listen to lectures to save one's self the trouble of knowing anything, but if one wants to know anything of art he would better use his eyes; for until some of the talkers have produced paintings and sculpture which will appeal to the ears, they can teach very little through that medium. I have known a deaf painter, but not a blind one.

"If I am entitled to an opinion, it is through what I have done.

"Works, not words, can instruct.

"The only lessons that painters, or poets, or architects, or sculptors, have ever taught, or can ever teach, are in their works.

"When an artist leaves his work to amuse people, he loses not only his time, but their respect.

"The best thing about most lectures on art is that their effect is not lasting.

"Lectures are like hash, — not very nourishing, but will do when one is so young he knows no better, or so old he has no teeth. You can't expect a uniform."

The uniform refers to a story of Mr. Hunt's. A man ordered some hash at a restaurant. He presently found a soldier's button in it, and on remonstrating with the waiter the latter said, "What do you want? You can't expect a whole uniform in one plate of hash, can you?"

"The most interesting lecture I ever happened to hear was on language, when the speaker dealt with the material he was describing.

"A man who wants to discover any-

thing would better stand by Christopher Columbus on deck at night than listen to his lectures on the discovery of a new world.

"How are we going to make painters by lectures to men? We are going to make questioners and doubters and talkers. By painting and showing the painting of others we are to make painters. By working frankly from our convictions we are going to make them work from their convictions.

"Most of us have been so taught to doubt and question that we have n't time enough left in our life to express an opinion of our own. It is by having something to say, and not trying to say it in words, that one learns to paint.

"One capable artist, with his assistants employed as formerly, would produce more good workers than all the schools in the country, and with this difference: that works would be produced instead of theories and advice and teachers. If good art is produced, take advantage of the fact, instead of inveigling hundreds into an occupation where not one in a thousand can make a living, unless he resort to talking, toadying, or speculation, all of which an artist can familiarize himself with when it becomes necessary, but which he is naturally averse to. If people are to be instructed or assisted by artists, artists must be employed in their legitimate occupation; an artist cannot live on compliments and conversation. If you want artists, respect art. If you want art, respect artists. It seems to me high time that something should be done to encourage producers. The country is being overrun with art teachers and lecturers, because we don't want doers, but talkers. When we really want art there will be a call for artists to paint, and producers will be respected, employed, and encouraged. The world seems to want machines to manufacture artists, poets, statesmen, and philosophers; but when these exist, neither their work nor their opinion is wanted. One

is invited cordially to join the gang and produce what he is not to produce, — works. If he is a musician, he is invited to play for the world to march in to supper.

"If Michael Angelo and Titian were living to-day, they would not be called upon to paint. They would be listened to by the wise, and told that the Greek only could produce art. Were they even to lecture from Maine to Georgia, artists would not necessarily rise up in their wake. We don't want our hens to lay; if they do, we throw away their eggs, and bring all the hens in the country to sit on gravel stones, hoping to hatch out wonders. We are all taught to criticise and find fault with things instead of being made to comprehend and appreciate them. This also comes from talking instead of doing. It is only one who has done something who can see in an embryo the possibility of what it may grow to. Those who are taught from the past see only the past. They ignore the existence of the present."

Of modern painters, Mr. Hunt was fondest of Millet; next to him he mentioned oftenest, I think, Eugène Delacroix; then Corot. He never quoted Couture. He liked Turner and Reynolds. Of the picture called the Slave Ship, he said, "I like it; it has breadth. A small man could n't have painted it." Speaking of the Rimmer statue of Hamilton, one evening, he said, "People laugh at it a good deal; but it's not to be laughed at; there is noble feeling in it. No doubt it has faults enough; but you just go down and stand near it, directly in front, so that you can look up to it, and you'll find it impressive."

Once, in talking over the work of some of his lady students, I remarked that a certain painting by one of them I thought very creditable, on the whole, but that it lacked, in comparison with his work, just a certain quality that one might well suppose it would have. One could not expect great excellence in flesh tint, in

color, and in composition, but the artist being a woman, and dressing well herself, ought, one might fancy, to excel in graceful and stylish arrangement of the dresses of her figures, and paint drapery fairly well. "Yes," said Mr. Hunt, "one might think so; but the trouble is, she does n't know what is under the dress that she paints. She did n't begin drawing from the nude figure, and does n't know the anatomy of the human form well enough. Without this knowledge it is impossible to do draperies well and to give what you call style. Just hold up your arm a minute." I held up my arm bent at a right angle, as for a tailor to measure for the length of a coat sleeve. "Now," continued Mr. Hunt, "I will tell you every time before I touch your arm with my finger whether it is the flesh or the cloth of your coat that I shall touch. I know exactly where the arm itself is, notwithstanding the large folds of the coat sleeve." He then went on touching the arm, saying every time before the touch, "coat," "arm," "arm," "coat," correctly. "Well, then," I said, "there is no really fine drapery painted in this country. I should think you would never see any that would entirely satisfy you." "That's true," he replied; "it's very rare to find drapery satisfactorily painted until you get back to the old masters. They knew how to do it."

Of the old painters Mr. Hunt quoted most frequently, perhaps, Veronese; then Michael Angelo, Titian, and Velasquez.

Mr. Hunt felt that he was very strong in the artistic anatomy of the human figure. In early life he had been a hard student in Germany, and was a very correct and painstaking draughtsman. When at school in Düsseldorf he was noted for this special talent. Powell, the painter of the great picture at Washington illustrating the discovery of the source of the Mississippi, who visited Düsseldorf while Mr. Hunt was a student there, says that he displayed re-

markable talent as a draughtsman. His studies from the nude and the antique were so perfect in drawing, and so impressed his teachers, that he was declared to be qualified to paint long before he had been at the academy his full three years. Nothing of their kind, so far as *fine drawing* is concerned, with the possible exception of a work or two of Page, has ever been done in this country comparable with the Wardner portrait, the figure of the painter's mother, or the portrait of Mrs. Adams. Other things of the artist's are finer in color; but Mr. Hunt's greatest achievements lay not so notably in the direction of color as in his drawing, modeling, and in his noble style. He was especially satisfied with his ability to paint hands correctly and elegantly when he chose. Being remonstrated with, one evening, for exhibiting a figure in which the hands were in a half-finished state, he retorted, "Well, the picture belongs to me. I don't ask anybody to buy it. It's my picture, and I suppose I can exhibit it if I choose. You say the hand looks erysipelatosus. It does. It looks as though it had a very bad ulcer on it; but nobody is obliged to look at it unless he chooses. Most people know by this time whether I *can* paint a hand or not; whoever doubts it may look at my portraits and see."

His subordination of his skill in drawing, for the purpose of giving prominence to some other artistic quality in his work, at times misled certain critics. Thus, of his smaller picture called *The Bathers*, when he brought us the photograph in the autumn of 1876, he remarked, "I don't pretend that the anatomy of this figure is precisely correct. In fact, I know it is not. It's a little feminine; but I did it from memory, without a model, and was chiefly occupied with the pose. I *do* think the balancing idea is well expressed, and it is the fear of disturbing that which prevents my making any changes in the

contour of the figure. I know that I could correct the anatomy, but if the pose were once lost I might never be able to get it again."

It is not known for what particular occasion the following memoranda were made:—

"A good deal of our so-called cultivation is like sand-papery the surface of the eye."

"The only real cultivation is that where the instinct is preserved in all its clearness, notwithstanding all that is added to it."

"The great secret is to add, and not to swap."

"The false tooth, the glass eye, are types of the highest civilization and cultivation. Pedantry fills a tooth; affectation and a glass eye are things known only in modern civilization,—in states of modern culture."

"Intelligence is water-power; wit is steam. Expand a drop of intelligence by the fire of enthusiasm and fervor of desire, and it multiplies its force by thousands."

"There is more force in speed than in weight."

While Mr. Hunt's sensitive organization gave him a capacity for enjoyment unknown to differently constituted people, it gave him also, naturally, what might be termed an abnormal susceptibility for suffering, from a class of slight or temporary annoyances, that, with most people, pass unnoticed.

His spacious studios never pleased him long, and he was disposed to find fault with them a great deal, in a humorous way. Once the noise of rats so disturbed him that he felt forced to seek new quarters. Then his numerous stoves gave him such trouble that he could not work. A slight leak in the roof, on another occasion, had a similar effect. Finally he built the large studio in Park Square, and, having moved into it, we heard no more of these troubles.

Doubtless, a great part of this sensi-

tiveness was due to ill health. He rarely complained of feeling unwell, and spoke of his health with reluctance. Appearing tired, one evening, when we noticed it and asked him how he was, he said, "Oh, I don't know; if I should begin with my bad feelings, I should keep it up all the evening. What is it that Emerson says,—Beware how you unmuzzle the valetudinarian?"

One evening he said, "After all, I don't know but the barbarous tribes that kill off their old men are pretty wise. You know they put an old man in a tree, and then shake it. If he's strong enough to hold his place in the tree, they allow him to live another year; but if he falls to the ground, they kill him with clubs."

Probably his tenderness towards those who were ill, or not strong, and his sympathy for them were quickened by his own sufferings.

One of our household had sent him some home-made chocolate drops, upon the receipt of which he forwarded them, with the following letter, to a friend and pupil who was ill:—

MY DEAR MISS:—I bring you some of Millet's drawings, by way of making you patient to stay in-doors this blustering weather. I also add a little box which I found on my return to the studio.

The note is so pretty that I send it too, for I feel that had Mrs. ——— known you were ill she would have sent you the sugar-plums and the note. At any rate, to have received them is so grateful that I pass them along, as in the game of button, button.

Yours truly, W. M. HUNT.

In a letter from Weathersfield, Vermont, postmarked June 30, 1879, to his assistant, Mr. Carter, who had just left him, at the time when Mr. Hunt was supposed to be slowly regaining his health and strength, he says,—

"I imagined you arriving in Boston a little while after our tea, and yesterday at about the same hour safely at home in Westboro'. What a relief it must have been to you, and what a reward for your unbounded patience, and what a let up! Well, I must n't be sentimental, but I will express my gratitude. Since you left I have endeavored to take your place in taking care of me. . . . I really do not want you to hurry back on my account. Do try to have a good time, so you may not lose your faith in the whole human race."

A few days earlier he had written to Mrs. Carter: "It must be dreadfully aggravating for you to have your husband penned up here so long; but I can tell you one thing: when he *does* get back (if that ever happens), what there is left of him will have gone through a fiery furnace of patience, and I will guarantee that the temper of the old Damascus blades was nothing in comparison."

"I really pity him and you too, but I am so selfish that I pity myself the most; and though I would *like* to be generous and give him up a little, I find myself selfishly clinging to him."

On the outside of an envelope he wrote, in addition to the superscription, "Be careful of this: beyond value." Within was the following note:—

MY DEAR MRS. — : I received this morning, through the hands of our mutual John, a beautiful velvet wig. It fits perfectly, and sticks closer to my head than my hair has.

The following lines, written from the Isles of Shoals on August 23d, only about two weeks before his death, is one of the very few instances when he alludes to his health:—

Saturday, P. M.

MY DEAR BOY, — I feel a little better; if I can only get some more sleep I shall do well. Yours,

W. M. HUNT.

Notwithstanding his weakness and lack of sleep, his generous impulse towards a brother artist led him to write as follows on August 16th:—

MY DEAR — : I should like to be in Boston and look over Tom Robinson's pictures with you, and enjoy the satisfaction of seeing something fine. I am sure Tom deserves the greatest credit for his pluck, perseverance, and capacity, and I am heartily grateful that he has been so successful.

He is a real man, and it does not surprise me to know that he has painted his real self. I am glad you wrote me about his pictures, as I was desirous to know about them. . . . When you see him just shake him by the hand for me.

The above was an unusually long letter for him at this time. Generally his letters were very short, but full of characteristic humor, with never a hint at illness or despondency.

"SHOALS."

DEAR C — : Weight yesterday afternoon, east wind, cool, thick woolen clothes and coat, and thick boots, *after tea* 145

This morning, rather warm and some changes of clothing . . . 141

Three days ago, thin suit and warm weather 137

Weather and weight variable. If it grows as hot here as in Danielsonville I should weigh . . . 000

Yours truly, W. M. HUNT.

The great achievement of Mr. Hunt at Albany involved more labor than is generally supposed. Necessarily hurried, it was an especially anxious and exhausting work. The legislature was to meet at an appointed time, and the staging must come down on a certain day, whether the paintings were finished or not. It could not be known beforehand that just fifty-five days' labor would end the task. But it was known that the final and tell-

ing touches must be made by Christmas, and rectified, if necessary, on that day ; after this, no additions or subtractions were possible. Whether the two large compositions could be satisfactorily put upon the walls within the prescribed time seemed a question ; and it became still more a question when, after painting the first day, they found, on climbing up to their places the next morning, that their day's work had pretty nearly vanished into the texture of the stone. The faith and courage of Mr. Hunt's accomplished assistant were invaluable ; and later, during the progress of the work, his solemn promise that, if their effort proved a failure, he would himself paint out both pictures in a single night was greatly comforting to Mr. Hunt.

During these fifty-five fatiguing days the artist and his assistant were always up in the morning to catch the rising sun, so as to carry a fresh impression to the work upon the Flight of Night. Every evening they watched the waning daylight, and noted the effects of figures and objects against the setting sun as a study for the Discoverer.

There had been also immediate preparatory work on these pictures in the studio at Boston, of nearly five month's duration. Mr. Hunt had returned from Niagara about the first of July, after accepting the commission for these paintings, and had set about the task at once. The separate figures and parts of figures were to be studied, drawn, painted, and combined to fit the great arched spaces where they were to go.

For the Flight of Night, the heads of the horses, their legs and feet, were all freshly painted from life. Anahita, the Goddess, was painted from a life model. Sleep and the Child were painted from life, also the dusky Guide. For the other picture, the Discoverer, Science, Hope, and Fortune were painted from life models. Parts of these figures were also drawn and colored as sepa-

rate studies ; as, for instance, the heads, hands, and arms.

Of the two compositions entire and of their separate parts, there were made at this time upwards of thirty careful charcoal drawings, and in pastel more than twelve. Seventeen oil-paintings, twelve inches by thirty, of the compositions complete were also done. These were made chiefly to test the effects of proposed combinations or contrasts of color. In addition, there were two large paintings, one of each subject, about six by eight feet, and two large pictures in oil of Fortune, of about the same size.

Blocks of stone like that in the walls of the Assembly Chamber at Albany were sent him, that the effect of pigment upon them might be tested.

Meantime, in a room under the studio, paints were being ground and tints mixed and hermetically sealed in five-pint tin cans, to be in readiness for transportation to the scene of his great work. Why all this grinding and mixing was done in secret no one knows ; but Mr. Hunt never made his appearance in this room until the grinder, who knew nothing of the destination of his products, had gone home for the day ; then he went down and inspected the results with the greatest interest.

But after all this painstaking preparation, he found, on arriving before the great walls at Albany, that the space within the arch upon which the Flight of Night was to be put was not sufficiently high for the composition as it had been proportioned. It was necessary to lower the figure of the goddess, and to change the relative positions of the horses, so that they should be brought more together towards the centre of the panel. Some important changes were also made in the grouping of the figures in the Discoverer. The composition of this picture appears always to have been more tractable than that of the Flight of Night. There had been fewer and less radical changes made in it since it was

first drawn in charcoal, twenty-three years ago. The Flight of Night had been first put on paper in 1847, ten years earlier. It had undergone many changes before these last at Albany, and long before it was ever supposed it

would be anything more than an easel picture. The goddess was first drawn shielding her eyes from the coming light with her raised arm. She was looking forward, was differently seated, and her chariot was winged.

Henry C. Angell.

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

XXIII.

ELIHU walked rapidly down the moonlighted street. When he reached the old family house, he groped his way up from the outer door to that of the meeting-room, in which Ford lodged, and tapped upon it with his stick. There was the sort of hesitation within which follows upon surprise and doubt; then the sound of a chair pushed back was heard, and Ford came to the door with a lamp in his hand; he looked like one startled out of a deep reverie. "Anything the matter with Dr. Boynton?" he asked, after a gradual recognition of Elihu.

"Nay," replied the Shaker. "Friend Boynton is better than usual, I believe. I wish to have a little talk with you, Friend Ford. Shall I come in?"

Ford found that he was holding the door ajar, and blocking the entrance. "Why, certainly," he said. He led the way, and setting the lamp on the table pushed up another chair to the corner fire-place, where some logs were burning, and where he had evidently been sitting. "Sit down."

The Shaker obeyed, and with his palms resting on his knees craned his neck round and peered at the different corners of the room and up at the ceiling before he spoke. "Are you comfortable here, Friend Ford?"

"Yes," answered the young man. "I am a sort of stray cat, and any garret is home to me. I can't say, though, that

I've ever occupied the dwelling of a whole community before."

"Yee, this building once housed a good many people. It was a cross to leave it; but our numbers have fallen away, and we crowd together for comfort and encouragement. It's an instinct, I suppose. Well, what do you think of the Shakers, so far, Friend Ford?" Elihu had an astute glimmer in his eye as he asked the question.

"Really, I hardly know what to say," answered Ford.

"Say what you think. We may not like the truth, but we always desire to hear it."

"I should probably say nothing offensive to you, if I said all that's in my mind. I believe I think very well of you. I don't see why you don't succeed. I don't see why you don't supply to Protestantism the very refuge from the world that we talk of envying in Catholicism."

"That is much the position that Friend Boynton took."

"I don't understand why you are a failing body. The world has tired and hopeless people enough to throng ten thousand such villages as yours."

"We should hardly be satisfied with the weary and discouraged," said Elihu, without resentment. "And our system offers few attractions. Folks are not so anxious for the angelic life in heaven that they want to begin it on earth."

Ford smiled. "You offer shelter, you

offer a home and perfect immunity from care and anxiety."

"But we require great sacrifices," rejoined the Shaker gravely. "We put husband and wife asunder; we bid the young renounce the dream of youth; we say to the young man, Forego; to the young girl, Forget. ~~We~~ exact celibacy, the supreme self-offering to a higher life. Even if we did not consider celibacy essential to the angelic life, we should feel it to be essential to communism. We must exact it, as the one inviolable condition."

Ford sat a moment thinking. "I dare say you are right." He looked interested in what Elihu was saying, and he added, as if to prompt him to further talk, "I have been thinking about it a good deal since I've been here, and I don't see how you can have communism on any other terms. But then your communism perishes, because nature is the stronger, and because you can't recruit your numbers from the children of your adherents. You must look for accessions from the enemy."

"Yee, that is one of our difficulties. And we have to fight the enemy within our gates perpetually. Even such of us as have peace in our own hearts must battle in behalf of the weaker brethren. We must especially guard the young against the snares of their own fancies."

"I dare say it keeps you busy," said Ford.

"It does. We must guard them from both the knowledge and the sight of love." The word brought a flush to the young man's face, which Elihu did not fail to note. "Friend Ford, I have understood you to wish us well?" He rose, and resting his arm on the chimney-piece looked down with gentle earnestness into the face of the young man, as he sat leaning back in his chair with his hands clasped behind his head.

"Yes, certainly."

"You would not wittingly betray us?"

"Really" —

"I don't mean that. You would n't knowingly put any obstacle in our way, — any stumbling-block before the feet of those whom we are trying to lead toward what we think the true life?"

"Elihu," said Ford, "I thoroughly respect you all, and I should be grieved to interfere with you. Why do you ask me these questions? Have you any reason to be dissatisfied with my behavior here?"

"Nothing," continued Elihu, "is so hard to combat in the minds of our young folks as the presence of that feeling in others who consider it holy and heavenly, while we teach that it is of the earth, earthy."

"Well?"

"The more right and fit it appears, the more complex and subtle is the effect of such an example. It is impossible that we should tolerate it a moment among us after we become convinced of its existence. Self-defense is the law of life."

"Well, well!" cried Ford, getting up in his turn, and confronting Elihu on more equal terms, "what has all this to do with me?" His face was red, and his voice impatient.

Elihu was not disturbed. He asked calmly, "Don't you know that Egeria is in love with you?"

Ford stood breathless a moment. "Good heavens, man!" he shouted. "Her father is at death's door!"

Elihu stood with his wide-brimmed hat resting on one hand; he turned it slowly round with the other. "Friend Boynton is very strangely sick. The doctor says he does n't know how long he may last. Young people soon lose the sense of danger which is not immediate. The kind of love I speak of is the master-feeling of the human heart; it flourishes in the very presence of death; it grows upon sorrow that seems to kill. It knows how to hide itself from itself. It takes many shapes, and calls itself by many other names. We have seen much to

make us think we are right about Egeria. Have you seen nothing?"

Ford did not reply. His thoughts ran back over all the times that he had seen and spoken with Egeria, and his heart slowly and deeply beat, like some alien thing intent upon the result; and then it leaped forward with a bound.

"Perhaps," said the Shaker, "I am wrong to put the question in the way I do. We deal so plainly with ourselves and with one another in such cases that I might well forget the sophistication that the world outside requires in the matter. I do not wish to do you injustice, and I shall be glad if I have opened my mind for nothing. I will merely ask whether you have not done anything or said anything to make her like you."

"This is preposterous," said Ford. "Do you think these are the circumstances for love-making? I am here very much against my will, because I can't decently abandon a friendless man" —

"Friend Boynton has plenty of friends here," interrupted Elihu.

"I beg your pardon; I know that. Then I am here because I can't leave a dying man who seems to find comfort in my presence. And whatever may be the security which Miss Boynton has fallen into, I have had her father to remind me of his danger by constant allusions to it, as if his death were near at hand."

"Do you believe it is?"

"That is n't the question. The question is whether a man, being trusted with a knowledge of dangers which she does n't know, could have any such feeling towards her as you imagine." Ford bent a look of angry demand upon the Shaker.

"Yee," the latter answered, "I think he could, if he meant the best that love means. If he knew that they were poor, and that after her father's death she would be left alone in the world, he might very well look on her with affection even across a dying pillow, and desire to be the protector and the stay of

her helplessness. I don't wish to pry into your concerns, and if there is nothing between you and Egeria it will be enough for you to say so."

"Between us!" cried Ford, bitterly. "I will tell you how I first met these people, and then you shall judge how much reason there is for love between her and me."

"Nay," interjected Elihu, "there is no need of a reason for love. I learned that before I was gathered in."

Ford did not regard the interruption. "I saw them first at a public exhibition, and I made up my mind that Dr. Boynton was an impostor; and then I went to their house with this belief. I never believed his daughter was anything but his tool, the victim of himself and the woman of the house who did the tricking. I suspected tricking in the dark, but when I attempted to seize her hand it was Miss Boynton's hand that I caught, and I hurt her — like the ruffian I was. Afterwards the old man tried to face me down, and we had a quarrel; and I saw him next that morning here, when he flew at my throat. It's been his craze to suppose that I thwarted his control over his daughter, and he has regarded me as his deadliest enemy. Now, you can tell how much love is lost between us." Ford turned scornfully away, and walked the length of the room.

The Shaker remained in his place. "Egeria is of a very affectionate and believing disposition. She would take a pleasure in forgiving any unkindness, and she would forgive it so that it would never have been. I don't see any cause in what you say to change my mind. If you told me that you did not care for her, it would be far more to the point than all you could say to show *why* you don't."

Ford stopped, and glared at the serene figure and placid countenance. "This is too much," he began, and then he paused, and they regarded each other.

"You don't pretend now," resumed Elihu, "that you suspect either of them of wrong?"

"No!"

"Then, whatever the mystery is about them, you know that they are good folks. We have had much more cause than you to suspect them, but I don't doubt them any more than I doubt myself."

"I would stake my life on her truth!" exclaimed Ford. The Shaker could not repress the glimmer of a smile. "I" — Ford paused. Then he burst out, "I have been a hypocrite, — the worst kind; a hypocrite to my own deceit! I *do* love her! She is dearer to me than — You talk of your angelic life! Can you dream of anything nearer the bliss of heaven than union with such tenderness and mercy as hers?"

"We say nothing against marriage in its place. A true marriage is the best thing in the earthly order. But it *is* of the earthly order. The angels neither marry nor are given in marriage. We seek to be perfect, as we are divinely bidden. If you choose to be less than perfect" —

"There can be no higher choice than love like hers. Do you assume" —

"Nay," said the Shaker, "I assume nothing. The time has been when we hoped that Egeria might be gathered in. But that time is past. She could now never be one of us without suffering that we could not ask her to undergo. She must follow the leadings of her own heart, now."

"Why, man, you have no right to say that she cares anything for me. It's atrocious; it's" —

"We pass no censure upon the feeling between you," said Elihu quietly, looking into his hat, as if he were about to put it on. "All we ask is that you will not let the sight of your affection be a snare to those whose faces should be set against such things."

Ford regarded him with a stormy look; but he controlled himself, and

asked coldly, "What do you wish me to do?"

"Nay; that is for you to decide."

"Well, I must go away!" Ford irefully stared at the Shaker again. "But how can I go away? If there was ever any reason why I should remain, the reason is now stronger than ever."

"Yee," said Elihu.

"What shall I do? If I have not been strong enough and honest enough with myself to keep from drifting into this — this affair, it is not likely that I can get out of it, — I don't want to get out of it! Do you suppose that now I have the hope of her I wish to leave her? Whatever her father's state is, and whatever my duty to him is, I am bound to stay here for her sake till she sends me away. It's my duty, it's my privilege."

Elihu was not visibly swept from his feet by this lover's logic. He said gravely, "Now you consult your inclination rather than your sense of duty. Friend Boynton and his daughter are here by virtue of the charity we use towards all" —

"You shall be paid every cent!" cried Ford impulsively.

"Nay, I did n't boast," said the Shaker, with a gentle reproof in his tone, which put the young man to shame, "and I did n't merit this return from you. I merely stated a fact. You are yourself here by our concession as their friend. I have opened our mind to you upon this matter, and you know just how we feel. Farewell."

XXIV.

In his preoccupation Ford let Elihu find his way out, and heard him stumbling and groping about for the outer door in the dark. All night the words and circumstances of the interview burned in his heart, and his face was hot with a transport half shameful and half

sweet. Once he tried to think when his old misgivings had vanished, but he could not; he only remembered them to spurn them. In the morning he went out for a long walk, and visited the places where he had been with her. He had a formless fear and hope that he might meet her; these conflicting emotions resolved themselves into the resignation with which he went to the shop where Elihu was at work.

"I am going away. I have no right to stay here; it's a violation of your rights, and it's a profanation of her. I shall go away, but I shall never give up the hope of speaking to her at the right time and place, and asking her to be my wife."

Seeing that he expected an answer, Elihu said, "You cannot do less."

Ford did not quite like the answer. "You don't understand. I hope for nothing, — I have no reason to hope for anything."

"Nay," said the Shaker, "I don't understand that. She is fond of you."

Ford reddened, but he did not resent the words. "What I propose to do now — to-day — is to go away, and to come back from time to time, with your leave, and see how Dr. Boynton is doing. I should like some of you to write to me, — I should like to write to her. Would you have any objection to that? You don't object to the fact, but to the appearance in this — affair, as I understand. The letters could come under cover to Sister Frances," he submissively suggested.

"Nay," answered the Shaker, after deliberation, "I don't see how we could object to that."

"Thanks," said Ford, with a nervous sigh. "I hope you will feel it right that I should see Dr. Wilson, and ask his opinion of Dr. Boynton's condition, before I go?"

"Yee. There is Dr. Wilson, now." Elihu leaned out and beckoned to him, and the doctor, who was turning away

from the office gate, stopped his horse in the middle of the street. "You can ask him now; he has just seen Friend Boynton." Elihu delicately refrained from joining Ford in going to speak with the doctor.

"I have to go away for a while," said the young man abruptly, "and I wanted to ask you whether there is any immediate danger in Dr. Boynton's case to prevent my going. I should n't like to leave him at a critical moment."

"No," said the doctor, with the slowness of his thought. "It's one of those obscure cases. I find him very well, — very well, indeed, considering. It's the nature of his disease to make this sort of pause. It's often a very long pause."

Ford went back to Elihu, whom he found quietly at work again. "He says there's no reason why I should n't go," he reported, with the excitement of a new purpose in his face. He waited a moment before he added, "I must go and tell Dr. Boynton, now. I confess I don't know exactly how to do it."

"Yee, it will be quite a little cross," Elihu admitted.

"Do you think," asked Ford, after a moment's abstraction, "that there would be anything wrong in speaking to him about — what we have spoken of?"

"Nay," said Elihu. "I was thinking that perhaps you might like to do that. It would set his mind at rest, perhaps."

"Thank you," said Ford, but he bit his nail in perplexity and hesitation.

"I presume that will be quite a cross, too," added Elihu, quaintly.

Ford stared at him without perceiving his jest. "I suppose you don't know what you've done in giving me the sort of hope you have! If you have mocked a drowning man with a straw" —

Rapt as he was in his own thoughts, when he entered the sick man's room he could not but be aware of some great change in Boynton. When they had last seen each other, Boynton had

sat up in an arm-chair to receive his visitor. Now he was stretched upon the bed, and he looked very old and frail.

"Why, the doctor said you were better!" cried the young man.

"So I am, — or so I was, half an hour ago," replied Boynton. "I am glad you have come early to-day. I missed you yesterday; and there is something now on which I want the light of your clearest judgment. Sit down," he said politely, seeing that Ford had remained on foot.

The young man mechanically drew up a chair, and sat facing him.

"I have heard a story of Agassiz," Boynton said, "to the effect that when he had read some book wholly upsetting a theory he had labored many years to establish, he was so glad of the truth that his personal defeat was nothing to him. He exulted in his loss, because it was the gain of science. I have not the magnanimity of Agassiz, I find, although I have tried to pursue my inquiries in the same spirit of scientific devotion. Perhaps I had a great deal more at stake: there is a difference between seeking to ascertain some fact of natural science and endeavoring to place beyond question the truth of a future existence."

He plainly expected some sort of acquiescence, and Ford cleared his throat to assent to the preposterous vanity of his speech: "Certainly."

"You will bear me witness," said Boynton, "that I have readily, even cheerfully, relinquished positions which I had carefully taken and painfully built upon, so long as their loss did not lead to doubt of this great truth, — did not weaken the citadel, so to speak."

"Yes," said Ford, with blank expectancy.

"You know I have rested my hopes upon a power, which I believed my daughter to possess, of communicating with the world of spirits?"

"Yes."

"You remember that I abandoned

without a murmur the hypothesis of your adverse control when that was no longer tenable?"

He was so anxious for Ford's explicit assent that the young man again answered, "Yes."

"And when I was forced to accept the conclusion that her power was limited by a certain nervous condition, and had forever passed away with her restoration to complete health, did you find any childish disposition in me to shrink from the truth?"

"No," said Ford, "I did not."

"I thank you!" cried Boynton. "These successive strokes, hard as they were to bear, had nothing mortal to my hopes in them. Now, I have had my death-blow." Ford began a kindly dissent; but Boynton waved him to silence. "Unless your trained eye can see some way out of the conclusions to which I am now brought, I must give up the whole hypothesis of communion with disembodied life, and with that hypothesis my belief in that life itself. In other words, I have received my death-blow."

No doubt Boynton still enjoyed his own rhetoric, and had a measurable consolation in his powers of graphic statement; but there was a real passion in his words, and the young man was moved by the presence of a veritable despair. "What facts, or reasons, have brought you to your conclusions?" he asked.

Boynton pushed his hand up under his pillow, and drew out an old copy of a magazine. "Here is what might have saved me years of research and of hopes as futile as those of the seekers for the philosopher's stone, if I had seen it in time." Though he laid the book on the coverlet, he kept his hand on it, and had evidently no intention that Ford should look at it for himself. "There is a paper in this magazine giving an account of a girl, in this very region, possessing powers so identical in all essentials with those of my daughter that there can

be no doubt of their common origin. Wherever this unhappy creature appeared, the most extraordinary phenomena attended her: raps were evoked; tables were moved; bells were rung; flashes of light were seen; and violent explosions were heard. The writer was not blinded by the fool's faith that lured me on. He sought a natural cause for these unnatural effects, and he found that by insulating the posts of the girl's bedstead — for these things mostly occurred during her sleep — he controlled them perfectly. She was simply surcharged with electricity. After a while she fell into a long sickness, from which she imperfectly recovered, and she died in a mad-house." Boynton removed his hand from the magazine, as if to let Ford now see for himself, and impressively waited his movement.

"Excuse me," said the young man, who found the parallel extremely distasteful, "but I don't see the identity of the cases. Miss Boynton seems the perfection of health, and" —

"Yes," interrupted Boynton, "there is that merciful difference. But I cannot base my self-forgiveness upon that. So far as my recklessness is concerned, her health and her sanity might have been sacrificed where her childhood has been wasted and her happiness destroyed. Poor girl! Poor girl!"

"I think you exaggerate," Ford began, but Boynton interrupted him: —

"Oh, you don't know, — you don't know! I could not exaggerate the sum of her sufferings at my hands. To be wrenched from a home in which she was simply happy, and from love that was immeasurably wiser and more unselfish than mine; to be thrust on to the public exhibition of abnormal conditions that puzzled and terrified her; to be made the partner of my defeat and shame; to be forced to share my aimless vagabondage and abject poverty, houseless, friendless, exposed to suspicion and insult and danger, — that is

the fate to which I brought her; and for what? For a delusion that ends in chaos! Oh, my God! And here I lie at last, a sick beggar, sheltered by the charity of these Shakers, whose kindness I have insulted, and a sorrow and shame to the child whose young life I have blighted, — here I lie, stripped to the last shred of hope in anything, here or hereafter. Oh, young man! I once thought that you were hard upon me, and I resented the blame you spoke as outrage; but now I confess it merciful justice. You have your triumph!"

"Don't say that!" cried Ford. "I never was more ashamed of what I said to you there in Boston than I am at this moment, and I never felt the need of your kindness so much. I believe that if Miss Boynton were here, and understood it all, she would feel nothing but pity" —

"Oh, does that make it different? Does that right the wrong which has been done?"

"Yes," cried the young man, with a fervor that came he knew not how or whence, "forgiveness *does* somehow right a wrong! It must be so, or else this world is not a world of possibilities and recoveries, but a hopeless hell. Why, look!" He spoke as if Egeria were before them. "Have you ever seen her stronger, younger, more" — The image he had conjured up seemed to shine upon him with a smile that reflected itself upon his lips, and a thrill of tenderness passed through him. "No one could do her harm that her own goodness could not repair."

Boynton was not one to refuse the comfort of such rapture. "Yes, you are right. She is unharmed by all that she has suffered. I have at least that comfort." Then he underwent a quick relapse. "But whether I have harmed her or not, the fact remains that she had never any supernatural power, and I return through all my years of experiment and research to the old ground, — the

ground which I once occupied and which you have never left, — the ground of materialism. It is doubtless well to have something under the foot, if it is only a lump of lifeless adamant."

"I find it hard not to imagine something better than this life when I think of Miss Boynton!" exclaimed Ford impetuously.

"Very true," said the doctor, accepting the tribute, without perceiving the passion in it; "there has always been that suggestion of diviner goodness in her loving and self-devoted nature. But she had no more supernatural power than you or I, and the whole system of belief which I had built upon the hypothesis of its existence in her lies a heap of rubbish. And here at death's door I am without a sense of anything but darkness and the void beyond." A silence ensued, which Boynton broke with a startling appeal: "In the name of God, — in the name of whatever is better and greater than ourselves, — give me some hope! Speak! Say something from your vantage-ground of health and strength! Let me have some hope. I am not a coward. I am not afraid of torment. I should not be afraid of it if I had ever willed wrong to any living creature, and I know that I have not. But this darkness rushing back upon me, after years of faith and surety — it's unendurable! Give me some hope! A word comes from you at times that does not seem of your own authority: speak! Say it!"

"You have the hope that the world has had for eighteen hundred years," answered Ford, deeply moved.

"Was that first in your thoughts?" Boynton swiftly rejoined. "Was it all you could think of?"

"It was first in my thoughts, it was all I could think of," repeated Ford.

"But you have rejected that hope."

"It left me. It seemed to have left me. I don't realize it now as a faith, but I realize that it was always present

somewhere in me. It may be different with those who come after us, to whom it will never have been imparted; but we who were born in it, — how can we help it, how can we escape it?"

"Is that really true?" mused Boynton aloud. "Do we come back only to that at last? Have you ever spoken with a clergyman about it?"

"Oh, no!" cried Ford.

"I should like to talk with a clergyman — I should like to talk with the church about it! There must be something in organization — But it is of no use, now! Theories, theories, theories! A thousand formulas repeat themselves to me; the air is full of them; I can read and hear them." He put his hands under his head and clasped them there. "And there is absolutely nothing else but that? Nothing in science?"

"No."

"Nothing of hope in the new metaphysics?"

"No, nothing."

"Nothing in the philosophy that applies the theories of science to the moral world?"

"Nothing but death."

"Then that is the only hope, — that old story of a credulous and fabulous time, resting upon hearsay and the witness of the ignorant, the pedantic wisdom of the learned, the interest of a church lustful of power; and that allegory of the highest serving the lowest, the best suffering for the worst, — that is still the world's only hope!" He paused; and then he recurred to the thought which he had dropped: "A clergyman, — a priest! — I should like to know the feelings of such a man. He fulfills an office with which his order has been clothed for two thousand years; he bears the tradition of authority which is as old as the human race; he claims to derive from Christ himself the touch of blessing and of healing for the broken spirit. I have often thought of that, — what a sacred and awful com-

mission it must be, if we admit its divine origin! Yes, I should like to know the feelings of such a man. I wonder if he feels his authority perpetually reconsecrated by the anguish, the fears, the prayers, the trembling hopes, of all those who have lain upon beds of death, or wept over them! Poor human soul, it should make him superhuman! What a vast cumulative power of consolation must come to a priest in our time! He is the church incarnate, the vicar of Christ, the helpful brother of the helpless human race, — it's a tremendous thought. I should like to talk with such a man."

"Would you really like to see a minister?" asked Ford. "Because" —

"No, — no," said Boynton. "At least, not now, not yet; not till I have clearly formulated my ideas. But there are certainly some points that I should like to discuss — Oh, words, words! Phrases, phrases, — this glibness tires me to death! I can't get any foot-hold on it, — I slip on it as if it were ice." He lay in a silence which Ford did not interrupt, and which he broke himself, at last, in a mood of something like philosophical cheerfulness: "I can find reason, if not consolation, for my failure, — reason in the physical world. I shall take the first opportunity of committing my ideas to paper. Has it never struck you as very extraordinary that all the vast mass of evidence which has been accumulating in favor of spiritualism for the last twenty years, until now it is literally immense, should have no convincing power whatever with those who have not been convinced by their own senses? Why should I, as soon as personal proof failed me, instantly lapse from faith in it?"

"I am afraid," Ford said, "that I have not thought sufficiently about the matter."

"I believe I can explain why," Boynton continued. "It is because it is not spiritualism at all, but materialism, — a grosser materialism than that which

denies; a materialism that asserts and affirms, and appeals for proof to purely physical phenomena. All other systems of belief, all other revelations of the unseen world, have supplied a rule of life, have been given for our *use* here. But this offers nothing but the barren fact that we live again. If it has had any effect upon morals, it has been to corrupt them. I cannot see how it is better in its effect upon this world than sheer atheism. It is as thoroughly godless as atheism itself, and no man can accept it upon any other man's word, because it has not yet shown its truth in the ameliorated life of men. It leaves them where it found them, or else a little worse for the conceit with which it fills them. Yes, yes; I see now. I see it all."

The vigor of his speculative power buoyed him triumphantly above the abyss into which other men would have sunk. Ford listened with the fascination which the peculiar workings of Boynton's mind had always had for him, and he felt his heart warm towards him with sympathy that was at once respectful and amused, as he thus constructed a new theory out of the ruin of all his old theories.

"All the research in that direction," Boynton presently continued, "has been upon a false basis, and if anything has been granted it has been in mockery of an unworthy hope. I wonder that I was never struck before by that element of derision in it. The Calvinist gets Calvinism, the Unitarian Unitarianism; each carries away from communion with spirits the things that he brought. If men live again, it has been found that they live only in a frivolous tradition of their life in this world. Poor creatures! they seem lamed of half themselves, — the better half that aspires and advances; they hover in a dull stagnation, just above this ball of mire; they have nothing to tell us; they bring us no comfort and no wisdom. Annihilation is better than such an immortality!"

Ford saw that Boynton did not expect any comment from him, and he did not interrupt his monologue. "What I ought to have asked was not whether there was a life hereafter, but whether there was a life hereafter worth living. I stopped short of the vital question. I fancied that it was essential to men to know surely that they should live again; but now I recognize that it is not essential in itself." He lay musing a while, and then resumed: "I had got them to bring me a Bible before you came in. I wanted to consult it upon a point raised by Elihu, yesterday. There are a great many new ideas in the Bible," he added, simply; "a great many new ideas in Job, and David, and Ecclesiastes, and Paul, — a *great* many in Paul. Would you mind handing it to me from the table? Oh, thanks!" he said, as he took the volume which Ford rose to give him. "This old record, which keeps the veil drawn so close, and lets the light I wanted glimmer out so sparsely in a few promises and warnings, against the agonized Despair of the Cross, or flings the curtain wide upon the sublime darkness of the Apocalypse, is very clear upon this point. It tells us that we shall live hereafter in the blessing of our good will and the curse of our evil will; the question whether we shall live at all is left in abeyance, as if it were too trivial for affirmation. What a force it has, as it all comes back! I seem to have thought of it for the first time. And what a proof of its truth there is in our experience here! We shall reap as we have sown, and so much is sown which we cannot reap here — And if I should be doomed to spend eternity in asking whether I be really alive! No, no; God does n't make a jest of us." He turned to Ford. "I am curious," he said, "to know how this strikes you, as you sit here in the full possession of your powers. I know very well, and you know, how men in their extremity are apt to turn back to the faith taught them at their mother's

knees; and perhaps the common experience is repeating itself in my case. But you are in no such extremity. Does there seem to you any truth here?" He laid his hand on the book, and looked intently at Ford.

"It seems to be all the truth of the sort that there is."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Boynton.

"I express myself badly. But it's hard to express yourself well on this matter. I mean to say that whatever truth there was in that record has not been surpassed or superseded."

"And is that all you have to say?"

"That's all I could say till I had looked into the question. It seems to me that it is all any one could say."

"No doubt," said Boynton, with disappointment, "from your stand-point, — from the scientific stand-point. You say that there is nothing else, but you imply that this is not much."

"No," said Ford, "I think it's a great deal. I think it ought to be enough, if one cares" —

"That's the scientific attitude!" cried Boynton; "that's the curse of the scientific attitude! You do not deny, but you ask, 'What difference?'"

"At least," said Ford, with a smile, "you can let even such a poor representative of the scientific side as I am be glad that you see the fallacy of spiritualism."

"Oh, I don't pronounce it a fallacy," returned Boynton. "I only say that it has proved fallacious in my hands, and that as long as it is used merely to establish the fact of a future life it will remain sterile. It will continue to be doubted, like a conjurer's trick, by all who have not seen it; and those who see it will afterwards come to discredit their own senses. The world has been mocked with something of the kind from the beginning; it's no new thing. Perhaps the hope of absolute assurance is given us only to be broken for our re-

buke. Life is not so long at the longest that we need be impatient. If we wake, we shall know; if we do not wake, we shall not even know that we have not awakened." He added, "It is very curious, very strange, indeed, but the only thing that I have got by all this research is the one great thing which it never included, — which all research of the kind ignores."

Ford perceived that he wished him to ask what this was, and he said, "What is that?"

"God," replied Boynton. "It may be through an instinctive piety that we forbear to inquire concerning him of those earth-bound spirits. What could they know of him? Many pure and simple souls in this world must be infinitely nearer him. But out of all that chaos I have reached him. No, I am not where I started: I have come in sight of him. I was anxious to know whether we should live hereafter; but whether we live or not, now I know that he lives, and he will take care. We need not be troubled. As for the dead, perhaps we shall go to them, but surely they shall not return to us. That seems true, does n't it?"

"It's all the truth there is," said Ford.

Boynton smiled. "You are an honest man. You won't say more than you think. I like you for that. I have a great wish to ask your forgiveness."

"My forgiveness? I have nothing to forgive!"

"Oh, yes. I involved you in the destiny of a mistaken and willful man; I afflicted you with the superstitious manias of a lunatic who fancied that he was seeking the truth when he was only seeking himself. I have burdened you with a sense of my wish that you should stay here, because I still hoped to work out something to my own glory and advantage" —

"I never knew it; I can't think it," interrupted Ford. "It was my privi-

lege to stay. These have been the best days of my life, — the happiest." He stopped; he believed that Boynton must know the meaning that rushed from his heart into the words; but the old man evidently found only a conventional kindness in them.

"Thank you," he said. "It is very strange to find you my friend after all, and to meet you on common ground, — I who have wandered so far round, and you who have continued forward with none of my aims. It would be interesting if a third could stand with us. I should like to see how far a minister of the gospel could come towards us. I should like to talk with a minister: not a theologian, but an ecclesiastic, — some one who embodied and represented the idea of a church."

"Do you mean a Catholic priest?" asked Ford.

"No, not that, — not just that; but still some one in whom the priestly character prevailed."

"I will be glad to gratify any wish you have in the matter, Dr. Boynton," said Ford. "I imagine it would be easy to get a clergyman to visit you from the village, and I'll go to any one you want to see."

"Well, not now, — not now. Not to-day. Perhaps to-morrow. I should like to think it over first. I may have some new light by that time. I should like to look up some other points, here. There is a text somewhere in Paul — it is a long time since I read it — Wait! 'We are saved by hope. But hope that is seen' — *that is seen* — 'is *not* hope; for what a man seeth' — Very significant, — very significant!" he added, more to himself than to Ford. "*Saved!* Really, there seems to have been no question with them about the mere existence!" He lay quiet for a long time, with his hands folded behind his head, and a dreamy light was in his eyes. Ford heard the ticking of an insect in the wainscot. "Who is it," Boynton

asked suddenly, "that speaks of the undiscovered country?"

"Hamlet," replied Ford.

"It might have been Job, — it might have been Ecclesiastes, — or David. 'The undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns.' Is that it?"

"Yes. They commonly misquote it," added Ford mechanically.

"I know, — they leave out *bourn*. They say, the undiscovered country whence no traveler returns. But it's the same thing. Yes; and Hamlet says no traveler returns, when he believes that he has just seen his father's spirit! The ghost that comes back to prove itself can't hold him to a belief in its presence after the heated moment of vision is past! We *must* doubt it; we are better with no proof. Yes; yes! The undiscovered country — thank God, it can be what those babblers say! The undiscovered country — what a weight of doom is in the words — and hope!"

One of the sisters came in, and he seemed to forget Ford, who presently went away with an absent-minded salutation from him. Boynton had taken up the book, and while the sister propped his head with the pillows, he fluttered the leaves with impatient hands.

XXV.

At the gate Ford turned towards Elihu's shop, intending to explain why he had not been able to speak of Egerton to her father. In his liberation from Boynton's appeals for sympathy, his thoughts thronged back to her; he framed a thousand happy phrases, in which he opened his heart, and she always answered as he wished. His face burned with the joyful shame of these thoughts, and he did not hear his name the first time it was called from a buggy standing at the office gate. The gay voices had hailed him a third time when he looked round, and slowly recognized

Phillips and Mrs. Perham making frantic signs to him from the vehicle. They laughed at his stupefaction, and his sense of their intrusion mounted as he dragged himself across the street. Mrs. Perham leant out of the buggy and gave him her hand.

"Well, Mr. Ford! Is this the way you receive your friends? We have been chasing all over this outlandish place for you; we have spent an hour with the sisters here, and have questioned them down to the quick, so that we know all about you; and we were just going to drive away in despair without seeing you."

"I'm very unfortunate," said Ford.

"To be caught at the last moment? How *good* you always are! You don't know how I've pined for your little speeches; they're tonic. Yes, Mr. Ford!" she cried, with a daring laugh, "Mr. Perham is *very* well, for him, — I knew you were going to ask! — or I should n't be philandering about the country in this way." Ford glanced at Phillips, who trifled with the reins and looked sheepish.

"You should have gone over to Egerton before this, my dear fellow," he said. "There have been some charming people over there."

"*Have* been! His modesty," cried Mrs. Perham, "and my humility! *We* are at Egerton yet, Mr. Ford!"

"Oh, certainly. But Ford has us in Boston."

"Ah, very true," said Mrs. Perham. "There was quite a little buzz of excitement for a while, when Mr. Phillips first explained the romantic circumstances. The young ladies drove over the next Sunday to Shaker meeting, on purpose to interview you, but they had n't the courage. It was one of Mr. Perham's bad days, or I should have come, too; and we should have sent Mr. Phillips over long ago, if there had been any Mr. Phillips to send. But he's only just got back to Egerton."

"Yes, my dear fellow, I carried out our little programme to the letter, — I wish I could say to the spirit; but your defection prevented. I found Butler at Egerton, and he jumped at the chance of driving on with me, in a manner that made your flattering consent seem nothing. We drove to Greenfield, and then followed up the valley of the Connecticut. It was indescribable, my dear friend. You have lost no end of material. I must really try to reproduce it for you some time. I thought of you often. I was always saying, 'Now, if Ford were here!' Two or three times I was actually on the point of writing to you. But you know how *that* is; you never wrote to *me*. I'm very glad to hear from our sisters, here, that the old gentleman is better. Is he still in his craze?" Phillips spoke with anxious rapidity, and with a certain propitiation of manner; but Ford did not relax the displeasure of the looks with which he had heard of his explanation of the romantic circumstances.

"You ought to get something out of him; you ought to write him up; he'd make a capital paper," said Mrs. Perham. "I shall be on the lookout for him in your articles. And your Shaker experiences! The young ladies were sure you had turned Shaker, Mr. Ford, and they picked you out in the dance. We had *such* fun over it!" She continued, pulling down the corners of her mouth, "Oh, but we were all very *respectful*, Mr. Ford. We admired your self-devotion in staying here; especially, as you could n't *esteem* them."

"I don't know what you mean," began Ford, with a sternness that would have silenced a less frivolous spirit.

"Why, have n't you *heard*?" cried Mrs. Perham, leaning forward, and dropping her tone confidentially, while Phillips made some inarticulate attempts to hinder her speaking. "The poor old gentleman was quite tipsy that morning when they stopped up there at

that country hotel, and they had to be turned out-of-doors. Is it possible you have n't heard that?"

"Yes, I've heard that," said Ford.

"I always said," continued Mrs. Perham, "it was cruel to the girl; for she was n't responsible for her father's habits, poor thing! Then of course you don't believe it?"

"No!"

"And you believe that all those manifestations took place there?"

"No!"

"An armed neutrality! Well, it's the only tenable position, and I shall take it myself in regard to the *other* affair. I never thought how convenient it must be."

Phillips found his voice: "Mrs. Perham, it's delightful chatting here; but I have to remind you that we shall be late for dinner if we stay any longer."

"Oh, that's true," admitted Mrs. Perham. "Good-by, Mr. Ford. Do come over and see us, if you can tear yourself away from your protégés for a few hours. It's very strange, his lingering along so! Good-by!"

"Good-by, my dear friend!" said Phillips, trying to throw some exculpation into his afflicted face. "I am going back to Boston at the end of the week. Can I do anything for you there?" He did not wait for an answer, but lifted the reins and chirruped to his horse.

Ford caught the wheel in his hand, and stopped it. "Hold on!" he said, quite white in the face. "What other affair, Mrs. Perham?"

"Other affair?" she repeated. "Oh! about the water-proof, you know."

"No, I don't know about the water-proof. What do you mean?"

"Is it possible the Shakers have n't told you? Perhaps they did n't think it worth mentioning. You know your friends — I forget the name; Boyntons? — had passed the night before they reached the Elm Tavern in a school-

house up here; and the teacher found them there in the morning, and lent the young lady her water-proof. They were to send it back from Vardley Station; but as they never went to Vardley Station, they naturally never sent it back."

"I don't believe it!" cried Ford.

"Mr. Phillips always told me you were a terrible skeptic!" said Mrs. Perham. "I merely had the story from the mother of the school-teacher, herself! We happened to stop at her house to ask the way, and when we inquired if the Boyntons were still here, she came out with this story. She's a very voluble old lady. I dare say she tells it to every one. What is your theory about it?"

Ford released the wheel which he had been gripping, and, giving it a contemptuous push, turned away without a word.

Mrs. Perham craned her head round to look back after him. "What a natural man!" she said, with sincere admiration. "He's perfectly fascinating." She burst into a laugh. "Poor Mr. Phillips! He looked as if he wished you had been my authority."

Phillips shrugged his shoulders, and said dryly, "I hope you are satisfied, Mrs. Perham."

"Why, no, I am not," she candidly owned, with a touch of real regret in her voice. "I only meant to tease him; but if he's in love with her, I suppose he'll take it to heart."

"In love with whom?" asked Phillips.

"Sister Diantha."

Phillips stared at her.

"Well, with this medium, then, — this Medea, Ashtaroth, Egeria, — I don't know what her name is." As Phillips continued to stare at her, Mrs. Perham gave a shrill laugh. "Really, *you* are a man, too. I shall never dare take on such easy terms with you again, Mr. Phillips, — never! I don't wonder men can't understand women: they don't understand their own simple sex. Of *course* he's in love with her, and must have been from the first."

"Well, then, allow me to say, Mrs. Perham, that if you think he's in love with Miss Boynton I don't quite see what your object was. I felt that it was an intrusion to come over here, at the best."

"Oh, thanks, Mr. Phillips!"

"And it appears to me that it was extraneous to repeat those stories to him."

"Extraneous is good! And you have an ally in my own conscience, Mr. Phillips. I wanted to see a natural man under the influence of a strong emotion, and I don't like it, I think. I did n't suppose he was so serious about her. But I don't believe any harm's done. He won't give her up on account of what I've said; and if he does, perhaps she ought to be given up." Phillips dealt the horse a cut of the whip, and left the talk to Mrs. Perham, as they drove away.

In the last quarter hour before dinner, while she sat absently feeling on the porcelain-toned piano in the hotel parlor for the music of the past, two ladies who wished to see her were announced. One of these visitors proved to be a Shaker sister, whom Mrs. Perham recognized, and who introduced her companion, a short, squarely built young woman, as Miss Thorn.

They took seats, though Mrs. Perham had risen and remained standing, and Miss Thorn said without preamble, "I teach in the school-house in Vardley, where Dr. Boynton stopped this spring. I heard from my mother this noon that a lady and gentleman had been asking the way to the Shaker Village, who seemed to know Dr. Boynton."

"No, I don't know him," said Mrs. Perham.

Phillips came forward, from a corner of the parlor. "I know Dr. Boynton; at least I saw him and Miss Boynton in Boston once."

"I thought," said Miss Thorn, "that I ought to come and tell you that my

mother did n't understand about that — that water-proof."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Perham; "we thought it so curious."

"I was sure," said Phillips, with an attempted severity, "that there was some mistake." The severity had no apparent effect upon Mrs. Perham, but Miss Thorn, who had been talking in some sort to both, now addressed herself wholly to him: —

"I was away from home when you stopped, to-day. I thought you would like to know there was a misunderstanding. The water-proof was as much a gift as anything; though that would n't have excused them if they had thought I wanted it again. But anybody could see that Miss Boynton was stupid then with the fever, and did n't half know where she was or what she was doing. She had been walking late, the night before, through the snow, and they had slept on the benches before the stove." Phillips bowed, and looked at Miss Thorn, who resumed with increasing stiffness: "I never wondered at *his* not remembering it; he seemed too flighty for anything. I knew they were here all summer at the Shakers. I don't," said Miss Thorn, "pass any judgment on my mother for the way she looked at it; but I'd have given anything if she had n't spoken." The tears started to her eyes, and she bit her lip as she rose.

"It did n't make any difference to us," said Diantha, who had hitherto sat a silent and inscrutable glimmer of spectacles in the depths of her Shaker bonnet. "It got hung up among our things while she was sick, and when she got well she couldn't seem to remember about it. She thought she must have brought it from the cars with her for her own."

Miss Thorn waited, and then resumed stiffly, "I never suspected or blamed them the least bit. As soon as I could, I went over to the Shakers this morning, and told them the way I felt, and

that I wanted to come to you. Diantha felt as if she would like to come with me, and I brought her. That's all." Miss Thorn rose with a personal primness that by contrast almost softened the Shaker primness of Diantha into ceremony.

Phillips experienced the rush of an emotion which, upon subsequent analysis, he knew to be of unquestionable genuineness. "My dear young lady," he said, "I ask you to do me the justice to believe that I never had an injurious suspicion of Miss Boynton. Her father had attempted a line of life that naturally subjected himself and her to question, but I never doubted them. I have a positive pleasure in disbelieving anything to their disadvantage in connection with — with — your generous behavior to them. Did — did Mr. Ford speak of the matter to you? Did he wish any expression from me in their behalf? Because" —

"He no need to ask anything as far as *we're* concerned," interposed Diantha.

"No," said Phillips. "I can only repeat that I was sure there was a misunderstanding, and that you've done us a favor in coming. Is there any way in which I could be of use to Dr. Boynton? I should be most happy if I thought there was."

Miss Thorn left the reply to Diantha, who said as they went out, "There ain't anything as I know of."

"Really," commented Mrs. Perham, "this is edifying. I have n't felt so put down for a *long* while. I don't see what more we could do, unless we joined with Miss Thorn and Sister Diantha in presenting Miss Boynton with a piece of plate, as a slight token of gratitude for her noble example in borrowing a water-proof and keeping it. She has classed the water-proof with the umbrella, as a thing not to be returned. Is that the principle? Well, if Mr. Ford is going to marry her" —

"Going to marry her!" cried Phillips.

"Why, of course. Did you think anything else? Is marriage such an unnatural thing?"

"No. But Ford's marrying is."

"That remains to be seen. If he's going to marry her, he can't believe in her too thoroughly. I've an idea that the Pythoness is insipid; but if Mr. Ford likes insipidity, I want him to have it. I think we ought to drive over to the Shakers, and assure him in person that we did n't believe anything and we did n't mean anything. You shall do all the talking, this time; you talk so well."

"Thanks," said Phillips, "I suspect I've done my last talking to Ford."

"And you won't go?" demanded Mrs. Perham, with a laugh. "Then I must go alone, some day. Meantime, I know how to keep a secret. I hope Miss Thorn may be able to teach her mother."

XXVI.

Ford stood still, looking at the ground, while Phillips and Mrs. Perham drove away. His impulse to pluck Phillips from his place, and make him pay in person for that woman's malice, was still so vividly present in his nerves that he seemed to have done it; but when the misery of Phillips's face, intensifying as Mrs. Perham went on from bad to worse, recurred to him, he broke into a laugh.

Sister Frances came out of the office. "Friend Edward," she said, "was that wicked woman speakin' to you about Egery?"

"Yes."

"Don't you believe her! Don't you believe a word she said!" cried the Shakeress, with hot looks of indignation. "I know just how it all happened" —

"I don't wish to know. I should feel disgraced if I let you tell me. Whatever happened, this woman lied. Where is Egery?"

"Oh!" cried Frances. "She has gone to Harshire with Rebecca. She won't be

back till mornin'." She bent on the young man a look of wistful sympathy.

"Well!" he cried, throwing up his hands desperately, as if the morrow were a time so remote that it never would come, "I must wait."

"She'd been plannin' to go a long while," Frances apologized, "and her father seemed so well this mornin' she thought she might" —

"Oh, yes, yes!" answered Ford dejectedly. He knew that he somehow had driven her away by his behavior of the day before, and that he had himself to blame for this delay in which he stilled. He turned about, with some wild purpose of following her to Harshire, and speaking to her there, when he heard Frances calling him again: —

"Friend Edward, I don't know as you know that Egery's expectin' friends to-morrow."

"Friends? No, what friends?" asked Ford. "Has she gone to meet them at Harshire?" he added stupidly.

"Well, no; she only got the letter yesterday. I suppose her father did n't think to tell you of it. I don't know as you ever heard her speak of the young man that come with 'em as far as the Junction that day they missed their train. He was with 'em a while in Boston, and he come from the same place they did, Down East. He's been twice to find 'em there in Maine, this summer; but he could n't hear any word of 'em till just now. They was children together, Egery and Friend — Well, I never *could* remember names."

"Oh, never mind!" exclaimed Ford, with a deathly pallor. "I know the name, — I know the man!" And now he turned again, and hurried beyond a second recall from the trouble in which Frances saw him groping down the road, like one in the dark. When he had got out of her sight, he walked a little into the wayside woods, and stumbling to the ground gave himself to the despair which had blackened round him. His first feel-

ing was a generous regret that now he could not let his love speak the contempt in which he held the wrong he had heard done her; this feeling came even before the sense of hopeless loss to which he abandoned himself with a lover's rashness. He meekly owned that the man whom he marveled now that he could ever have forgotten as a rival was one of those in whom women confided and were not disappointed, — who made constant friends and good husbands; and, questioning himself, he could not be sure that her happiness would be as safe in his own keeping. He remembered with abject humiliation the last time he had met this man, and the savagery with which he had wreaked upon him the jealousy which he would not then admit to himself, and in which he had refused to consider even her at his prayer. The turmoil went on for hours, but always to this effect. The most that he could hope, when he crept homeward at dusk, sore as if bruised in body by the conflict in his mind, was that he might steal away before he saw them together. With this intent, to which he had worked with difficulty in the chaos of his dreams, he set about putting his books and other belongings together, but he gave up, tremulous and exhausted, before the task was half done. He fell to thinking again, and this time with a sort of sullen resentment, in which he said to himself that his love had its own rights, and that he would not betray them. It had a right to be heard, at any cost; and he began to despise his purpose of hurrying away as mock-heroic. It was like a character in a lady's novel to leave the field to a rival whom he did not yet know to be preferred; the high humility, in which he had thought to yield Egeria without her explicit authority to a man whom he judged his better, sickened him. He saw that it was for her to choose between them, and it was the part of a coward and a fool to go before she had chosen. As matters stood, he had no

right to go; she had a preëminent right to know from him that he loved her.

He hungrily dispatched the supper he had left standing on his table, and then kindled a brushwood fire on his hearth; he sat down before it in his easy-chair, and, stayed by the clearer mind at which he had arrived, he experienced a sensual comfort in the blaze. Presently he was aware of drowsing; and then, suddenly, he awoke. The dawn came in at the windows; he perceived that he had passed the night in his chair. A loud knocking continued at his door, while he gathered his scattered wits together. At length he cried, "Come in!" and the farmer from over the way entered.

"I don't suppose ye know what's happened?" he said.

"No," said Ford, "I don't, if it's anything in particular."

"No. Well. I thought may be ye'd like to know. The old man's dead. Died sudden this mornin'."

"What? Who? What old man?"

The farmer nodded his head in the direction of the village. "Dr. Boynton. I thought ye'd like to know it."

"Thank you," said Ford. He rose and stood at one corner of the hearth; the farmer, from the other, stiffly stretched his hard, knotted hand towards the ashes of the dead fire.

Ford went out and walked up through the village, whose familiar aspect was all estranged, as if he himself had died, and were looking upon it from another world. At the office he found a group of Shakers listening to Boynton's physician, who, on his appearance, addressed more directly to him what he was saying of the painless death Boynton must have died in his sleep. "The first part of the night he was very restless, and several times he said that he would like to see you and talk with you; but he would not let them send; said he had n't formulated his ideas yet." The doctor involuntarily smiled in recalling a turn of the phraseology so newly silent

forever. "I wonder if he has formulated them now to his satisfaction." Ford made no response, and the doctor asked, "Did he speak to you, yesterday, of the case of an electrical girl?"

"Yes."

"I inferred as much from something he said, when I saw him in the afternoon. I had lent him the magazine containing the account. He found an analogy between that case and Miss Boynton's that I had not anticipated. It seems to have put a quietus to his belief in her supernatural gifts."

"Yes," Ford assented, as before.

"He told me that it had depressed him to the lowest point. But when I saw him he had quite recovered his spirits." He added thoughtfully, "You can't say that a man dies because he wishes to die; though it sometimes seems as if people could live if they would. When I parted with Dr. Boynton he had what I might call an enthusiasm for death. It might be described, in other words, as a desire, amounting almost to frenzy, to know whether we live again, and a willingness to gratify that desire at the cost of not living at all."

"He dwelt habitually on that question," said Ford, with difficulty. "But when I talked with him yesterday, he seemed at rest on the main point."

"Yes, I don't know but he was. Perhaps I had better say that he was impatient to verify it. He talked of nothing else during the evening, Sister Frances tells me; though he fell off quietly to sleep at last."

"Well," said Ford drearily, "he *has* verified it now."

"Yes, and in the old way, — the way appointed for all living. He knows now. Did it ever occur to you, sir," added the doctor, philosophically, "what ignorance all our wisdom is compared with the knowledge of a child that has just died?"

"If it knows anything at all."

"Oh, certainly, — if it *does* know."

"We are *sure* it knows," said Elihu.

They walked out together, and before the doctor mounted his buggy to drive away they stood a moment looking at the closed windows of the infirmary. "It's useless, now, to talk of causes," said the doctor. "The heart had been affected a long time" —

"He is dead, all the same," said Ford.

"Oh, yes, he is *dead*," assented the doctor. "What I meant to say was that while no human foresight could have prevented the result, I confess its suddenness surprised me. One moment he was with us, and the next" —

"He was n't," interrupted Ford, restively. "That's all we can know: and neither he nor all the myriads that have gone that way can tell us anything more."

"If we suppose him to be somewhere in a state of conscious being," observed the doctor, "we can suppose that reflection to be a trial to him, after a life so much devoted to the effort of working out the proof of something different."

"He had been a spiritualist; and not a selfish or ignoble one," answered Ford, oppressed by the doctor's speculative mood, and letting his impatience appear. A voice was in his ears, repeating the things that Boynton had said. In the pauses of it, he brooded on the chances that had thrown upon him for sympathy and comfort in his last days the man for whom he had once felt and shown such contempt. The dark irony, the broken meaning, afflicted him, and he lurked about, stunned and helpless, waiting till Egeria should come, and dreading to see the grief in which he had no rights. He thought of her trouble, not of his own; it blotted even his jealousy from his mind, and left him acquiescent in whatever fate befell. The time for what he had intended to do was swept away; he could now only wait passively for events to shape themselves.

Hatch did not come that day, and Ford took such part as Elihu assigned him in

the sad business of fulfilling Boynton's wishes. These had been casually expressed from time to time to Frances, and referred to his removal to his old home, where he desired to be laid by the side of his wife. When Hatch arrived, the second morning, he assumed charge of the affair, as a family friend; and Ford, lapsing from all active concern in it, shut himself in his own room, and waited for he knew not what. In the evening, Hatch came to see him. They had already met in the presence of the Shakers, but doubtless neither felt that they had met till now, since their parting in Boston. Hatch received awkwardly the civility which Ford awkwardly showed. He would not sit down, and he said abruptly that he had come to say that Miss Boynton was going back in the morning to her home in Maine, where the funeral was to be. He added that Frances and Elihu were going with her, on the part of the family; and after a hesitation he said, "Would n't you like to attend the funeral, too?"

"Has she authorized you to invite me?" asked Ford.

"Well, no," said Hatch. "I don't suppose she wanted to put that much of a burden on you. It's a long ways."

Ford reflected a long time. "You are going, I suppose?"

"Why, of course," said Hatch.

Ford pondered again. "Under the circumstances," he said, "I believe that I ought n't to let my own preference have any weight. Miss Boynton is going with friends to her own home, and I could n't be of any use. I propose to do what I think would be least afflicting to her by not going." He hesitated, and presently added, tentatively, "I believe she would prefer it."

"You ought to know best," said Hatch.

"Well, I believe that I am right. Tell her that I will not try to see her before she goes; but — but — some

other time." He said this tentatively also, and with an odd sort of faltering, as if somehow Hatch might advise him better. "I thank you for coming."

"Well, sir," said the young fellow, standing with his feet squarely apart in the way that Ford had hated him for in Mrs. Le Roy's parlor, "you must do what you think is best. I want to thank *you*, too. Dr. Boynton was a good friend to me, and from all I hear you were a good friend to him, — at last. You've behaved like a man. They all say here that the doctor could n't have got along without you."

"They overpraise me," said Ford, helped to a melancholy irony by Hatch's simple patronage.

"No, sir," replied Hatch, "I don't think so. And you must have found it pretty tough, feeling the way you did about him."

"No," said Ford, "it was not so tough as it might seem. I liked him. It is n't a logical position; he never squared with my ideas; but I know now that he was a singularly upright and truthful man."

"That's so, every time," said Hatch.

"I don't care for my consistency in the thing; I'd rather do him justice. I've come to his own ground, and yours: I want to say that when I interfered with him there in Boston he had a noble motive, and I had an ignoble one."

"If you're not firing over my head," said Hatch, "and if I catch your meaning rightly, I'm bound to confess that the doctor had got mixed up with a pretty queer lot in the course of his researches. But he was all right himself. I pinned my faith to him, right along. But if you mean that you're going in for anything like spiritualism, I advise you to hush it up among yourself. As far as I'm concerned, I've about come to that conclusion. And I think Miss Egeria's had enough of it."

His mention of her name in this con-

nection was at first puzzling, and at last so offensive to Ford that he found it harder than he had thought to say what he now said. After a dry assent to Hatch's proposition, he added, "I dare say you're right. Mr. Hatch, I treated you shabbily when we met last. I am sorry for that, and ashamed of it. I should have behaved better, if I had understood better" —

"Oh, I know how it was, myself," Hatch interrupted. "Or I did when I came to think of it." Ford looked at him as if he did not comprehend his drift; and Hatch continued, "It was pretty rough at the time, but I suppose I should have acted just so, in your place. Well, sir! I hope we part better friends, now," he said, offering his hand. "I think that's what the old doctor would have liked. Some of his ideas were most too large a fit for this world, but he was pretty practical about others."

Ford took the proffered hand, and followed Hatch to his door, wholly baffled and unsettled. He longed to have it all out with him, but this was not possible, and he submitted as he best could. He had thought himself right in resolving not to follow Egeria home, or vex her with his presence before she went; but he was not sure of this now; and he spent the time intervening before her departure in an anguish of indecision. But he let her go without seeing her, and in the afternoon he went away, too.

XXVII.

He did not go back to his old lodging in Boston, but spent a day at a hotel till he could find other quarters. It was intolerable to think of meeting any one he knew, and he had such a horror of Mrs. Perham's possible return that he asked at the door whether she had come back, before he went in to make ready for removal.

When the change was effected, all change seemed forever at an end. The days went by without event; he could not write, but he took up again his study with the practical chemist, and pushed on with that through an untormented month which brought him through the bluster and chill of September to the mellow heart of October.

A chasm divided him from all that he had been, and he tried to keep from thinking across it. But his mind was full of broken glimpses of the past; of doubts of what he had done; of vague wonder if he should ever hear from her again, and how; of crazy purposes, broken as fast as formed, of going where he might look on her, if it might be only that, and know that she was still in life. There were terrible moments in which his heart was wrung with the possibility that his conjecture had been all wrong, and that she might be lingering in cruel amaze that he had never made any sign to her, and puzzling over the problem which his refusal to see her, or to stand with her at her father's grave, had left her.

One evening when he came home, he found a flat, square package, which had arrived through the mail after going first to his old address. It was directed in an old-fashioned, round hand, and it yielded softly to the touch with which he fingered it before he tore it open. It proved to hold a handkerchief, which he recognized as his own, fragrantly washed and ironed; and he found a little note pinned to it, and signed F. Plumb, explaining that the handkerchief had been found in his room. While he stood scowling at it, and trying to make out who F. Plumb was, and where he had left the handkerchief, he turned the scrap of paper over, and saw written in pencil on the back, as if the writer had wished to whisper it there, —

"I do not know as you heard that Egeria is back with us. FRANCES."

Now he knew, now he understood.

All the hopes that had seemed dead sprang to life again.

He caught up a paper, and looked at the time-tables. The last train passing Vardley would leave in fifteen minutes. He turned the key in his door, and two hours later he was rounding the dark point of the wooded hill that intervenes between the station and the Shaker village, where a light sparsely twinkled in the window of Elihu's shop. He had walked, as he supposed, but his pace was more like a run from the train; and his heart thundered in his ears as he sat and panted on Elihu's door-step, trying to gather courage to go in. At last he went in without the courage.

Elihu was amazed, certainly, but hardly disquieted. He shut upon his thumb the book that he was reading, and pushed his spectacles above his forehead. "Friend Ford!" he said.

"Yes!" answered the young man, still striving for breath, as he pressed the Shaker's hand. "I have come — I have come" —

"Yee," Elihu assented; "sit down. We did not expect you, but the family will be glad to see you. Have you kept your health?"

"Is she well? Is she going to stay with you? When did she come back?" The questions thronged upon one another faster than he could utter them, and he stopped perforce again.

"I suppose you mean Egeria. Yee, she is well. She came back last week. I — I — wrote to you from her place that she was coming back," Elihu colored with a guilty conscience.

"I never got your letter. I only heard two hours ago that she was with you."

"She only stayed to settle up things there. I don't know as Humphrey ever told you that her grandfather left his property to her?"

"I don't know — Yes, yes, — he did."

"There were n't any of her folks left

there, and her father had brought her up in such a way, late years, that she was pretty much a stranger outside of her grandfather's house. When she got back there, she found that it was more like home to her here than anywhere else. Friend Hatch stayed a spell, to help her settle up the property, and then he had to go West again. As soon as she could she came to us."

"Elihu," said Ford, who had listened with but half a sense, "I have come here to speak to her. Shall I do it? I want you to advise me. I want you to tell me" —

"Nay, I must not meddle or make in this business," said the Shaker.

"You *did* meddle and make in it once," retorted Ford, unresentfully but inflexibly, "and I recognized your right to do so, from your point of view; I submitted to you. We can't withdraw from each other's confidence now. I have a claim upon your advice. Besides, in all worldly knowledge that comes through acquaintance with women, I am as much a Shaker as you are. I only know that I must speak with her. If she cares anything for me, as you said she did, I must speak. But when? Shall I go away again, and come back after a while? Since we last talked together have you learned anything that makes you think she would be willing to spend her life among you? If you have, I will leave her alone. She could be at peace here; and I — I have only brought her trouble and sorrow so far. Even if she cared for me, I would leave her to you — No, I *wouldn't*! I could n't do that! By all that a man can be to a woman, I ought n't to do it! But what do you say?"

Elihu had tilted his chair upon its hind-legs, and he rocked back and forth without bringing its fore-legs, to the ground. "I have n't seen anything in her that would make me think she would like to stay with us. And I *have* heard that she intends to leave us as soon

as she can find something to do in the world outside. Frances wants she should go to friends of hers in Boston that would help her find something. They've been talking about it this afternoon, and Egeria's mind seems quite made up about going."

"Well," repeated Ford, "may I speak with her?"

"I can't answer you. I felt it a cross laid upon me to interfere against your showing your feeling for her here; but to interfere in behalf of it is a cross which I don't have any call to take up—twice."

"Can I stay here to-night?" asked Ford.

"Yee. They can give you a room at the office."

"Do you suppose Mrs. Williams could put me up some sort of bed in my old place? I would rather sleep there."

"Oh, yee, I guess so. I will step down with you and see."

"No, I'll go alone. If she can't, I'll come back to the office. Good-night."

"Good-night," said Elihu, with his flicker of a smile.

Ford's bed had not been taken down, and while the farmer's wife made it ready for him with fresh sheets he kindled a roaring fire on his hearth. He sat a long time before it, turning over and over in his mind the same doubt which had tormented him when he last sat there. But he could not believe that Frances and Elihu would have let him come back if there had been any grounds for this fear. It had burnt in his heart to ask Elihu, and solve it; but that seemed a sort of cowardice, and he had withheld the question. He would not know the truth now till he had put his own fate to the test, and spoken in defiance of whatever the answer might be.

The next morning he perceived an undercurrent of deeply subdued excitement in such of the family as he met at the office, and a sympathy which he afterwards remembered with compassion.

The brothers and sisters all shook hands with him, and, refraining from recognition of the suddenness of his return, said they were glad to see him back. "And that's more than we can say to *some* of the friends from the world outside!" exclaimed Diantha, when her turn came. Ford was touched by this friendliness; a man so little used to being liked might overvalue it; but he looked impatiently about for Frances, and the sisters knew how to interpret his glance.

"She's gone over to put the infirmatory to rights a little," Rebecca explained. She added casually, "Egery's over there with her, I guess. She wanted to go."

The sisters decently turned from the door, but they stood a little way back from the window, and looked at him there as he crossed the street.

The door of the little house stood open, and Ford saw Frances within, dusting where there was no dust, and vainly rubbing the neat chairs with a cloth. The bed where Boynton had lain was dismantled: it seemed as if he might have risen to have it made for him. Ford expected to hear his voice, and a lump hung in his throat. When his sad eyes met those of Frances, he saw that hers were red with weeping. She gave her hand and said, "Good-morning, Friend Edward. I'm *real* glad to see you back again. We've all missed you. I was just thinkin' how you and Friend Boynton seemed to have been with us always. He went to a better place; but where did you go? Do you think the world outside is better? I wish you could feel to stay with us, Edward!"

"It is n't possible," said Ford, smiling sadly. "The only point on which I should agree with you is that the world outside is not so good a place."

"Well, that's a great deal."

"It is n't enough."

"Really," said Frances, "it's discouragin' to hear you and Egery go on. You say everything that's good of the Shakers, but you won't be gathered in."

"I *think* everything that's good of you. I honor and reverence you; I do everything but envy you. It's another world that calls me."

"Yee," sighed the Shakeress, "that's just the way with Egery. I suppose I have been here so long that I don't see anything strange in Shakers. The other people are the ones that are strange to me. But I can see 't it's different with Egery. She's had so much queeriness in her life already 't I guess she don't want to have *much* more. Was you surprised to hear 't she'd got back?"

"I was very glad; and I'm very grateful to you, Frances" —

"I *s'posed* the handkerchief must be yours," Frances interrupted, with artful evasion. She went on to give some particulars of Boynton's funeral and of their sojourn in Egeria's old home and of her affairs. "It was *real* kind and good of Friend Hatch to stay as long as he did, and help her, especially as they *do* say he's engaged to be married out West, there." Something like a luminous concussion seemed to take place in Ford's brain. The burden suddenly lifted from his soul left him light and giddy, and he clung for support to the door-post, while Frances prattled on: "Well, Humphrey says he's a master-hand for business, and he's sure to get along. He's been a good friend to Egery, all through, and her father before her. I guess if Friend Boynton had taken *his* advice, there would n't been so much sufferin' for her. Well, she's back with us again. But it's only till she can find something for herself in the world outside. I suppose it's natural for her to want to be like folks. That's the way I look at it."

Ford's heart throbbed. "Do you think I'm like folks, Frances?"

"Not much," replied Frances.

"Do you think I could be, — for her sake?"

A flash of joy, succeeded by a red blush, went over the pale face of the Shakeress. "You'd ought n't to talk to

me of such things, Edward. You know it ain't right."

"I know — I know," pleaded the young man. "I know it's all wrong. But — but I knew you knew about it, and I thought — I thought" —

"She's up in the orchard, by her apple-tree!" cried Frances, with hysterical abruptness. "Don't you say another word to me!" But after Ford left the room she ran to the door, and watched him going up the orchard aisle.

Egeria stood leaning against the tree, and looking another way, and she might well have been ignorant of his approach through the fallen grass, till she heard his husky voice: —

"I — I have come back — I would have come before, but I didn't know you were here" — He had some intention of excusing himself, because in his cogitations it had occurred to him that she must have wondered why he had not come. But she only turned on him that face of intense resistance, changing to question, and then to wild appeal. "For Heaven's sake," he exclaimed, "don't look at me in that way! What is the matter?"

"Oh, *why* did you come back?" she cried. "Why could n't you have stayed away, and left me in peace?"

He stood motionless, while his hopes seemed to fall in a tangible ruin round him. He saw now how eagerly he had built them on the fears of those fantastic communists, and how fondly he had hidden from himself all the reasons against them. He could have laughed at the ghastly wreck, but that he was too sick at heart. He moved his feet heavily, as if the long grass were fetters about them, and he tried to go; but without some other word he could not. "Well," he said, at last, "if you ask me, I can't tell you. I can go away again, and not molest you any more. Only, before I go, tell me — you've not told me yet — that you forgive me, Egeria." Her whispered name had been so

often on his lips that he now spoke it aloud for the first time without knowing it. "Since your father is gone, I must be more hateful to you than ever. But I am going out of your way now; try to forgive me and to tell me so! Let me have your pardon to take with me." She broke into a low sound of weeping, while he waited for her response. "Well, I will go. It's best for me to know finally that, although you have tolerated me here, at the bottom of your heart you have always abhorred me."

"No, no! I did n't say that."

"Not in words, — no."

"But if you made me say that I forgave you" —

"Make you say it? Nothing under heaven could make you say it! What is it you mean?"

She looked up, and ran her eye in pitous search over his face.

"When you first came there, in Boston, and when you hurt me; when we went after the leaves, and I forgot him; when I talked with you in the garden, and blamed him; when I went with you into the woods, and neglected him, almost the last day he lived — Oh, even if I could n't, I ought to hate you! Did you expect — Yes, I *will*, — I will never let you go, now, till you tell me whether it was true. He is gone, and I have no one to help me. I shall have to do for myself; but whatever my life is to be, I am going to have it my own; and it is n't mine if that is true."

"If that is true?" repeated Ford, in stupefaction. "If what is true?"

But the impulse which had carried her to this point failed her, apparently, and left her terrified at her own daring. She cowered at the involuntary step he made toward her, as a bird stoops for flight. "If what is true?" he reiterated. "Tell me what you mean!"

He wondered if perhaps some rumor of his talk with Elihu had come to her, and she had wished to punish his presumption in trusting the Shaker's con-

jecture regarding her; if she were resolved to wreak upon him her maidenly indignation at the community's meddling. It seemed out of keeping with her and all the circumstances; but he could think of nothing else, and he darkly approached it: "If you have heard anything here that makes you think that I have come to you in anything but the humblest, the most reverent, spirit, I beseech you not to believe it! Has Elihu — or Frances — Is it something they have said?"

"No," she said, and still shrunk away, as if he might be able to force the truth from her.

"Then, what is it? Surely you won't leave me in this perplexity? If there is anything that I can do or undo" —

"No! Oh, go, for pity's sake!"

"I can't go now," said the young man. "I won't go till you have told me what you mean. You must tell me."

She cast a strange glance at him. "If you make me tell you, that would show that it was true; and he was right when he used to say — I don't want to believe it! Go, and let me try to think that you came here by chance, and that you stayed for his sake. Indeed, indeed, I can get to thinking again that you never tried to influence me in that way!"

"In what way?" he asked, but now a gleam of light, lurid enough, began to steal upon his confusion. Her alternate eagerness and reluctance to be with him; the broken questions, the gestures, the looks, the tones, that had crossed with mystery the happiness he had known with her in the last weeks before her father's death, and made it at its sweetest fearful and insecure, recurred to him with new meaning, and a profound compassion qualified his despair, and made him gentle and patient. "Is it possible," he asked, "that you mean that old delusion of your father's about me? And could you believe that I would try to control you against your will — to use some unnatural power over you? Ah!" he cried, "I could n't take even your for-

givenness, now; for you might think that I had extorted it!" He looked sadly at her, but she did not speak, and he had a struggle to keep his pity of her from turning to execration of the unhappy man whose error could thus rise from his grave to cloud her soul; but he ruled himself, — not without an ominous remembrance of his former attempts to separate her cause from her father's, — and brokenly continued: "Well, I have deserved that, too. But I know that before he died your father came to a clearer mind about those things, and I believe that now, wherever he is, nothing could grieve him more than to know that he had left you in that hideous superstition." He looked with grave tenderness at her hidden face. "How could you think" — and now his tone expressed his wounded self-respect as well as his sorrow for her — "that I could be so false to both of us?"

"I did n't always think," she whispered. "I — I was afraid" —

"But what made you afraid that such a thing could be? I am a brute, — I know that; I gave you early proof of that, — but I hoped there was nothing covert in me."

"You said once that people influenced others without knowing it; and once — that night when we came from the woods — you said it was a spell that made me lose the way, and would n't let me blame you" —

"And you really had those black doubts of me in your heart? I thought you were suffering me here because you were good and merciful. And you were always watching me to find out whether I was not using some vile magic against you!"

"No, no! Not always," she protested, lifting her face. "Did I say that?"

"No, you did n't say it! Well, you had the right to hurt me in any way you could; and I give you the satisfaction of knowing that nothing could hurt me worse than this."

"Oh, I did n't mean to hurt you! Don't think that! And I forgave you; yes, I did forgive you! I *never* hated you — not even that morning there by the fountain when I thought you had hurt him. And when you said I ought, it made me wonder if what he used to say — And then I couldn't get it out of my mind! But I never meant to tell you by a single word or look, if it killed me."

"I believe you. It was something not to be spoken. I think now I can go without your pardon. It seems to me that we are quits."

Once more he turned to go, but she implored, all her face red with generous remorse, "Oh, not till you've forgiven *me*! I never thought how it would seem to you. Indeed I never did!"

He smiled sadly. "Forgive *you*? Oh, that's easy. But even if it were very hard, I could do it. I can see how it has been with you from the first, and how, with what you had been taught to think of me by your father, — I don't blame him for it; he was as helpless as you were, — you perverted my careless words and gave them a sinister meaning that I never dreamt of. But what can I do, or say, to leave you with better thoughts of me?"

"I could see that you were kind and good even when I was the most afraid," she murmured. "But after the way we had begun together, and all that you had done to us, — and said to him, — sometimes I could n't understand why you were here, or why you stayed, and then" —

"I don't wonder! I had n't given you cause to expect any good of me; and if I were to tell you why I stayed, as I once hoped I might, I could n't make it appear an unselfish reason. Oh, my dearest!" he cried, "I loved you so that I could n't have taken your love itself against your will! Ever since I first saw you, and all the time that I had lost you, my whole life was for you; and

when I found you again, how could I help staying till you drove me from you? Good-by, and if any thought of yours has injured me let me set it against my telling you this now." She had slowly averted her face; she did not shrink from him, but she did not return his good-by, and he waited in vain for her to speak. Then, "Shall I go?" he asked in foolish anti-climax.

"No" —

The blood rioted in his heart. "And do you still believe that of me?"

"I believe — what you say," she whispered.

"But why do you believe me? Do I make you do it?"

"I don't know — yes, something makes me."

"Against your will?"

"I can't tell."

"Do you think it is a spell, now?"

"I don't know."

"And are you afraid of it?"

"No" —

"What is it, Egeria?" he cried, and in the beseeching look which she lifted to his, their eyes tenderly met. "Oh, my darling! Was *this* the spell?" —

The rapture choked him; he caught her hand and drew her towards him.

But at this bold action, Sister Frances, who had not ceased to watch them, threw her apron over her head.

XXVIII.

The powers of the family were heavily taxed by the consideration of a case without precedent in its annals. On the report of Sister Frances and the subsequent knowledge of Elihu, it became necessary to act at once. Probably no affair of such delicate importance had ever presented itself to a society vowed to celibacy as the fact of a courtship and proposal of marriage which had taken place with their privy, and with circumstances so peculiar that they could

not wholly feel that they had withheld their approval.

"What I look at, Elihu," said Frances, "is this: that we can't any of us say but what it's the best thing that can happen to Egery, so long as she ain't going to be gathered in. And what I want to know is whether we've got to turn our backs on her because she's doin' the best she can, or whether we're goin' to show out that we feel to rejoice with her."

"Nay, we can't do that," replied Elihu, in sore embarrassment. "There are no two ways about it but what our natural feelings do go with her, — to some extent. I'm free to confess that when Friend Ford came and told me, just now, I felt" — Elihu apparently found himself not so free to confess, after all. He stopped abruptly, and added, "But that's neither here nor there. What we've got to do now is not to withhold our sympathy from these young people, who are doing right in their order, and at the same time not to relax our opposition to the principle."

"Love the sinner and condemn the sin," suggested Laban.

"Nay," replied Elihu, rejecting the phraseology rather than the idea, "not exactly that."

"I can't understand," interposed Rebecca, with her sex's abhorrence of an abstraction, "where and how they're goin' to get married. There ain't any Shaker way of marryin', and I don't know what we *should* do with our young folks, if they got married here. I don't suppose we should have one of 'em left by spring."

"Nay," said Elihu, "we might as well give up at once." He rocked himself vigorously to and fro; but his hardening face did not lose its anxious expression.

"Where *will* they get married?" asked Rebecca. "She has n't got anywheres to go. Her own folks are all dead, at home, and she has n't got any home."

"I don't know. They can't get married here," returned Elihu.

"They can't go right off to a minister and get married now, so soon after her father's death. And besides, she ain't ready. She has n't got anything made up."

The question of clothes agitated even these unworldly women, and they debated and deplored Egeria's unprepared condition, urging that she must have this, and could not do without that, till Elihu could bear it no longer. "I feel," he cried, "that it is unseemly for us to consider these things! It identifies us practically with a state which we only tolerate as part of the earthly order. We must not have anything to do with it from this time forth."

"Well, Elihu, what shall we do?" demanded Diantha. "We might send *him* away, but we can't turn *her* out-of-doors. Do you want he should go on courtin' her here?" Elihu opened his lips to speak, but only emitted a groan. "We have got to bear our part. I guess the rule against marriage ain't any stronger than the rule of love and charity,—so long as we don't any of us marry, *ourselves*."

"Well, well!" cried Elihu, "settle it amongst you. Only remember, they can't marry here." He took his hat, and went into Humphrey's room, where the latter had remained, discreetly absorbed in his accounts; and Laban, finding himself alone with the sisters, hastened to follow Elihu. Their withdrawal was inspiration to Frances:—

"I guess I can go down to Boston with Egery, and fix it with my sister so 't she can stay and be married from her house whenever she gets ready." When the sensation following her solution of the problem allowed her to speak she added, "The question is how much it'll be right for us to do for her. She has n't got a thing."

The sisters justly understood this to mean their degree of complicity in deck-

ing Egeria for the unholy rite, and they entered into the question with the seriousness it merited. They began by agreeing with Elihu that the only way was to have nothing to do with the matter; and having appeased their consciences, they each made such concessions and sacrifices to the exigency as they must. Before spring, when the wedding took place, the sisters had found it consistent with an enlarged sense of duty to present the bride with a great number of little gifts, of an exemplary usefulness, for the most part, but not wholly inexpressive of a desire, if not a sense, of beauty. Their conceptions of the world's fashions were too vague to allow of their contributing to the trousseau, and such small attempts as they made in that direction were overruled by Frances's sister, a decisive and notable lady, who, however, ordained that certain of the decorative objects, as hooked rugs and embroidered tidies, were as worthy a place in Mrs. Ford's simple house as most of the old-fashioned things that people liked nowadays.

With Frances, the question whether she should or should not be present at the wedding remained a cross which she bore all winter, and which grew sorer as the day approached. When it actually came, she meekly bowed her spirit and remained away. But she found compensation in the visit which she paid her sister directly afterwards, and which she spent chiefly in helping Egeria set in order the cottage Ford had taken in one of the suburbs. He had worked hard at his writing all winter, and they had no misgivings in beginning life on his earnings, and on the small sum Egeria had inherited from her grandfather, later.

It is now several years since their marriage, and they have never regretted their courage. They had their day of carefulness and of small things,—that happy day which all who have known it remember so fondly,—but this is al-

ready past. One of those ignoble discoveries which chemists sometimes make in their more ambitious experiments has turned itself to profit, almost without his agency, and chiefly at the suggestion of his wife, whose more practical sense perceived its general acceptability; and the sale of an ingenious combination known to all housekeepers now makes life easy to the Fords. He has given up his newspaper work, and has built himself a laboratory at the end of his garden, where the income from his invention enables him to pursue the higher chemistry, without as yet any distinct advantage to the world, but to his own content. It is observed by those who formerly knew him that marriage has greatly softened him, and Phillips professes that, robbed of his former roughness, he is no longer so fascinating. Their acquaintance can scarcely be said to have been renewed since their parting in Vardley. Ford was able to see Phillips's innocence in what occurred; but they could never have been easy in each other's presence after that scene, though they have met on civil terms. Phillips accounts in his own way for not seeing his former friend any more. "As bricabrac," he explains, when ladies inquire after their extinct acquaintance, "Ford was perpetually attractive; but as part of the world's ordinary furniture he can't interest me. When he married the Pythoness, I was afraid there was too much bricabrac; but really, so far as I can hear, they have neutralized each other into the vulgarest commonplace. Do you use the Ford Fire Kindler? He does n't put his name to it, and that is n't exactly the discovery that is making his fortune. He has come to that, — making money. And imagine a Pythoness with a prayer-book, who goes to the Episcopal church, and hopes to get her husband to go, too! No, I don't find my Bohemia in their suburb." From time to time Phillips proposes to seek that realm in what he calls his native Europe; but he does not go.

Perhaps because Mrs. Perham is there, widowed by Mr. Perham's third stroke of paralysis, and emancipated to the career of travel and culture, which she has illustrated in the capitals of several Latin countries. To do her justice, she never turned the water-proof affair to malicious account, nor failed to speak well of Ford, for whom she always claimed to feel an unrequited respect.

As to Hatch, one of the first of those deep and full confidences between Ford and Egeria which follow engagement related to the man in whom he had feared a rival. Egeria knew merely that Hatch had repaid with constant services some favors that her father had been able to do him in their old home, and that he had continued faithful to Boynton when all others had dropped away from him.

"I wish I had understood how it was when he came to me there in Boston," said Ford. He added simply, "I treated him very badly, because I thought he was in love with you."

"Was that any reason why you should treat him badly?" asked Egeria.

Ford reflected. "Yes, I suppose it was. I was in love with you, too. But he's had his turn. He's left me with the feeling that perhaps —"

"Perhaps what?"

"Perhaps — nothing!"

Egeria divined what he did not say. "He has n't left *me* with that feeling," she said reproachfully.

Since that time Hatch is no longer on the road, as he would phrase it, but has gone into business for himself at Denver, where he married last year, with duly interviewed pomp and circumstance, the daughter of one of the early settlers, a hoary patriarch of forty-three, who went to Denver as remotely as 1870. He called upon the Fords when he came East on his wedding journey, and he and Ford found themselves friends. The Western lady thought Egeria a little stiff, but *real* kind-hearted,

and one of the most stylish-appearing persons she ever saw. In fact, Egeria shows a decided fondness for dress, and after the long hunger of her solitary girlhood she enters, with a zest which Ford cannot always share, into all the innocent pleasures of life. She likes parties and dinners and theatres; since their return from Europe she has given several picnic breakfasts, where her morning costume has been the marvel of her guests. The tradition of her life before marriage is locally very dim; it is supposed that she left the stage to marry. This is not altogether reconcilable with the appearance of quaint people in broad-brims, or in gauze caps and tight-sleeved straight drab gowns, with whom she is sometimes seen in her suburb; but as the

Fords are known to go every summer to pass a month in an old house belonging to the Vardley Shakers, their visitors are easily accounted for.

The grass has already grown long over Boynton's grave. They who keep his memory think compassionately of his illusions, if they were wholly illusions, but they shrink with one impulse from the dusky twilight through which he hoped to surprise immortality, and Ford feels it a sacred charge to keep Egeria's life in the full sunshine of our common day. If Boynton has found the undiscovered country, he has sent no message back to them, and they do not question his silence. They wait, and we must all wait.

W. D. Howells.

KING LEAR.

SECOND ARTICLE: PLOT AND PERSON-AGES.

SHAKESPEARE was forty-one years old when he wrote *King Lear*. Just at the time of life when a well-constituted, healthy man has attained the maturity of his faculties, he produced the work in which we see his mind in all its might and majesty. He had then been an actor some fourteen or fifteen years, and of his greater plays he had written *Romeo and Juliet*, *Richard III.*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *King Henry IV.*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, *As You Like It*, *Hamlet*, and *Measure for Measure*. In the case of a man who mingled himself so little with his work, who was, in other words, so objective a poet, it is not safe to infer the condition of his mind from the tone of his writings. But it is worthy of remark that *King Lear* quickly followed *Measure for Measure*, and came next to it as an original play,

and was itself followed next by *Timon of Athens*, and that in these three plays the mirror that is held up to human nature tells more revolting and alarming truths than are revealed in all his other plays together. Not in all the rest is the sum of the counts of his indictment of the great criminal so great, so grave, so black, so damning. Hardly more there to be gathered from all the others so many personages who are so bad in all the ways of badness as the majority of those are which figure in these three.

It is, however, apart from this fact that these plays are so strongly significant of Shakespeare's judgment of mankind in his forty-second year. For, types of badness as these personages are, what they say is tenfold more condemnatory than what they do. The aphoristic anthology of *Measure for Measure*, *King Lear*, and *Timon of Athens* would make the blackest pages in the records of the judgments against

mankind. Moreover, the chief dramatic motives of all these plays are selfishness and ingratitude; while in two of them, *King Lear* and *Timon*, we find the principal personage expecting to buy love and words of love and deeds of love with bounteous gifts, and going mad with disappointment at not receiving what he thinks his due. For *Timon* in the forest, although he is not insane, is surely the subject of a self-inflicted monomania. Difficult as it is to trace Shakespeare himself in his plays, we can hardly err in concluding that there must have been in his experience of life and in the condition of his mind some reason for his production within three years, and with no intermediate relief, of three such plays as those in question. And the play which came between *Measure for Measure* and *King Lear*, *All's Well that Ends Well*, although it is probably the product of the working over of an earlier play called *Love's Labours Won*, can hardly be said to break the continuity of feeling which runs through its predecessor and its two immediate successors. In *All's Well* we have *Parolles*, the vilest and basest character, although not the most wickedly malicious, that Shakespeare wrought; and its hero, *Bertram*, is so coldly and brutally selfish that it is hard to forgive *Helena* her loving him. Indeed, the tone of the play finds an echo in the last lines of the *Clown's* song:—

“With that she sigh'd as she stood,
And gave this sentence then;
Among nine bad if one be good,
Among nine bad if one be good,
There's still one good in ten.”

Was it by sheer chance and hap-hazard that Shakespeare reverted to this unpleasant story and these repulsive personages at the time when, within three years, he wrote *Measure for Measure*, *King Lear*, and *Timon of Athens*?

Although, in *King Lear*, Shakespeare owed less to the authors from whom he took his plot than was customary with

him in such cases, the general notion that he owed little (which seems to me rather confirmed than shaken by what *Mr. Furness* says) is altogether erroneous. The truth is that in regard to plot, incidents, personages and their characters he (as his manner was) owed, not everything, but almost everything, to his predecessors. In the construction of the tragedy all that is his is the uniting of two stories, — that of *Lear* and that of *Gloucester*, — which he wrought into one, by mighty strength and subtle art welding them together white-heated in the glowing fire of his imagination; and the change which he made in the issue of the fortunes of *Lear* and of *Cordelia*; for in the legend *Cordelia* triumphs, re-seats her father on the throne, succeeds him, is at last rebelled against by the sons of *Goneril* and *Regan*, deposed, and put in prison, “wherewith she took such griefe, being a woman of manlie courage, and despairing to recover libertie there, she slue herself.” Verily, these are great exceptions; the latter even one that suggests Shakespeare's own declaration that “there's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will.” Nevertheless, the fact that he did find in the work of foregone writers, in chronicle, in legend, in poem, in play, and in novel, all the rest of the framework, the skeleton, of this his masterpiece, is one the importance of which in the formation of a judgment of his methods, of his purposes, and of the one apparent limit of his genius cannot be overrated.

Most of the readers of *The Atlantic* probably know that the story of *Lear* and his three daughters is of great antiquity, and was told by many writers in prose and verse who preceded Shakespeare. He, we may be sure, read it in *Holinshed* and in the old play of *King Leir*. The division of the kingdom; the extravagant professions of love by *Goneril* and *Regan*; the reserve of *Cordelia*; the wrath of the disappointed old

king; the endeavor of Kent (called Perillus) to avert the consequences of his anger from his youngest daughter; the marriage of the elder sisters to Cornwall and Albany, and of the youngest to the king of France; Lear's living with the former alternately, attended by a retinue of knights; the ingratitude of Goneril and Regan; the return of Cordelia to Britain with a French army to reëstablish her father, — all this was material made to Shakespeare's hand. And not only this: the different characters of the personages in this story all existed in germ and in outline before he took it up as the subject of this tragedy. So as to the story of Gloucester and his two sons, which was told by Sir Philip Sidney in his *Arcadia*. Shakespeare found there the father, loving, kind hearted, but suspicious, and weak in principle and in mind; the bastard, an ungrateful villain; the legitimate son, a model of filial affection; the attempt of his suspicious and deceived father to kill him; and even the loss of Gloucester's eyes, and his contrivance to commit suicide by getting his son to lead him to the verge of a cliff, whence he might cast himself down: all is there, — the incidents, the personages, and their characters. How absurd, then, are the attempts to make out a "philosophy" of Shakespeare's dramas, to find out their "inner life," to show that this or that incident in them had a profound psychological purpose and meaning! He simply took his stories and his personages as he found them, and wrought them into such dramas as he thought would interest the audiences that came to the Globe Theatre. And they were interested in the stories, in the personages, and in their fortunes. They read little; and they *saw* the stories on the stage instead of reading them in a printed page. He made the stories thus tell themselves as no man had ever done before, or has done since, or will do hereafter. Doing this, he accomplished all his

purpose, and fulfilled all their desire. The poetry, the philosophy, the revelation of knowledge of the world and of the human heart, in which he has been equaled by no other of the sons of men, were all merely incidental to his purpose of entertaining his hearers profitably to himself. Being the man that his father had begotten him and his mother had borne him, if he did the former he must do the latter. If he made any effort at all, it was as easy for him to write in his way as it was for the other playwrights of his time to write in theirs. He talked as he wrote, and wrote as he talked. One of the few facts that we know concerning Shakespeare is this one. Ben Jonson tells it of him. He poured out the rich fruitage of his exhaustless fancy and his ever-creating imagination, until his hearers were borne down and overwhelmed with it. And his fellow-actors, in presenting the first authentic edition of his plays to the world, said, "And what he thought he uttered with that easiness that wee have scarce received from him a blot in his papers."

That it was the story that he told upon the stage, and his way of telling it, which interested the public of his day, is shown by the history of the text of this very drama. To us it is a great tragedy, the greatest dramatic poem in all literature; but when its great success created a demand for it to be read as well as seen, it was published as "Mr. William Shakespeare his true chronicle historie of the life and death of King Lear and his three daughters, with the unfortunate life of Edgar, sonne and heire to the Earle of Gloster, and his sullen and assumed humor of Tom of Bedlam, as it was played," etc. It was not the dramatic poem, but the true chronicle history, that captivated the public mind, which also was interested, it would seem, no less in the strange masquerade of an earl's son in the shape of a Bedlam beggar (the least impressive and the least valuable part of the play as a work of

art) than in the woes of the self-de-throned monarch. But there was another drama founded upon the story of King Lear; and the immeasurable superiority, in the public judgment, of the new dramatic version of that story is evinced by the anxiety of its publisher to advertise which one he had for sale. The pronoun *his* was then used as a mere form of the possessive case, as we use the apostrophe with *s*. Mr. Benjamin Jonson his comedy of Every Man in his Humor meant merely Mr. Benjamin Jonson's comedy, etc. But on the title-pages of the first and of the second edition of this tragedy, *his* was not only printed in large italic capital letters, but was made a line by itself, thus, —

MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
HIS

TRUE CHRONICLE HISTORIE, ETC., —

in order that the buyer might have no doubt as to which King Lear he was getting. This use of *his* at that time is unique.

Now what was it that this Mr. William Shakespeare, a third-rate, money-making actor at the Globe Theatre at the Bank-side, did to set all London running after his King Lear, in disregard of any other? What it was may be shown by simply comparing two corresponding passages, one in the old play and one in the new, which the readers of Mr. Furness's edition are enabled to do by his very full abstract of the former, from which he makes copious extracts. In the old play, when King Lear disinherits Cordelia, he says to her, —

"Peace, bastard impe, no issue of King Leir,
I will not heare thee speake one tittle more.
Call me not father if thou love thy life,
Nor these thy sisters once presume to name:
Looke for no helpe henceforth from me or mine;
Shift as thou wilt, and trust unto thyself."

After Lear, Goneril, and Regan have gone out, Perillus, the Kent of the old play, says, —

"Oh, how I grieve, to see my lord thus fond,
To dote so much upon vain flattering words!

Ah, if he but with good advice had weigh'd
The hidden tenure of her humble speech,
Reason to rage should not have given place,
Nor poor Cordelia suffer such disgrace."

Let the reader now turn to Shakespeare's play (for I cannot spare more room to quotation), and read Lear's speech to Cordelia beginning, —

"Let it be so: thy truth then be thy dower,"

and the after broken dialogue between Lear and Kent, — that splendid tilt between tyranny and independence, in which independence for the time goes under; and by this brief comparison he will find the great although not the only secret of Shakespeare's power revealed. It will be seen (and it is important to remark) that the conception of the scene and of the feelings and opinions of the personages was much the same in the writers of both passages. All that Shakespeare did here is suggested by what his predecessor had done. But the work of one is trite, commonplace, dull, flat, stupid, dead; to describe worthily that of the other, in its fitness to the strange, rude scene, in its revelation of the emotions of the speakers, and above all in its exuberant vitality, would require a command of words equal to that of him who wrote it. There is no other so grandly fierce an altercation to be found on any page. The mature man at the hundredth reading finds it stir his blood just as it first did when the downy hair of his cold young flesh stood up, as he felt alternately with the despotic old king and with his bold, faithful, loving servant.

And yet, regarded in itself, and simply on its merits, the action in this whole scene, excepting that of Kent, is so unreasonable and unnatural as to be almost absurd; yes, quite absurd. The king's solicitation of the flattery of his daughters is absurd, unworthy of a reasonable creature; the flattery of the elder sisters is nauseously absurd; the reserve of Cordelia is foolishly absurd; the instant change of feeling in the king is absurd

to the verge of incredibility. But for this Shakespeare is not responsible, except in so far as he is made so by the choice of the story. For all this is in the story; and it is the story that is absurd, not Shakespeare. What he did was to see in it its great capability of dramatic treatment, notwithstanding its absurdity. Lear's purposed division of his kingdom, his behavior to his daughters and their behavior to him, and his consequent disinheritance of the youngest are a postulate which is not to be questioned. They are absurd, but without their absurdity there would have been no play. Let us accept their absurdity, say nothing, and be thankful. For with the disinheriting of Cordelia the absurdity stops short; it does not last one moment longer; it does not infect one line of any subsequent speech. To this remark there is one exception, — the scene in which Gloucester is deluded into believing that he has thrown himself from Dover cliff. But again, this incident is from the story in Sidney's *Arcadia*, which Shakespeare used. True, he develops and enriches it, and gilds its absurdity with crusted gold of thought and language, but he does not essentially change it; giving thus (for he might have omitted this incident or have altered it) an illustration of his habitual copiousness of imagination and of fancy, and of his no less habitual parsimony, if not of his poverty, of constructive skill.

In this first scene is deployed the whole potentiality of the tragedy. The germ of every character, the spring of every dramatic motive developed during the whole five acts, is to be found there; and every personage of any importance is there, excepting the Fool and the legitimate Edgar, who after all is not a very important or a very dramatic person, and who is chiefly interesting to that part of an audience which likes to be called upon to sympathize with virtue in distress, and to have its curiosity excited by seeing a nobleman in the

disguise of a beggar. Edgar performs, however, a very useful function as a provocative to the half-insane sententiousness of Lear in the hovel and at the farm-house (Act III., Sc. 4 and 6), and as a means to help the progress of the play and to bring it to a close. He is a very good young man; but, like many other good young men, he is not interesting in himself; he is only the occasion of our interest in others. The drama neither rests upon him, nor moves by his means; and yet without him it would halt.

Among all the personages of the tragedy who take a sufficient part in the action to fill any space in the mind's eye of the reader, or to dwell in his memory, Edgar is the only one whose character and conduct are entirely beyond reproach. For in this play, in which from its first scene to its last our minds are kept upon the stretch of tense anxiety, the people whose hopes and fears we share and whose woes pierce us with a personal pang are no model men and women. Strength and weakness, good and ill, even nobility and meanness, appear in them side by side, mingled in varying proportions. Like Lear's hand, they all smell of mortality. Some, indeed, as Edmund, Goneril, and Regan, are mere reptiles or wild beasts in human form, and yet even these are not allowed to go entirely without our sympathy; but the best of them, Cordelia, is infected with a vice of soul which taints her whole being, until it is purged thence by the sorrow with which it floods her loving heart.

The very first scene shows us, as I have said, the characters of all these personages with more or less completeness. The very first sentence, Kent's speech, "I thought the king had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall," shows us that Lear had the gift to know men, as the subsequent conduct of Albany and Cornwall proves. Gloucester's second speech, in regard to his bas-

tard son and that son's mother, reveals his weakness, the sin which doth most easily beset him, and no less the frankness of his nature, his boldness in assuming the responsibility of his acts, his capacity of love and confidence. Lear comes in, and instantly dominates the scene; somewhat because of his royalty of station, but far more because of his majesty of person and of bearing. At once his grand figure casts a shadow that lies all along his life to its dark end. We readers of Shakespeare know that end; but did we not know it, could we fail to see, or at least to apprehend, what must be the end when that haughty heart, as loving as a woman's and as exacting, not content with love in life, but craving assurance of it in flattering words, strips itself of the fact of royalty, and, hoping to retain the semblance, lays itself down unshielded by a crown before the claws and fangs of Goneril and Regan, those she-monsters of a dark and monster-bearing age? The man who detected the superior nature of Albany in the two suitors who were recommending themselves to his favor, and who yet could be willfully blind to the cruelty and selfishness of their wives because they were his daughters, and who could turn in wrath upon his little favorite, his last and least, and disinherit her because she did not pour out in fulsome words the love which he knew she bore him, ethically deserved an end of grief, and was psychologically a fit subject of insanity. And by what marvelous untraceable touch of art is it that Shakespeare has conveyed to us that Lear, in his casting off Cordelia, is half conscious all the while that he is doing wrong? The intuitive perception of the fitness of such a man to be the central figure in such a tragedy as this, and of the moral righteousness of the afflictions which he lays upon him and the sad inevitableness of the end to which he brings him, is a manifestation of Shakespeare's dramatic genius hardly

less impressive than his execution of the work itself.

Lear, although of a kindly, loving nature, and in certain aspects very grand and noble, is yet largely capable of a very mean passion, revenge, the basest of the three passions—the others being pride, and its offspring jealousy—which cause the chief misery of human life. Revenge says not to the wrongdoer,—You shall do me right, you shall make restoration; those are the words of justice; but,—I have suffered, and therefore I wish you to suffer. I will pray in my heart, if not with my tongue, that you may suffer, and if I have my opportunity I will make you suffer at my own hand, although I know that this will do nothing to right the wrong that you have done. Lear, stung by the ingratitude of Goneril, prays openly, and manifestly prays with his whole heart, that she may undergo all the sorrow and pain that can be borne by woman. It is frightful to hear this old man, in the revulsion of feeling, imprecate misery illimitable upon his own daughter. He prays in general terms for inexpressible anguish to fall upon her; he prays for particular ills and pains with horrible and almost loathsome specification:—

"All the stored vengeance of Heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones
You taking airs with lameness!"

He has before this poured out the gall of his bitterness upon Goneril herself in what is usually called his curse. But it is not a curse; it is a prayer,—a passionate plea to the powers of nature that they will inflict upon her the extremest agony of soul that can be felt by woman. He asks that it may come in all its completeness; he omits nothing, not even the laughter and contempt that women feel so much more keenly than men do. The prayer would shock and revolt the whole world, were it not that it closes with those lines that cause sympathy to flash like a flame from the hearts of all born of woman:—

— "that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!"

And he deliberately threatens revenge, if we may say that after Goneril's treatment of him he does anything deliberately: —

"No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both
That all the world shall — I will do such things —
What they are yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth."

Poor raving, impotent threatener, menacing others with nameless terrors, himself condemned to suffer the extremity of grief as the consequence of his own folly, and to die with just enough intellect to know the utterness of his misery!

His very insanity, or the exciting cause of his insanity, Lear brings upon himself. For he is not driven out into the storm, or driven out at all; although he speaks, and leads others to speak, as if he were, and such has consequently been the general verdict. But after his threat, without one word from Regan or from Cornwall, he rushes into the open, and himself seeks in the storm what is at first a grateful and sympathetic companionship of turbulence (Act III., Sc. 2). Regan will not have any of his hundred knights, but she will take him. Detestable as she and her husband are in their stony, cruel selfishness, we feel that, so far as the king's action is concerned, there is some reason in what they say when he turns his back upon them and shelter: —

Corn. Let us withdraw: 't will be a storm.

Reg. The house is little; the old man and his people

Cannot be well bestowed.

Corn. 'T is his own blame; hath put himself from rest

And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly;
But not one follower.

Shakespeare meant that this should be considered, and also intentionally made Lear by exaggeration misrepresent his treatment.

And this brings to mind that, except

with childish or unreasoning readers, the two elder sisters are at first not altogether without reason for the conduct at which he rages himself into frenzy. His proposed sojourn with them alternately, accompanied by a retinue of a hundred knights, was inherently sure to breed confusion and disturbance. Malicious art could not have devised a plan better fitted to bring itself to an end in turmoil and exasperation. It is with some sympathy with Goneril that every man or woman of family experience hears her complaint about the throng of men, "so disordered, so debosh'd and bold," that they made her castle "seem like a riotous inn." We know that it could not have been otherwise. And yet her father at once breaks forth, "Darkness and devils! Saddle my horses!"

There is no justification of Lear's conduct, hardly any excuse for it, up to the time when he rushes out into the storm. He was not insane; he had not even begun to be insane before that time; and after that time we may almost say that he seeks madness. In the fury of his wrath as an offended king and of his morbid grief as an outraged father, his intellect commits a sort of suicide. As other men throw themselves into the water, he throws himself into the storm, hoping to find oblivion in the counter-irritation of its severity. The robustness of his frame and the strength of his will sustain him for a while; and it is his old brain which first gives way, — as he felt that it would, and yet was reckless of the danger.

From the time when Lear first shows signs of breaking down, which is in the scene before the hovel (Act III., Sc. 4), where he meets Edgar disguised as poor Tom, I abandon all attempt to follow the gradual yet rapid ruin of his mind, which, like some strong and stately building sapped at its foundation, first cracks and crumbles, then yawns apart, and rushes headlong down, scattering its not yet quite dismembered beauties

into confused heaps; leaving some of them standing in all their majesty, with their riven interiors baldly exposed to view. Others (but I know them not) may have the words in which to picture this destruction; but I confess that I have not, except in the futile way of recording the quickly succeeding stages of the catastrophe and cataloguing the items of the ruins. From this point the action of Lear's mind may be apprehended, may even be comprehended, but to any good purpose, it seems to me, neither analyzed nor described. I can only contemplate it in silence, fascinated by its awfulness and by what all must feel to be its truth. For the strange, inexplicable power of this sad spectacle is that we who have not been insane like Lear, although like him we may have been foolish and headstrong, yet know that here is a true representation of the wreck of a strong nature, which has not fallen into decay, but has been rent into fragments. In the preceding scene Lear is not insane. The speech beginning, —

"Let the great gods
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads
Find out their enemies now,"

merely shows the tension of a mind strained to the last pitch of possible endurance, like a string upon a musical instrument which is stretched to the very point of breaking. But the string is not yet broken; the instrument is still in tune. These words at the close of the speech, —

"I am a man
More sinned against than sinning,"

show that the speaker is still capable of a logical defense of his own actions; and his next utterance, "My wits begin to turn," is evidence that they have not yet turned. Men who are insane believe that they alone are reasonable; and when Lear at last is crazed he makes no allusion to the condition of his intellect. When, at the end of this act, he returns to the feeble semblance of himself, in that pathetic passage in which he rec-

ognizes Cordelia, he says, "I fear I am not in my perfect mind," — a sure sign that his mind, although at once senile and childish, is no longer distracted.

After this he sinks rapidly; but in his speech to Cordelia, when they are brought in prisoners, in which he says that they will sing in prison "like birds in a cage," and "laugh at gilded butterflies," he is not again insane. The tone of his mind has gone; he has passed even the pride of manliness, and has fallen to a point at which he can look upon the remnants of his former self without anger, and even with a gentle pity. Of all the creations of dramatic art this is the most marvelous. Art it must be, and yet art inexplicable. We might rather believe that Shakespeare, when he was writing these scenes, could say in Milton's phrase, *Myself am Lear*. Strangest, perhaps, of all is the sustained royalty of Lear's madness. For Lear, mad or sane, is always kingly. His very faults are those of a good-natured tyrant; and in his darkest hours his wrongs sit crowned and robed upon a throne. In looking upon his disintegrated mind, it is no common structure that we see cast down; it is a palace that lies before our eyes in ruins, — a palace, with all its splendor, its garniture of sweet and delicate beauty, and its royal and imposing arrogance of build.

To us of the present day who have a just appreciation of King Lear it is unactable, as Lamb has said already. It stands upon too lofty a plane; its emotions are too mountainous to be within the reach of mimic art. The efforts of actors of flesh and blood to represent it are as futile as the attempts of the stage carpenter to represent that tempest with the rattling of his sheet-iron and the rumble of his cannon-balls. Nor has there been any actor in modern days who united in himself the person and the art required for the presentation of our ideal of King Lear. Garrick was too small; Kean too fiery and gypsy-like;

Kemble was physically fit for it, but too cold and artificial. As to any of the later actors, it is needless to describe the unfitness which they themselves have so ably illustrated.

Lear's daughters form a trio that live in our minds like three figures of the old mythology. My acquaintance with *King Lear* began at a time when fairy stories had not lost their interest for me, — if indeed they have lost it, or will ever lose it, — and I associated Cordelia and her sisters with Cinderella and her sisters, and the likeness still lingers with me. Perhaps there is no other similarity than the cruel selfishness of the two elder women and the sweet and tender beauty of the youngest in both stories. And Cordelia, with all her gentle loveliness and charm, the influence of which pervades the play as the perfume of a hidden lily of the valley pervades the surrounding air, had one great fault, which is the spring of all the woes of this most woful of all tragedies. That fault was pride, the passion which led to the first recorded murder. Her pride revolted when she saw her royal father accept the sacrifice of her sisters' false-hearted flattery; and she shrank from laying down the offering of her true affection upon the altar which she felt they had profaned. She let her pride come between her and the father whom she so fondly loved. It was her pride and her determination to subdue her rivals, as much as her filial affection, that led her to invade her country with a foreign army, to restore him to his throne. And with her pride went its often attendant, a propensity to satire, the unloveliest trait that can mar a lovely woman's character.

When, in the first scene, she demurely says,

"The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are,"
etc.,

we feel that it is sharply said, but also that it might better have been left un-

said; and we sympathize a little with Regan in her retort, "Prescribe not us our duties," and with Goneril in hers, that Cordelia may now best turn her attention to pleasing the husband who has received her "at fortune's alms." Plutarch tells us rightly that ill deeds are forgiven sooner than sharp words. But it must be admitted that Cordelia's pride stands her in good stead when, in Hudson's happy phrase, "she so promptly switches off her higgling suitor" with—

"Peace be with Burgundy;
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife."

But her pride and her speech to her sisters helped to destroy her father, and to put a halter round her own neck.

Edmund suggests Iago; but with other minor differences, — differences of person and of manner, — there is this great unlikeness between them: Edmund is not spontaneously malicious; he is only supremely selfish and utterly unscrupulous. For he too has a comprehensible reason for his base and cruel actions. It was not his fault that he was illegitimate. He was no less his father's son than Edgar was; and yet he found himself with a branded stigma upon his name. This is not even a palliation of his villainy; but it is a motive for it that may be understood. Iago's villainy is the outcome of pure malignity of nature. He is the Fiend, who has taken a human shape. If Edmund had been born in wedlock, he would still have been a bad man at heart; but he might have lived a reputable life and have done little harm. There are more such reputable men than we suspect. As it is, he uses all his gifts of mind and of person to gain his selfish ends. He has great ability and no scruples, — absolutely none. When these qualities are combined, as in him they were combined, with a fine person and attractive manners (and as they also were combined in Iago), the resulting power for evil is incalculable, almost unlimited.

But there must be absolutely no scruple. Most of the failures in villainy are the consequence of an imperfect solution between the villain and the sense of right and wrong. He is ready to do much that is evil, but not quite ready to do everything; and there comes a point at which he hesitates, and is lost. Both the sisters feel Edmund's personal attraction, and respect his courage and enterprising spirit; and the astute Cornwall sees his ability, and says to him, "Natures of such deep trust we shall much need." He has a touch of man's nature in him that is absent in Iago. He prizes the preference of women. When he is dying, slain by Edgar, and the bodies of Goneril and Regan are brought in, he says, —

"Yet Edmund was beloved;
The one the other poisoned for my sake,
And after slew herself."

And, as if brought by this feminine influence, bad as it was, within the range of human affections, he instantly does all that he can to stay the execution of his sentence of death upon Lear and Cordelia. Iago goes out, a cold-blooded, malignant villain to the last.

And this suggests to me Shakespeare's effort to mitigate the horrors of that revolting scene in which Gloucester's eyes are torn out. The voice of humanity, otherwise stifled there, is heard in the speech and embodied in the action of the serving-man, who, with words that recall those of Kent to Lear in the first scene, breaks in upon his master, fights him, kills him, and is himself slain by the hand of Regan, — an outburst of manhood which is a great relief. Although Shakespeare found the incident of the loss of Gloucester's eyes in the old story, and used it in a way which illustrated at once the savage manners of the time in which his tragedy was supposed to be acted and the cruelty of Cornwall and Regan, he intuitively shrank from leaving the scene in its otherwise bare and brutal hideousness.

One personage of importance remains who cannot be passed by unconsidered in an attempt to appreciate this drama. It needs hardly to be said that this is the Fool. What Shakespeare did not do, as well as what he did do, as a playwright has no better proof or illustration than in his Fools. He did not invent the personage; he found it on the stage. Indeed he invented nothing; he added nothing to the drama as he found it; he made nothing, not even the story of one of his own plays; he created nothing, save men and women, and Ariels and Calibans. What he did with the Fool was this. This personage is the resultant compound of the Vice, a rude allegorical personage constant in the old Moral Plays, and the court jester. He was a venter of coarse and silly ribaldry, and a player of practical jokes. Only so far back as the time of Shakespeare's boyhood the Fool's part was in most cases not written, and at the stage direction "*Stultus loquitur*" (the Fool speaks) he performed his function extempore; and thus he continued to jape and to caper for the diversion of those who liked horse-play and ribaldry. But Shakespeare saw that the grinning toad had a jewel in his head, and touching him with his transforming pen shows him to us as he appears in *As You Like It*, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, and last of all, and greatest, in *King Lear*. In this tragedy the Fool rises to heroic proportions, as he must have risen to be in keeping with his surroundings. He has wisdom enough to stock a college of philosophers, — wisdom which has come from long experience of the world without responsible relations to it. For plainly he and Lear have grown old together. The king is much the older; but the Fool has the marks of time upon his face as well as upon his mind. They have been companions since he was a boy; and Lear still calls him boy and lad, as he did when he first learned to look kindly upon his young, loving, half-distraught companion. The relations be-

tween them have plainly a tenderness which, knowingly to both, is covered, but not hidden, by the grotesque surface of the Fool's official function. His whole soul is bound up in his love for Lear and for Cordelia. He would not set his life "at a pin's fee" to serve his master; and when his young mistress goes to France he pines away for the sight of her. When the king feels the consequences of his headstrong folly, the Fool continues the satirical comment which he begins when he offers Kent his coxcomb. So might Touchstone have done; but in a vein more cynical, colder, and without that undertone rather of sweetness than of sadness which tells us that this jester has a broken heart.

About the middle of the play the Fool suddenly disappears, making in reply to Lear's remark, "We'll go to supper in the morning," the fitting rejoinder, "And I'll go to bed at noon." Why does he not return? Clearly for this reason; he remains with Lear during his insanity, to answer in antiphonic commentary the mad king's lofty ravings with his simple wit and homespun wisdom: but after that time, when Lear sinks from frenzy into forlorn imbecility, the Fool's utterances would have jarred upon our ears. The situation becomes too grandly pathetic to admit the pres-

ence of a jester, who, unless he is professional, is nothing. Even Shakespeare could not make sport with the great primal elements of woe. And so the poor Fool sought the little corner where he slept, turned his face to the wall, and went to bed in the noon of his life for the last time — *functus officio*.

I see that in the last paragraph I am inconsistent; attributing to Shakespeare, first, a deliberate artistic purpose, and then, with regard to the same object, a dramatic conception, the offspring of sentiment. Let the inconsistency stand: it becomes him of whom it is spoken. Shakespeare was mightily taken hold of by these creatures of his imagination, and they did before his eyes what he did not at first intend that they should do. True, his will was absolute over his genius, which was subject to him, not he to it; but like a wizard he was sometimes obsessed by the spirits which he had willingly called up. In none of his dramas is this attitude of their author so manifest as in this, the largest in conception, noblest in design, richest in substance, and highest in finish of all his works, and which, had he written it alone (if we can suppose the existence of such a sole production), would have set him before all succeeding generations, the miracle of time.

Richard Grant White.

SOME RECENT NOVELS.

ZACHARIAH the Congressman¹ does not deal with the political career of the late Mr. Z. Chandler, but with that of a much humbler person from some vague place in one of the Middle States. Before leaving his rustic home, he becomes engaged to a young woman, Peg-

gy by name, who had been adopted by Zach's parents, apparently to save the expense of a "hired girl." In Washington, however, Zach finds it impossible to resist the charms of the beautiful, but as false as beautiful, Miss Marmaluke, — an apt name for her, by the way, — and he breaks off his home-made engagement, although Peggy had been weaning herself from the use of slang

¹ *Zachariah the Congressman. A Tale of American Society.* By GILBERT A. PIERCE. Chicago: Donnelley, Gassette, and Loyd. 1880.

and the habit of singing popular melodies, and had tried to improve her mind by reading Mill's Political Economy, at Zach's recommendation. Possibly, it was his interest in this book that threw him into disgrace. If he had only cast the weight of his authority on the side of "our own" Mr. Carey, he would not have been dragged before the investigating committee. To be sure, he was finally acquitted, and once more met the jilted Peggy, who had risen so high as an artist as to be "commissioned by the government, and thus made famous." Zachariah married her, and the pair went to live on a farm, having had enough of politics. The novel, if it can be called a novel, is written in as simple a way as if it were meant for children; but it shows a dim capacity on the part of the author for something like real work. The book has about as much literary merit as a Sunday-school story, and bears the same relation to genuine literature that the work of the jig-saw does to artistic carving.

Her Ladyship¹ is not much better. It is full of movement, certainly, and there is shown some power of constructing a story out of abundant incidents. The scene is laid in the Shenandoah Valley, and the time is that of the late war, so that incidents were to be had for very little trouble; but as for the people, the less said the better. The heroine, who is meant to represent all the archness of the female sex, is like a giggling school-girl in a horse-car. She had fallen in love with a youth from Ohio when she was at school in New York, without knowing his name, or speaking a word to him, or more than exchanging simpers with him when they met in the street. Still, if the author is not more than seventeen years old, there are hopes for her; for besides the

vulgarity of the book, there is some faint humor in it. If the writer will go through a course of, say, Mrs. Oliphant, she will perhaps see the difference between her flimsy little story and good work; but this is asking an amount of toil that is repulsive to the independence of genius.

Young people who like to talk to their parents in the fashion quoted below will probably get much delight from D. A. Moore's *How She Won Him*.² Others may decide for themselves about the value of the book. Here is the passage:—

"Dear mother, I am not loath to trust your judgment, or to accept your conclusions. My feelings, for the present, I cannot control. I feel the weight of a crushing blow upon my spirits. The very air seems thick and heavy. The summons to leave forever our dear home, with all its pleasant and sacred associations, seems to me almost like a message from the court of death."

Certainly, the newly-invented naturalism has not yet tainted D. A. Moore.

Mr. W. O. Stoddard is a man of a very different sort. He has comparatively much to say, and he expresses it often commendably well. His novel, *The Heart of It*,³ is by no means a great book,—and doubtless the author knows this perfectly well,—but it is readable, and, as a first production, it is not without promise. There are picturesque things in the book, especially in some of the scenes laid in the West, where the lonely explorer finds a wonderful mine and escapes from the Apaches, and there are various bits about certain corners of city life; but in general the closer we come to civilization the more conventional does the treatment become. As to the abundant marriages that close the volume, there is not one on which it is

¹ *Her Ladyship*. Cincinnati: Peter G. Thomson. 1880.

² *How She Won Him; or, The Bride of Charm-*

ing Valley. By D. A. MOORE. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers.

³ *The Heart of It*. By W. O. STODDARD. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1880.

possible to offer very sincere congratulations: for Mrs. Boyce, so far as she is a living person, is but a sly and cat-like woman, who exults in defrauding her first husband's creditors; one of the girls marries a man who has been a tramp as well as an opium-eater; and the other girl has served part of her time on Blackwell's Island for drunkenness, being the victim of an insane thirst for strong liquors. To be sure, it is not to be expected that everybody shall marry a faultless person, but this is a profuse supply of objectionable qualities. The author will probably find in time that the novelist has better employment for his pen than inculcating wholesale matrimony, and by careful writing and more thorough study of character he will make novels that are more than a congeries of incidents and accidents.

How a large number of characters can be managed by a clever novelist may be seen in the late Miss Keary's *A Doubting Heart*.¹ This novel, which did not receive the author's final revision, is too long, and at the end a little clumsy in construction, but in other respects it is deserving of all praise, — so life-like are the people brought into it, so natural are most of the conditions in which they are placed, so exact is the record of their conversations. One perceives from such novels as this, especially in comparison with those already mentioned above, how superior is the general supply of English novels to the run of those written in this country. After the pallid imitations of life that are to be found in the stories just spoken of, this *Doubting Heart* reads like a work of genius. But it is not that, by any means; it is only a story, carefully thought out, by a woman who knows the world well, and is not above taking great pains. There are as poor novels written in England as anywhere, but

the number of good ones is most convincing testimony to the intelligence and care of a number of writers.

*Mademoiselle de Mersac*² is another story which, it is much to be feared, will not be so well known as it deserves. The author is a comparatively obscure person, but he has written one of the best novels that has appeared for some time. The heroine is a French girl, living, at the time the novel opens, in Algiers, and her lovers are two: one a French officer, a man no longer young, who has no very savory reputation, to be sure, but is yet a man of the kindest heart and most tender nature; while the other is a young Englishman, with certain attractive qualities, that by no means outweigh his odious selfishness, conceit, and arrogance. The very skill with which the different characters are drawn acts adversely to the general popularity of the book; for the reader who is accustomed to poorer work and to a dishonest huddling aside of the hero's faults will find it hard to judge of people whose merits and defects are intermingled as they are in real life. Cynics may have observed that all the engagements they hear about are those of faultlessly beautiful young women to perfect young men, and those are the people about whom novels are generally written. Here, however, we have very careful studies of character, and of the complications that depend for their existence on the nature of the persons whose fate is described. Yet the problem is not complicated by a dead weight of ethical considerations, as in George Eliot's later novels, over which morality hangs like a heavy pall; but the question simply is how these two men strike this simple, good, but somewhat cold and self-absorbed girl. The reader cannot avoid the suspicion that the author meant her to be more attractive than

¹ *A Doubting Heart*. A Novel. By ANNE KEARY. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

² *Mademoiselle de Mersac*. A Novel. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

she actually is, but that may be a mistake; at any rate, though she is not exceedingly attractive, she is yet very interesting, and no one can avoid curiosity about her fate. The termination of the story is disappointing, but it is, perhaps, the only one possible; and is it not, after all, less sad than either of the other alternative endings? Why a novel of the importance and excellence of this one should be less popular than *White Wings* — a commonplace novel diluted with salt water — it is not easy to say. In *Mademoiselle de Mersac* we find an admirable choice of opposite characters and a capital study of living people.

Yet there are novels and novels, and anything more fictitious, more remote from the observations of life, than *Hal, the Story of a Clodhopper*,¹ it would be hard to find. The scene is laid in New England, but the story is as inexact as would be a picture of that part of the country representing a volcano in active eruption, with pirates capturing the inhabitants who were setting out to sea in gondolas. This effect is the more singular because the author has tried to bring verisimilitude into his book by descriptions of living persons, who can hardly feel flattered at being written about as some people are written about in so-called society journals; but even this device fails to make a pleasant impression on the reader. The clodhopper is first introduced to us when engaged in the congenial occupation of hoeing; but in the course of two hundred pages, after seven years at Heidelberg, he became a great man, "and found his level with the best men of the country." "Whatever this man says and does has God in it. . . . He stands with one foot planted on revealed religion and the other on advanced science, and so

standing defies devils, no matter in what form they come. He writes books; he delivers addresses; he gives courses of lectures. . . . His theology wears a Phrygian cap." One of his lectures "to truth-seekers" is on *The Mystery of Love*. No one who has read the *Boston Daily Advertiser* on Wednesday mornings for the last few years can have much doubt about who the clodhopper becomes; and another character, Boynton Ellis, turns into another well-known gentleman, under the magic of this author's pen. As to the taste of these liberties with individuals, opinions may differ, although, on the other hand, they may not differ.

*A Wayward Woman*² is not a novel of the highest kind, — far from it, — but it is certainly entertaining, as novels go; there is plenty of incident, and at times the talk of the people is clever and amusing. The heroine possesses every charm, and her general attractiveness is enlivened by a sort of innocent fastness; she has a long train of lovers, but the chosen one is an exceedingly accomplished, impossible painter, who is like the hero of a good many women's novels. The perturbations of his courtship and the incidents of their married life make up the book, which has no serious merit, but will serve admirably to kill time.

Miss Woolson's volume of short stories about Southern life³ is an interesting proof of the abundance of unused material in our unwieldy country, that is simply awaiting the novelist to put it into shape and give it standing. Florida and South Carolina are the regions that have inspired this author, and the local coloring is well given. At times, however, some of the people who are introduced give the reader quite as much

¹ *Hal: The Story of a Clodhopper*. By W. M. F. ROUND, Author of *Child Marian Abroad*, *Ach-sah*, etc. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1880.

² *A Wayward Woman*. A Novel. By ARTHUR GRIFFITHS, Author of *Lola*, etc. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

³ *Rodman the Keeper*. Southern Sketches. By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON, Author of *Castle Nowhere*, *Two Women*, etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1880.

an impression of strangeness as does any wonder of semi-tropical vegetation; and this we must regret, for the writer of fiction should above everything set people before us whom we can at least understand. The cantrips of Miss Gardis Duke, for instance, which are only matched by the scornful airs of Miss Bettina Ward, the minx-like heroine of *Rodman the Keeper*, read like what one finds oftener in poor novels than in real life. This young person, Miss Duke, is a little chit, who, in extreme poverty, imitates the splendors of her former opulence, and gives the rough edge of her saucy tongue to two of her lovers, Union officers, who just after the late war are stationed near her house. She invites them to dinner, and then, when they are gone, she burns up the shabby finery in which she had received them. "So perish also the enemies of my country!" she said to herself." Certainly, this little cat is not a very impressive person, and it is not easy to interest one's self in such a lump of affectation; but Miss Woolson seems to take her at her own pompous valuation, and to see heroism in her imitation of tawdry novels. Finally, she steps down from her pinnacle of conceit, and marries one of the officers, and we have no doubt that by this time she has satisfactorily taken vengeance for everything that happened during the war.

Sister St. Luke, after a tornado has swamped the boat in which were two young men, sees them clinging to a distant reef. As ignorant of the art of navigation as of the game of baccarat, she wades through water waist-deep, gets into a little boat, and sails out to them in a terrible wind. This she does although morbidly timid. In fact, she could more easily have thrown a hawser a mile or two and have hauled them in to shore.

King David, on the other hand, is a

life-like account of the sufferings of a Yankee school-master among the freed-men, whom he in vain tries to educate. In this sketch there is no exaggeration; no inclination toward the use of melodramatic devices, such as are only too apt to make their appearance in the other stories. Miss Woolson certainly deserves credit for her perception of the picturesque contrasts that the South affords. She has at least pointed out a region where much can be done, and where she can herself do good work if she will keep "closer to the record."

The translation of Théophile Gautier's *Captain Fracasse*¹ is something for which readers of novels should be profoundly grateful, for it is as readable a romance as one can lay one's hand on; and in these days, when writers of novels so often take photography for their model, it is agreeable to read the work of a man who has a really artistic pleasure in describing the adventures, as well as the surroundings of men and women. The time of the story is set in the reign of Louis XIII., and the scene is laid in France. The wanderings of a company of errant actors, their love-making and quarreling, their successes and failures, their carousing and starving, form the incidents, and they are all described with most loving care and very attractive enthusiasm. The book is one that it is best to read in French, for Gautier is so careful a writer that it is impossible that some of his charm should not be lost in the rendering. Yet the translator has succeeded admirably in her work, and deserves warm praise for her care and accuracy.

Mr. James's *Confidence*² is really not a novel, but a study of an ingeniously devised situation, that is analyzed and described with the utmost skill. To take the work too seriously, as a profound treatise on life, would be a lamentable

¹ *Captain Fracasse*. From the French of THÉOPHILE GAUTIER. By M. M. RIPLEY. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1880.

² *Confidence*. By HENRY JAMES, JR. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1880.

mistake; it is a sketch of the mutual relations of half a dozen people, whom we get to understand better than we do most of our acquaintances. They are a set of life-like figures, whose positions in regard to one another are distinctly drawn, and watching their movements is like looking at a well-played game of chess. And as in this but little attention could be given to the observer who should complain that, while the castle moved in straight lines and the bishop on the diagonals, the knight was to be condemned for his irregular gait, so in speaking of the book one feels that it is one's duty to take it for what it pretends to be, and not to demand, as some have done, that this light and graceful structure should be overburdened with moral teaching or social ethics. One might as well lament that it throws no light on Mr. James's views concerning the third term.

As a bit of what may be called social imagination, the story is deserving of high praise. From very slender materials Mr. James has woven a complicated plot about the distinctly defined heroes and heroines, and the ins and outs of the game form as entertaining a book as one can care to read. The main hero, Bernard Longueville, is the thoughtful, clever fellow, the observer, who is not uncommonly found in Mr. James's stories; and we have, too, a new specimen of the large class of chattering American girls, one Blanche Evers, whose artless

prattle is capably given. The other heroine is of sterner stuff, a really serious character, and her mother is the well-known American matron, who when well on in years does her hair in as complicated involutions as if she were a girl in her teens. The relations in which these people stand to one another are sufficiently intricate, and their social skirmishing does them credit. The chief heroine, Angela, plays her part with especial skill; her swift comprehension of the position in which she is placed in regard to the two men — which should serve as a warning against those unhealthy alliances — and her handling of the tangled threads at the end of the book are certainly entertaining reading. More than this, the change in Bernard from the position of willful observation to that of a partaker in the game is distinctly well drawn.

In execution, the story is of course most admirable; it runs on brightly, and he will be a hardened reader of fiction who does not feel something like breathless interest in the story. The *donnée* of the book is a light one, to be sure, and we are no less grateful for the amusement to be got from it when, under the inspiration of the miasmatic conscience of New England, we ask that Mr. James should not confine himself to those simply entertaining, though exceedingly entertaining, novels, but that, with his generous equipment for the task, he give us novels of a higher flight.

AMERICAN COLONIAL HISTORY.

THE name of John Camden Hotten appeared as that of editor on the title-page of a work, published in 1874, which professed to give the original lists of a large number of emigrants, exiles, adventurers, and felons who came to this

country in the seventeenth century. The most important part of the material had already been given in a less sumptuous form by S. G. Drake and James Savage, the latter's work being apparently unknown to Mr. Hotten; but the

lists brought together in this form were conveniently arranged, and showed an attempt at exactness. It cannot be said, indeed, that either Mr. Hotten or his antiquarian assistants were always competent to decipher the cacography of her majesty's public records, and the guesses in the foot-notes were not always those of a trained student; but our business just now is not with the first edition, but with the second, recently put out by Mr. Bouton.¹ This publisher was the American publisher also of the first edition, and took out a copyright of it. His rights in the second edition are otherwise protected. No publisher, however speculatively inclined, would have any temptation to copy this new issue. We are not so exacting as to ask that a second edition should correct any deficiencies in the first; we are even willing that the publisher shall, when he binds a new lot, insert a new title-page and try for fresh buyers who may like to believe that they have a later book than the first buyers; but we had the curiosity to compare the second edition with the first, to see what changes, if any, have been made. It was not long before we were rewarded in the search. The contents and introduction were the same in both cases, but the half title following disclosed something odd. The first edition had a black letter and apparently fac-simile title, which was modernized and abridged and altered in the second. Had the first edition been too hard to read? A comparison of names showed that the lists varied widely. We shall not trouble the reader with illustrations. The game is not worth the candle. But let any one who has the two editions compare the lists on page 46. In the

second edition there is a hopeless snarl; in the first the difficulties all disappear, and a reference to Savage's copy² shows that the first edition had been tolerably accurate and intelligible, the second confused like the work of an ignorant copyist. Passing rapidly through the volume, it was plain at a glance that in the first edition an effort had been made to be literally exact, even to the copying of obsolete characters and marks; in the second edition, all this care and accuracy had been abandoned. In one instance only was there an agreement. Pages 197-199 of the first edition and pages 196-198 of the second agreed, although the same type was not used. But all these discrepancies suddenly ceased at the bottom of page 400. From that point to the end of the volume the two editions were identical. The index, therefore, was the same in both editions, but the feat was not performed by which it was made to do service for the widely varying pages up to page 400. It answered only to the first edition.

By this examination it was established conclusively that the first edition was far more careful and complete than the second. We deduce the following history of the book, which may or may not be true. Mr. Hotten, at some one's instigation, undertook the publication of these lists. When the printing had got as far as page 400, it was discovered that the compiler was an ignorant blunderer, and that the sheets were worthless. Mr. Hotten then had them revised or rewritten and again printed, carefully saving the canceled sheets. Mr. Hotten died. The first edition was exhausted. Mr. Bouton, or somebody

¹ *Our Early Emigrant Ancestors*. The Original Lists of Persons of Quality; Emigrants; Religious Exiles; Political Rebels; Serving Men sold for a Term of Years; Apprentices; Children Stolen; Maidens Pressed; and others who went from Great Britain to the American Plantations, 1600-1700. With their ages, the localities where they formerly lived in the mother country, the

names of the ships in which they embarked, and other interesting particulars. From MSS. preserved in the State Paper Department of Her Majesty's Public Record Office, England. Edited by JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN. Second Edition. New York: J. W. Bouton. 1880.

² Mass. His. Soc. Coll., third series, vol. viii.

imposing on Mr. Bouton, then discovered the canceled sheets, prefaced the available introduction and contents, pieced them out with sheets left over from the first edition, pasted in a new title-page with "second" on it, bound the book cheaply, and issued it at a lower price as a second edition of *The Original Lists*. It is very evident that all the classes named in the book did not come over in the seventeenth century.

It is a pity that Mr. Arnold, in his *Life of Benedict Arnold*,¹ should have been haunted throughout the book by the thought of Arnold's treachery, for he has succeeded in rendering the reader thoroughly uncomfortable by his incessant reference to that melancholy fact. He begins by admitting the full enormity of the crime, and assures the reader that he has no intention of palliating it, and he wrings his hands over it at every turn. He never mentions a gallant act or a piece of recklessness by Arnold — and Arnold's early career was brilliant with points of daring — but he stops to lament, Oh, had Arnold but died now! Then he would have been embalmed in the memories of his countrymen, — or words to that effect. The book is spoiled as a biography by its constant effort to balance Arnold's patriotism and treason. The author sets out with solemn protestations that nothing shall induce him to lessen the guilt of the traitor, and he is as good as his word; but instead of telling Arnold's life in a straightforward way, and attempting to trace the half-hidden character which finally declared itself in the base act, he reads the incidents of his career only to discover the praiseworthy qualities of the man as a set-off against his crime. He grants that Arnold's one piece of iniquity has justly covered his name with disgrace, but complains that it has also led people ever since to paint him as one unvarying shade of blackness. But Arnold's au-

dacity and impetuous courage, which are nearly all the striking virtues which remain to him, have never lacked recognition, and his brilliant exploits in the Canada expedition, at Valcour Island, and at Bemis Heights have again and again received the praise of historians. The book is more of an apology for Arnold than the writer seems to intend. In his wish to do him full justice he has sometimes been blind in one eye.

Thus, in recording the anecdotes of his boyhood and youth, indicative of his cruelty, Mr. Arnold hurries by them to remind us how bold and daring he was. "One of his earliest amusements," writes Sparks, whom Arnold in these anecdotes seems to follow, "was the robbing of birds'-nests, and it was his custom to maim and mangle young birds in sight of the old ones, that he might be diverted by their cries." Arnold gives it: "It has been said . . . that one of his amusements was the robbing of birds'-nests and torturing the young birds." "Certainly," he adds, "if the mischievous robbing of birds'-nests is to be regarded as conclusive proof of total depravity, and if, among the critics of Arnold, only those who had in thoughtless boyhood been guiltless of this cruelty should throw the first stone, there would probably be fewer harsh judges of his boyish freaks than have appeared." This is not a very important matter, but we cite it as illustrating two or three unfortunate defects in Mr. Arnold's method as a historian. He generalizes where his predecessor has given specific facts; he suppresses the real gravamen of the charge; he appears to make no critical inquiry into the actual facts; and he abuses the counsel on the other side.

Again, while giving with substantial accuracy the facts relating to Arnold's exploits at Ticonderoga, he manages to throw such a coloring over them as to give the impression that Arnold was a

¹ *The Life of Benedict Arnold: His Patriotism and his Treason.* By ISAAC N. ARNOLD, author

of *Life of Abraham Lincoln*. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1880.

much-abused man and a lofty patriot, ignoring the freebooting character of his movements, and above all silent upon the significant point, so illustrative of Arnold's character, of his threatened withdrawal of his vessels and mutinous followers to St. John's, for the purpose of delivering them over to the enemy, if he could not carry out his plans. Mr. Arnold dwells much upon the ingratitude and hostility constantly shown toward Arnold, and the effect which these had upon his loyalty to the country, but he fails to give due weight to the important charges of dishonesty and speculation which somehow seemed always to be springing up against him, and which stick to his character as pitilessly as similar charges have held on to the garments of a general in the late war. We wish, for example, he had followed the clew regarding Arnold's course in Philadelphia which is offered in Judge Peters's letter to Colonel Pickering, referred to in *Recollections of Samuel Breck*, page 214. In general, Mr. Arnold does not seem to us to have employed a true method of historical criticism. His book is too deliberately a special plea for Arnold. It does not add materially to our knowledge of the facts of Arnold's life, although it gives details not to be found in *Sparks* or *Hill*; it does not offer any new insight into his character, and it is written in a heavy, bungling style. The best that can be said of it is that upon his own showing Arnold was quite as unlovable a man as history has generally represented him. The outcome of the book is substantially what has been accepted hitherto, that Arnold was a mean traitor; nobody is going to believe now, any more than before, that his character from first to last underwent any essential change. His daring has always been conceded, but no one will accept it as a condonation or palliation of his treason. Mr. Arnold's mistake is in

supposing that physical courage and impetuous dash are very high or determining elements of character. There is yet room for a life of Arnold which shall so use historical material as to construct coolly and impartially a character and career which are capable of a more acute analysis than they have yet received. The work, however, is not a very enviable one. It is the meanness of Arnold's nature which renders it essentially unattractive to men. The most interesting contribution which the book makes to American history is doubtless the appendix, which contains for the first time a copy of *Thoughts on the American War*, drawn up by General Arnold for the king, and furnished to the biographer by Arnold's grandson, the Rev. Edward Gladwin Arnold. The book is neatly printed and bound, but not always carefully read in proof.

Mr. Winsor's *Handbook*¹ comes just too late to meet the demand of those who were touched by the Centennial fever, but in its present full form could not have been made earlier, since many of the authorities to which it refers the student have been made accessible under the diligence and enthusiasm of societies and scholars which the Centennial fever stimulated when it did not inspire. We do not mean that this interest in our history was ephemeral, but that it was associated with anniversaries and celebrations which gave profitable occasion for historic study and writing. The memoranda published in the *Bulletin of the Boston Public Library*, when Mr. Winsor was superintendent, are the basis of this volume, and the more complete, orderly, and detailed form here presented accords with the permanent use which the book will serve. The memoranda were notes for the use of readers who were eager to ransack history for material which should enable them to keep pace, at a hundred

¹ *The Reader's Handbook of the American Revolution. 1761-1783.* By JUSTIN WINSOR, VOL. XLVI. — NO. 273. 9

Librarian of Harvard University. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1880.

years' distance, with the march of events so significant as those attending the war for independence. Here, within the compass of a neat, compact volume, the student of history may find minutely noted, in chronological succession, the great body of books, articles, records, diaries, to which he must turn for authority. The Handbook, in the felicitous phrase of its compiler, "is like a continuous foot-note to all histories of the American Revolution." From the writs of assistance to the cessation of hostilities, the literature of every step in the struggle is indicated, fully, intelligibly, and accurately. All this is done, moreover, in so familiar and agreeable a manner that the book is almost readable, and certainly is far more likely to entice the student than a mere formal bibliography.

The book is valuable not only for what it is, but for the substantial argument which its form presents in favor of the study of history by individual investigation. It is beginning to be understood that the history which one makes his own by research is a much more positive part of education than that which one acquires through attentive reading of comprehensive works. The

extent to which quite young students, even, may carry the principle of independent investigation is far greater than many imagine, and we have to thank the scientific revival of the day for teaching the teachers the value of methods by which a student is made to master and classify facts, not to accept merely the generalizations of others. This Handbook points the way to the right course of historical study, and it is a most useful book to put into the hands of young readers. It is a clew by which they may find their way through the labyrinth. To quote again from the preface: "I am no great advocate of courses of reading. It often matters little what the line of one's reading is, provided it is pursued, as sciences are most satisfactorily pursued, in a comparative way. The reciprocal influences, the broadening effect, the quickened interest arising from a comparison of sources and authorities, I hold to be marked benefits from such a habit of reading." We trust that the reception given to the book will justify the compiler in carrying out his project of a series, upon the same general plan, covering themes of history, biography, travel, philosophy, science, literature, and art.

SCHERER'S DIDEROT.

It is now about ten years since M. Scherer entered politics, and "for party gave up what was meant for mankind." During this time he has worked enthusiastically for the interests of his country, but we cannot help regretting the loss that literature has suffered from his comparative abandonment of writing. He is without doubt the leading French critic now living, and of late years he has published so little on literary matters, at least, and at a time when the

most authoritative voice has been that of Zola praising his own writings, that we feel justified in our impatience at the sense of duty which has kept him occupied with other things. We feel as if some one else could have filled his chair in the senate, while there has been no one in France who so combines knowledge, taste, and authority in literary matters.

Scherer has the great merit that he is familiar with other literatures than

the French ; and although some people maintain — and with a certain amount of plausibility — that a critic only incapacitates himself for fully appreciating the work of his fellow-countrymen by lingering over foreign models and learning to admire foreign graces, it is yet to be remembered that, so long as writers are moved by the example of what is done in other countries, they cannot themselves be fully understood except by those who trace their inspiration back to its original source. Who, for instance, can fairly comprehend the German literature of the last hundred years without knowing something of that of France and England ? How satisfactory is that man's knowledge of Pope and his school who is ignorant of the literature of the reign of Louis XIV. ? Pope's method of writing was but the outgrowth of French influence, and to discuss his formal accuracy without making this plain is to commit an error of omission. With what intelligence Scherer writes of foreign literature is evident from the essays on Goethe and Milton, that Mr. Matthew Arnold condensed and made the subject of his comments in two papers, bound up in his *Mixed Essays*.

In this volume,¹ Scherer gives us a brief study of Diderot, taking for his text the new edition in twenty large volumes that has just appeared in Paris. This edition, the larger part of which came out under the care of M. Assézat, who died after finishing the sixteenth volume, may be taken as a final one. It is a great improvement on the best of those that had preceded it, and contains a new and doubtless more correct version of the *Neveu de Rameau*. A book about Diderot can hardly fail to be of value, because he is not one of those writers whom it is desirable, or even, one might almost say, possible, to read through. His work is of such different degrees of merit and treats of so

great a variety of subjects that the interest of most readers would evaporate in the vain attempt to read every word he wrote. His work was above all things scattering, and it is by taking him up and reading him here and there that one gets the most good from this remarkable man.

He was in the first place a talker, and one of the charms that his writing has is its resemblance to talk. Of beauty of style, of graceful or really eloquent language, there is commonly no trace ; but we find, instead, Diderot himself telling us his views, or some incident of his life, often with a fascinating vigor, but seldom with the marked literary grace that we are accustomed to look upon as an essential quality of all French men of letters. More than this, he pours forth his ideas on art, literature, life, philosophy, with abundant fluency, contradicting himself, perhaps, at different times, and again abandoning himself to empty rhetoric, but more frequently surprising the reader with his novelty, truth, and ingenuity. He was one of the first of men to write naturally about art ; many of his remarks on literature are of use ; and few writers have left a study of life that can compare in force with Rameau's *Nephew*. He wrote well about the drama, but his own plays were unsuccessful on the stage, and are now practically unreadable. Then, too, much of his work was of a sort that is treated tenderly when it is called disgusting. Yet the fact remains that Diderot was an author whose importance it is hard to exaggerate, and he was great on account of the singular sincerity and enthusiasm of his nature.

We are accustomed to speak of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Diderot together, as if there were a much stronger bond of union between them than the fact that they were contemporaries, and were the objects of the admiration and the hatred of different sections of society. In fact, however, they were very unlike

¹ *Diderot. Etude.* Par EDMOND SCHERER. Paris: C. Lévy. Boston: C. Schönhof. 1880.

one another, and Diderot had certain qualities which make him especially interesting to people of the present time. Voltaire's negative criticism has for us more a literary interest than any other; Rousseau's inexactness is unsuited for the present scientific age; while Diderot's thorough-going materialism is not so very different from certain contemporary forms of thought. In art matters, too, he expressed himself in a manner that is peculiarly agreeable to the modern ways of looking at pictures. Moreover, Diderot has the additional charm of having been somewhat neglected of late years.

M. Scherer has no extravagant admiration of Diderot. He sees his faults quite as distinctly as his merits,—and it requires no extraordinary vision to do this—and he writes about him with great impartiality. At some length he expounds Diderot's system of philosophy, which was, on the whole, more strongly marked by consistency and boldness than by other qualities. Evil, for instance, he defined as that which had more disadvantages than advantages, while the good was the contrary of this. Scherer selects a number of passages from Diderot's writings, in which he treats of these questions, and comments upon them briefly. Thus, Diderot said, "Evil is a result of the general laws of nature. In order that it should not exist, these laws must be different. I will say that I have often done my best to imagine a world without evil, but that I have never been able to do it." "Pope has very well shown, after Leibnitz, that the world could not be other than it is; but when he drew the inference that everything is for the best, he uttered an absurdity; he should have been satisfied with saying that everything is necessary." Again, "Let us take things as they are; let us see how much they cost us and how much they give us, and leave the whole as it is; for we do not know it well enough

either to praise or blame it, and possibly, after all, it is neither good nor ill, if it is necessary, as so many good people suppose."

These statements, as Scherer says, make it clear that Diderot is neither an optimist nor a pessimist; he is satisfied with knowing the facts, and judges it unnecessary to rebel against them. "I may be wrong," he adds, concerning the last quotation from Diderot, "but there seems to me to be more real philosophy in this than in the bad humors of Schopenhauer and Hartmann."

In a few pages at the end of this chapter, Scherer points out more precisely Diderot's exact place in philosophy. Every movement in philosophy, he says, is a development from some previous doctrine, which it contradicts. Thus, the philosophy of the seventeenth century received from theology the notion of the duality of nature. God was distinguished from the world, the soul from the body. The Creator was conceived of as a clockmaker in front of the clock he had just completed; the body and the soul were looked upon as two watches that ran together in marvelously harmonious union. But this notion in time disappeared, and while now it is wholly dead, it was attacked by the encyclopædists with extraordinary vigor. "Diderot in particular was the author of a synthesis, the originality and power of which would have been sooner recognized if his writings had not been fragmentary, often even rhapsodical, or if they had been at once thoroughly collected. It would be exceedingly unjust to confound him with his rivals, Helvetius, Maupertius, La Mettrie, and D'Holbach. He is head and shoulders above them. He belongs to the same school, possibly to the same race, but he is no less alone among them all by the breadth of his conceptions and the intelligence of his views."

In this way Scherer lets his instructive comment run along by the side of

extracts from Diderot, pointing out his most striking qualities, and helping the reader to a sympathetic comprehension of this remarkable man. When he comes to speak of the Salons, he is naturally enthusiastic; for they are certainly wonderful pieces of writing, and they show perhaps more than anything else the great adaptability of Diderot's genius. He was fifty years old when he began to write them, in 1759, and he discussed all the biennial exhibitions, with one exception, — when he was absent from France, — until 1781. They were, like almost everything that he wrote, but side work. Before he began them he had tried his pen at everything else: he had, when young, studied and taught mathematics; he had written on philosophical matters; he had published various essays, and had tried his hand at the drama. For nine years he had been the master-spirit of the *Encyclopædia*, on which he continued to work for many years; but whatever attention he had given to art matters had been of the slightest kind. Yet it would be hard to exaggerate the charm, the intelligence, and the truthfulness of his descriptions of the pictures, and of his comments upon them. He branches into all sorts of side matters; he puts in bits of autobiography, and illustrates his meaning by countless anecdotes; and, as Madame Necker said, he translates the pictures into poetry that every one can comprehend. He describes them so that one might almost say a blind man could see them. It is one of the many things to be regretted in the life of Diderot that he never saw Italy. This journey was once proposed, in which he was to have the company of Grimm and Rousseau; but nothing came of the plan, and the world has missed the descriptions he would have given of the masterpieces of painting.

His excellence in this sort of writing is but one of the abundant proofs of Diderot's many-sidedness. In the *En-*

cyclopædia he turned his pen to any and every subject. His versatility is to be found on almost every page, and he gave himself great pains about even the most practical subjects of trade and manufactures. Scherer mentions an article on the weaving of stockings which has received the highest praise from competent judges.

This overflowing ability never produced any one great work; it was never devoted to one serious, all-engrossing object. Throughout his life, Diderot was desultory, though busy; and while this scattering of one's force only too often makes any lasting impression impossible, this has not been the case with him. The *Encyclopædia*, to be sure, is no longer an object of present interest; as Morley suggests, it is like an old fortress that stands where the boundary-lines once ran, but it has long since been succeeded in importance by works that in these days of "scientific frontiers" defend more advanced positions. We turn to it to see how people thought a century ago, rather than to learn how to solve our different problems. Though he wrote about pictures of the fourth or fifth rate, he has taught later critics how works of art are to be written about; but what he has not been excelled in is the intelligence, naturalness, and what we may call the geniality of his digressions. Here, for example, is an extract from one of his letters to Mademoiselle Volland; he is speaking of a monk with whom he dined at a friend's house. They were talking of paternal love, and Diderot said that it was one of the strongest of the affections. "‘A father's heart,’ I went on, — ‘no, only those who have been fathers know what that is; it is a secret that is fortunately kept hidden, even from children.’ And then I added, ‘The first years I spent in Paris were very wild. My conduct was bad enough to make my father angry, even when only the truth was told him; but there was no lack of backbiting. They told him —

what didn't they tell him? I had a chance to go to see him. I did not hesitate. I started off full of confidence in his kindness. I thought that as soon as he saw me, I should fall into his arms, that we should burst into tears, and that everything would be forgotten. I was right.' Then I stopped and asked the monk if he knew how far it was to my home. 'Sixty leagues, father; and if it were a hundred, do you think that I should have found my father less indulgent, less tender? Far from it.

Or if it had been a thousand? How could one be harsh to a child who had come so far? And if he had been in the moon, in Jupiter, in Saturn?' As I was saying these words, my eyes were turned up to the heavens, and my monk, with downcast glance, was pondering over my parable."

Scherer's volume points out very clearly the most marked of Diderot's traits, and it may be read very profitably in connection with Mr. John Morley's admirable volume.

LITERATURE FOR SCHOOLS.

THE movement to supply better reading-books for school-children, which, in its various shapes, we have already noticed, is continued in three volumes of selections already issued from the press: *American Prose*,¹ by Mr. Scudder; *Ballads and Lyrics*,² by Mr. Lodge; and *Masterpieces of English Literature*,³ by Mr. Swinton. The last of these compilations is more confessedly a text-book than the others, and its page wears the more or less repulsive air of the conventional school-reader, with its rows of words for definition, its literary analyses in foot-note, its numerals and asterisks for reference, and its black-faced types for emphasis. But it would not be just to judge it wholly from the general reader's sensitive nerves. It is an instrument contrived for 'prentice-minds, and it is believed that it would serve its purpose all the better for what gives it this uninviting aspect. Mr. Swinton declares

a design of restoring literature and rhetoric to their ancient friendship, and he wishes his readers to exercise their knowledge of the science upon the best productions of the art. But here we think he incurs the danger into which the makers of reading-books have always run: that of deforming the delightfulness of literature by making it the subject of too much analysis and dissection. We might hope that the school-master would omit much or little of the task-work involved by the editor's too conscientious plan, but school-masters are almost necessarily the victims of routine, and it was for the editor not to be so thorough. Occasional comment on the beauty of fine passages, pointing out the elegance and felicity of fortunate expressions, would surely have been better than all this perpetual challenge to the young reader to remark on the form of this word and on the order of those ad-

¹ *American Prose*. Hawthorne, Irving, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, Thoreau, Emerson. With Introduction and Notes. By the Editor of American Poems. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1880.

² *Ballads and Lyrics*. Selected and arranged by HENRY CABOT LODGE. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1880.

³ *Masterpieces of English Literature*. Being

Typical Selections of British and American Authorship, from Shakespeare to the Present Time. Together with Definitions, Notes, Analyses, and Glossary, as an aid to systematic literary study. For use in High and Normal Schools, Academies, Seminaries, etc. With portraits. By WILLIAM SWINTON. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1880.

jectives; to transpose a certain sentence into the prose order; to say whether a given ellipsis would be allowable in prose; to explain the application of an epithet; to decide whether something is literal or figurative language. To the dry wood these things are insufferable; are they less anguish to the green? Are they not well calculated to make the masterpieces of literature detestable? Boys and girls who are old enough to feel that these pieces are masterly are too old to stand this sort of nagging, as they are much too old to need a large proportion of the definition with which Mr. Swinton over-bountifully supplies them. In short, we doubt if people can be educated to make or to love good literature by the method of instruction directly enforced by this work. The instruction, however, which it indirectly affords is to be measured only by each reader's natural capacity. As a compilation it is excellent; though we are not ready to say it might not have been better for the purpose. We think that in some cases the editor has considered his author too much, and his reader too little. It was certainly not well advised, for instance, to take from a writer like Hawthorne, who abounds in short, complete stories of the highest merit, those passages from the *Scarlet Letter* descriptive of Hester Prynne's expiation on the pillory, which, noble and beautiful and most pathetic as they are, ought scarcely to be intelligible to those who use the book without embarrassing explanations. We give the worst case of mistaken judgment, where generally the judgment is unerring; and we have to praise without reserve the choice of criticisms on different authors. These are from the highest sources, and are of course admirable literature in themselves. As a whole, in spite of the method on which it is constructed, the book is and must be interesting. Mr. Swinton is himself a clear and agreeable writer, and he is a genuine lover of letters, who could not help

doing his work with zest and pleasure. At its worst, and in its most technical phase, it is a vast advance upon the ordinary school-reader of commerce.

Mr. Lodge's book is one of those tasks which finds itself already largely done through the survival of the fittest in the works of former compilers. It is hard for any present editor to improve upon the taste of Mr. Palgrave in the same direction, or even to get far away from it, as far as English song is concerned. What Mr. Lodge has done, of real and original value, is putting in just relation to the old favorites a very great number of beautiful and familiar American poems. It is pleasant to find that an editor can here be patriotic without sacrificing himself or his reader, and without giving any American poem where there was an English poem so good of its kind. Mr. Lodge's preface explains the motive and the plan of his work, which we cordially approve, and he has notably succeeded in giving to the youth of both sexes a prospect of good ballad and lyrical poetry without those distracting features of which such poetry is, for his purpose, somewhat embarrassingly full. We have also to admire the clearness, succinctness, and completeness of his biographical notices of the authors quoted. These are necessarily in much greater number and much briefer than the charming criticisms with which Mr. Scudder introduces each of his authors. This writer, always tasteful and pleasing, has nowhere shown more delicate perception or finer discrimination than in these graceful comments. They are perfectly sufficient for the end intended, and we believe that all intelligent young people will find them valuably suggestive. Mr. Scudder has succeeded in the difficult affair of talking always within their comprehension without talking down to it, and this leaves his book agreeable to both old and young.

His selections from the different authors are marked by the same insight

and judgment which governed his choice in his volume of *American Poems*; and they are even less open to objection. They might have been different; we do not see how they could well have been better; and the book is not only a testimony to his taste, but is a proof of the richness of our prose, — of its fresh material and its beautiful art, — which will have something of surprise in it for any one who first considers his authors in their present juxtaposition. The im-

pression of grace, of subtlety, of elegance, is one which we should hardly receive from the same number of English writers of any period; and the new force, the sympathetic life, which inspires the admirable art is there in degree which easily establishes our nationality in literature. Our young people cannot be taught to understand this too soon. The foible of the moment with us is not to think well enough of the excellence of American work.

MIND IN THE LOWER ANIMALS.

DR. LINDSAY'S volumes¹ are partly of an expert and partly of a non-expert character. In the gathering of facts, in the collating of anecdotes, statements, and inferences from statements, relating to animals of different kinds, the author shows a noble industry, unusual energy, and most creditable painstaking. He, however, suffers himself to publish facts which may not be facts, and on testimony which by the mildest and softest criticism is unsatisfactory.

In the arrangement of the facts, and in their coördination and adjustment, he is deficient to a degree that, in this scientific age, is quite phenomenal. The headings of the chapters and the sub-headings and italicizations indicate a defect in analytical and combining power. The defect is more impressive from this: that the power of combination is the most conspicuous factor in the English scientific mind of to-day. Germany originates, while England combines, and combines and develops in such a way as to make far more practical, interesting, and valuable works than those of the philosophic thinkers of Germany from whom Eng-

lishmen derive their inspiration. In the scientific sense, that is, in the power of seeing nature through the intellect rather than through the emotions, this author is also wanting. His heart is so large and active that he cheerfully and instantaneously, as it appears, accepts any anecdote relating to animals that, from his point of view, would seem to exalt them to or above the plane of humanity. His subject is one of extreme importance and suggestiveness; so much so that, in spite of the literary and scientific defects of these volumes, they are of very considerable value, although any one especially devoted to this side of psychology would find constant effort of the will required in order to read them through in detail. Very many of the stories contained in the work have been published before, and are to be found in accessible volumes; others are new, or comparatively so; and others have been brought to public attention in the first instance by this author; and the gathering of these illustrations of animal psychology, in spite of the non-expert manner of arranging them, will be of permanent service to those who shall hereafter attempt to raise psychology to a science. Psychology is a science of the future, be-

¹ *Mind in the Lower Animals in Health and Disease.* By W. LAUDER LINDSAY, M. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1880.

ing now very much in the condition that astronomy was before the time of Galileo and Newton; and every contribution to it or to any of its subsidiary sciences is to be welcomed as an aid to students in this realm of thought.

In the chapter on the unsolved problems of psychology, the author states that animals can discover a master's thoughts or intentions, and thus know beforehand projected murders or robberies; and that on the island of Tahiti the approach of a ship is signaled by the simultaneous crowing of all the cocks on the island long before it is sighted by the inhabitants. In the same chapter he discusses interestingly, though not satisfactorily, the way-finding and way-losing of animals in the dark, or in snow-storms, or in dangerous and perplexing localities, or in the confusion of battles. In regard to the migration of birds, he says, "No proper explanation is offered as to the sort of guidance birds have in crossing long stretches of land or sea, by day or *night*."

The author is less strong in the philosophic portions of his work: he reels, staggers, and at times sinks to the earth beneath the burdens of the real or supposed facts of animal psychology; at times the subject is master of him, not he of the subject. His chapter on the religion of animals is probably the feeblest in the book. The weakness of a discussion of this subject is apparent in every sentence; and he nowhere gives any satisfactory definition of religion, without which it is most unwise to attempt an essay on such a topic as this. Indeed, this whole chapter is non-expert, from beginning to end. The opportunity presented by this branch of his subject was magnificent, had he been prepared for it. The man who shall write on the psychology of religion in such a way as to reduce the subject to a science will make an era in philosophy. Dr. Lindsay is not to be censured for his inability to solve the problem

which the ablest thinkers of all ages have attacked in vain; but, had he thought somewhat more scientifically on this theme, he might at least have seen that without a definition of religion, a clear idea of what he meant by it, it were better to say nothing about it. If the whole work were like this chapter, the two volumes would have to be unhesitatingly and absolutely condemned. Equally unscientific are the author's remarks on superstition in animals, inasmuch as he gives no definition, and evidently has no definition in his own mind, even vague and indefinite, of what superstition is, and what its relations are to science on the one hand, and to religion on the other. If he had defined superstition by the old method, as religion out of fashion, he either would have made this chapter better, or would not have written it at all. A good definition is a scientific discovery; in psychology many such discoveries are yet to be made.

The book is based on this truth, or truism: that the difference between the lower animals and the higher animals, as man, is, so far as we can see with mortal vision, a difference only of degree, of growth, of development, of evolution; man being but a loftier or more complex branch of the universal biological tree. In a number of his chapters, indeed, in nearly all of them, Dr. Lindsay traverses territory which Darwin has previously explored; and in these explorations he has undertaken a labor that requires for its successful prosecution a philosopher who shall combine Darwin's industry with Spencer's, or even a greater than Spencer's, psychological analysis and acumen.

We turned with much eagerness to the chapter on *Insanity in Animals*, but were grievously and painfully disappointed, as we found therein but very little solid and trustworthy information. The author's remarks on insanity in general, and especially on insanity in the semi-

savage and barbarian races, show that on such themes he is a learner, not a teacher; and that those who seek for facts and philosophizings in regard to these matters must close his volumes, and go in some other direction. It can be proved, and has been proved as satisfactorily as it is possible to prove any fact in science outside of pure mathematics, that insanity of any form or phase is very rare indeed among savages of any race, country, or age, although it may, and does now and then, in some of its manifestations, exist among them, and has always existed; but in the main it is, with all its complex manifestations, a result and an accompaniment of the

friction of modern civilization. Our author no doubt exaggerates the amount of insanity among animals: partly because he has no clearly defined idea of what insanity is; and partly because he accepts statements which would have been rejected, or held in abeyance, by any one well endowed with the scientific spirit.

Our general conclusion is that all who are interested in the problems of psychology should read these volumes, but read them with the expectation that they may be wearied and disappointed, as well as instructed, by them. The work is interesting, but interesting in spite of the author.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

For some years I have been a contributor to magazines and other periodicals, and for much of the time I have been editorially connected either with a magazine or with a newspaper. My experience, therefore, has often been somewhat novel. I remember one instance in which I successfully resisted a temptation, and a man has so few opportunities of recording a victory of this kind that I cheerfully avail myself of the chance.

A certain editor asked me for a contribution, and I sent him one. In a very short time he returned it, with a letter almost as long as my article, in which he stated, with great minuteness, exactly what his periodical required of its contributors. He mentioned the subjects which should be treated, with the regulation length of articles, and explained what particular emotions they ought to excite, and what good principles they should encourage. He did not say that my article was lacking in any of the necessary requisites, but, as

he sent it back, I was left to infer that it was so lacking.

Now, of course it was perfectly right for the editor to say what he wanted, but I could not help wishing that he had expressed himself thus clearly when he asked me to write for him.

Some months passed on, and this editor sent an article to the periodical with which I was "editorially connected." He was not aware that I was so connected, and that it was my duty to decide upon manuscripts submitted for publication. If he had known it, I think he would have addressed himself directly to me.

I read his article very carefully. I desired, earnestly, to accept it. I wanted to write him a note over my own name, in which I should gratify that desire for revenge, — sometimes small and evanescent, but which is as certain to spring up in the mind of the author of a rejected contribution as the desire to cackle is sure to spring up in the mind of a hen who has just laid an egg, — by telling him

how much I liked his article, and how I would use my every effort to have it printed at an early date. But all this was simply impossible. His paper was moderately good in its way, but in subject and treatment it was as entirely unsuitable for my periodical as an article on the Ramifications of Buddhism would be for the Wheelwright's Gazette. It would not do at all; there was no possibility of its being accepted.

It then occurred to me that, as I could not make use of any coals of fire, I might have recourse to an entirely different policy, and try what lumps of ice would do. This method of treatment I could follow by returning his article with a note, in which I should copy *verbatim* his remarks about the kind of contributions that were needed for the periodical which he edited. These remarks would apply very well to our publication, and he could then see in regard to his returned contribution what I had seen regarding mine. I regret to say that I considered this matter for some time. There was a neatness about the contemplated act which tempted me, as a stiletto in the belt of a sleeping monk would have tempted the hand of an unoccupied Italian bravo. My soul yearned to place on the back of that manuscript the inscription, "Dec. w. i. n.," which would mean, "Decline, with inclosed note." But my better editorial nature began to assert itself, and I felt that I must not inclose the only note I cared to write. I could not even justify myself in indorsing the article, "Dec. ten.," or, "Decline tenderly," by which the clerk of our returning board would know that he must write a regretful and soothing letter; for, in this case, such action would be clear hypocrisy. So I simply wrote, "Dec. w. s.," or, "Decline, with slip," which inscription would cause the article to go back to the writer with one of those printed slips containing a form of refusal in which the English language is made

to fulfill to the utmost the Talleyrandic idea of the use and purpose of speech.

I suppose the author in question was shocked when his article came back to him in this wise, and felt, probably, very much as the before-mentioned monk would have felt had he been rudely awakened from his pleasant dreams by a kick from the repentant bravo. But little he knew what a rueful thrust he had escaped!

—I have come to the conclusion that small towns are not good institutions, although at first sight they would seem to possess advantages of their own over both cities and rural districts.

In that it is not a city, the small town rejoices in the absence of monotonous blocks of tall houses shutting out the light and air, and also of unpleasant odors, and other such city nuisances; while, on the other hand, the town contrasts favorably in some respects with the mere country village, as in its good flagged sidewalks, for instance, which replace the muddy pathways on which the patient villager must trudge for half the year at least. But this, I consider, is only a superficial view of the small town; it is what tempts the inexperienced to try living in it; but a few years of residence make clear what is to be said on the other side of the question. Briefly stated, the objection to the town is that it is neither city nor country, and gives none of the special pleasures of rural or metropolitan life. In the great city you give up the sight of green fields and running brooks and ample sky spaces for the sake of libraries, music, the drama, and society. In the village you learn, after a fashion, to do without these, finding compensation in your farm or your garden, your dogs, your pleasant walks and drives. But how much of any of these things does the small-townsmen enjoy? Perhaps his town, after a time, calls itself a city, begins to raise the taxes and lay out superfluous streets; perhaps, too, it attains to some books

and a reading-room; yet, after all, it remains in essentials a town still. And one town is pretty much like another in all its chief features; one comparative advantage is counterbalanced by some disadvantage. *Experto crede*. I have lived in half a dozen different ones.

In one of his stories, Mr. Henry James numbers among the misfortunes endured by the agreeable widow Cecilia her residence in Northampton. I don't suppose the writer has any spite against that particular town, but means to indicate his opinion with respect to the small town in general; and one cannot help feeling that life in it is a real, undeniable discomfort for all persons of any social, literary, or artistic tastes. But village life affords gratification for one healthy taste,—the love of nature. In exchange for the museum and theatre it offers the enjoyment of woods and fields; and this is just what the town does not offer. You must take a longer walk than Americans commonly enjoy before you can get beyond the limits of the straggling town,—most of our towns do straggle. I know that the actual village in New England, at least, is not the one that fancy paints; it is not even Miss Mitford's village in picturesque Old England, for one searches in vain for the shady green lanes and bowery hedgerows she tells of. Yet our villages, if not in the richest country, are in the country still: one has enough of grass and trees, such as they are; the roads go wandering as they choose; and the sky shows itself not in patches, but from one side to the other of its great dome. The town merely tantalizes you with the suggestion of nature's sweetnesses; in the city you forget all about them. I believe that citizens who are sensible enough to spend their summer vacation in genuine country places make more acquaintance with nature and come to love her more than the townsfolk who content themselves the year round with the half acre or acre of ground that separates them

from their neighbors, and such trees and flowers as they can crowd into it. Of course in the village there is no society; but neither is there in the town. Even if society means for us not a succession of receptions and balls, but intercourse with a circle of genial friends, we are certain to find these among the whole city-full; but in the town, where the number to choose from is so diminished, the circle reduces itself to perhaps but one or two persons, and we are no better off than in the village.

—One is constantly tempted, in writing of Mr. James's stories, to employ the terms belonging to art, so curiously does his work seem to encroach on the painter's; to borrow an illustration from the technique of art, he appears to have devised for Confidence a scheme of color, by which all the parts are nicely related to each other, so that consistency is secured, while no one part has a distinct individual relation to nature. Take, for example, the dead matter of fact presupposed of Gordon Wright. In the world in which all the other characters move it is highly reasonable and consistent; but the moment the reader withdraws the character from the book, and compares him with truthful, candid, and outspoken people of his acquaintance, there is a collapse; he cannot stand the air of nature. The old story, at which artists shudder, of the birds pecking at the grapes in Zeuxis's painting might be reversed in the case of Mr. James's novel: we put out our hand to feel the canvas.

The subtlety and grace of his writing pique us into a critical mood. It seems impossible to enjoy his work rationally, that is, to follow the fortunes of his characters with a lively interest in them; we are curious to see how he achieves his effects; we become critics with him; his own attitude toward his creations, essentially an analytic one, becomes ours, and we get our satisfaction in winding with him through the mazes of their psychology. A device which he

has employed in *Confidence*, not for the first time, heightens this temper. The book is narrated in the third person, yet nothing takes place except under the immediate ken of one of the characters. If Mr. Bernard Longueville had been writing the story in autobiographic form, he could not more carefully have preserved the proprieties of that mode of composition. The novelist's license of shifting the scenes is ascetically avoided; if the scene shifts Mr. Longueville shifts with it. It is a clever device for holding the story together without the apparent disadvantages of an autobiographic form; but one consequence is the further concentration of interest in the evolution of the characters. These have still less individuality and separateness of existence; they are all spun out of Mr. Longueville's brain, and the author fortifies himself by advertising at the outset that this young man was "of a contemplative and speculative turn."

But how ingenuously in all this talk about *Confidence* have I pronounced my own criticism upon the critic! I have not described the book, nor given an inkling of its plot; I have only done what I have accused Mr. James of doing unconsciously, — I have written the writer. By such frivolity have I intimated the cosmogony of Mr. James's novels; they rest on criticism, and out of that criticism is spun other criticism, and out of that other, and so on to the n th power. Criticise the critic, good reader, and be criticised yourself in turn.

— *Confidence* is no better in point of workmanship than its author's earlier novels, but neither is it any less finished than they. Mr. James has been writing with such continuousness and rapidity that it was pleasant to be confirmed by the reading of this last story in my trust that he was too thorough an artist, and one too careful of his reputation among the best appreciators of good work, to permit himself any relaxation

in the effort after perfection. The story, of that ingenious but slight kind which only writers gifted as Mr. James should attempt to handle, seems to me a pleasanter though not more interesting one than any he has yet written. We are not balked of our natural if weak-minded desire to have matters turn out comfortably for the good hero and heroine. Here is a peculiar and delicate situation or complication of affairs, out of which all the actors come with satisfaction to themselves, and with equal credit to the hearts, if not to the heads, of all. I have heard the dreadful accusation brought against this delightful novelist of seeming a somewhat cold-blooded chronicler; and though, remembering his sympathetic treatment of such singularly good-hearted fellows as Rowland Mallet and Christopher Newman, the charge always seemed to me quite unfounded, yet I am glad to be able henceforth to point confidently to *Confidence* in refutation of it. No indifferent dissector of human nature wrote it, I am convinced. If I were going to find any fault with Mr. James it would be that he sets his cleverness, to call it by no higher name, easier tasks than it seems equal to; but perhaps he estimates his own abilities and their limitations more fairly than others can do for him.

— When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for a people to twist the fine old word gentleman into "gent," I have no doubt that life and literature, however much they may laugh in their sleeve, will bow politely to the innovation. But neither life nor literature will ever be able to detect the slightest connection between the dropping of the *u* from such words as honour and the telescoping of the word gentleman. "Gent" is simply a contraction of the first two syllables of the word, and represents gentleman no more than it represents gentlewoman. I do not object to "gents" as a contraction of gentlemen, for that is precisely what it

is not. I object to it for what it is, — a bastard word, disowned by its putative father, and frequenting only the lowest company. Where on earth did it get that “s,” — that pert, wicked little s, which refuses to give any coherent account of itself? What is it doing there, any way, except trying to make a plural of “gentle”?

No doubt posterity is lying in wait to play strange tricks with our language, just as we have done and are doing with that of our ancestors. I have no warm blood to shed in the matter. I am quite willing to indulge the hope that the philologist of the future will endeavor to simplify things for those honest souls who look upon language as merely a means of communication, so that all gents. may be enabled to transact their bis. with as little troub. as pos.

— The contributor who instances the abbreviation of “cabriolet” into *cab* as a good reason for condensing gentleman into *gent* employs a specious argument. Because a legitimate abridgment of a certain word is excellent, it by no means follows that all abridgments, whether legitimate or not, are equally excellent. “Cabriolet” and “caravan” belong to a class of words with which one may take liberties; but there are words which refuse to lend themselves to indignity.

Gentlemen is a fine, strong word, and *gents* is a very feeble substitute. It is, moreover, an arbitrary contraction, for we do not say “gentlemens.” (Even the garment which gents always wear is less objectionable than the wearers themselves, for *pants* is honestly cut out of “pantaloons.”) Of course the reply to this will be that *gents* is the natural plural of *gent*. But our colored brethren, who say “gen’lmen,” are the contractors to whom I would give the job of pruning the word gentleman, if it must be pruned. To be sure, they lop it rather cruelly, but they at least manage to leave a little of its original significance.

— I hasten to sustain, so far as I can, the position assumed by the contributor who had the courage to speak out in the June meeting and defend *gent*. It is a firm, simple, sonorous word, and is bound to supplant the pretentious, toddling compound “gentleman.” Rose-watered literary men, who part their hair in the middle and use tooth-powder, and have no sympathy with the philological struggles of the poor, may turn up their noses, but *gent* is a word that appeals to the intelligence of the great masses. Thackeray understood this perfectly when he penned those beautiful lines, —

“Who misses or who wins the prize:

Go, lose or conquer, as you meant;

But if you fail, or if you rise,

Be each and all, pray God, a *gent*!”

How finely Tennyson speaks of

“The grand old name of *gent*”!

And what felicitous use is made of the word by Dekker, the dramatist, where he says of Christ, —

“The best of men

That e’er wore earth about him was a sufferer;

A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,

The first true *gent* that ever breathed”!

— Lately, in a mixed company, one called attention to the high-flown description of “a Beacon Street boudoir,” forming part of a story in the March number of a certain popular monthly. After describing the silks, satins, velvets, laces, bricabrac, etc., the aspiring author (or authoress) caps the climax by saying, “The odor of *pot-pourri* is everywhere prevalent.” Whereupon we all laugh hugely. “Oho! Here’s richness! Onions and garlic — turnips and beans — melodies and harmonies. Happy heiress, who could afford to have her boudoir thus scented!” It was a rather good joke, certainly, at the expense of the absent romancer. But there happened to be a bright-eyed Boston woman present, who (waiting till the laugh had been fully enjoyed) said quietly, “But don’t you know that *pot-pourri* is also used as the name of a per-

fume? Our grandmothers used to put rose-leaves and violets and rosemary and spices into a great jar, — with salt, I believe, — and keep them for years to spread a perfume through their rooms." After a pause of blank dismay, and after an appeal to the dictionary, we all laughed again, though this time it was at our own expense. Well, it is not often we can get two merry-thoughts out of the same bird, or two laughs out of the same jest.

— What another member of the Club says about traveling is worthy of far wider application. How universal is the desire in all social life to follow the lead of the crowd rather than our private tastes! People buy clothes, read books, select music, china, ornaments, in short everything, — even build their houses, — for other people's admiration rather than their own comfort. For instance, every person of common sense knows that a square house, ample, and with a hall running right through to kitchen and offices in a wing, is the most comfortable and inexpensive of all houses; but there is not one house in five hundred constructed in these days without a tower, or a tiny bay-window, or a sharp gabled roof; while within, two cramped rooms and a bedroom nine feet square make the habitation for the owners, who might have built a plain dwelling forty feet or even fifty feet square for the same money. This exteriation is the curse of the age.

— In the May Contributors' Club, I find the exultations of a brother who successfully tripped up a boat-load of clergymen on the text, — or *con-text*, — "He that runs may read." Let him try it next on the generally accepted statement that Absalom was caught by his hair in the boughs of an oak; or that some people "roll sin like a sweet morsel under their tongue." Either of these nets will catch plenty of prey.

— It has long been conceded that the general atmosphere of New England is

more rife with purely intellectual ambition than any other part of the country, if not of the world; and it is also evident that the women of New England must necessarily share in that ambition, and drift into the modes of thinking and the intellectual activities which so many agencies about them suggest. The fathers of New England girls are very often much more concerned about educating their daughters than their sons, and take an intense pride in the success with which they make their examinations. The education of girls not only makes no provision for developing the affections, the softer qualities of womanhood, but it ignores and even crushes them! The New England girl has a horror of being thought warm-hearted so far as men are concerned. She rather cultivates a cool, indifferent manner, as if it were a blemish to have a heart; and if she is inclined to be coquettish it is rarely in a style that would be considered languishing. Yet she has a heart, after all, and will lavish an intense devotion upon female friends, that her critics would probably think was stolen from some man. It is the ambition of American fathers, I repeat, which turns the thoughts of the daughters always in the direction of mental preëminence; as they themselves aim at supremacy of style in dress. But when we reflect upon the woman who holds the truest and steadiest of a man's affections, whom do we find her to be? Not the wife, alas, nor the sweetheart even, but the mother. And does the man care that his mother was never handsome, or brilliant, or even well dressed? Not in the least. But he knows that she always loved him, felt for him, sympathized with him, and for that he gives her an allegiance which ends only with his life. The men of a nation inevitably make the women what they will, and the women in return impress upon their children what they have received from their own fathers. Hence it comes that

the existence of the American woman has become almost as purely objective as that of the man. Her ideal of life from her cradle has been associated with the maximum of exertion. There is no quietude among Americans, and wonderfully little egotism in their social life. It is a never-ending series of sensations and mental shocks, which keeps the whole being in a nervous quiver, and allows no time for any quality save that of energy to develop itself symmetrically. The American woman is as unquiet in her thoughts and enslaved by her duties, however light, as the man. Even when she visits she has no air of repose. Her conversation is not thoughtful, but *actful*. She tells you what she does or suffers, not what she thinks or feels. There is no reverie about her, no suggestion of that brooding spirit which indicates a capacity for impassioned affection, — a capacity which to bachelors is always ideally seductive, however little the married man may appreciate or return it. Yet, generally speaking, undemonstrative as the American girl may be, she will wear her life out in working for the man she loves. She forgets all about *being* for him in that merciless energy which always drives her into *doing* for him.

Her character is full of the lights which dazzle, but it is wanting in the tender shadows which soften her personality.

To illustrate the restless activity of American women, I will instance one whom I knew very well. She boasted that she was *never idle a moment*, and having extraordinary intellectual gifts she wore herself out before she was forty, and left a large family of daughters, whose temperaments were all disastrously affected with an over-nervous susceptibility that will torment them their whole lives.

There is, again, another reason why the American girl seems cold to the superficial observer. It is because she is *free*. She is educated to repress emo-

tion, because her independent movements expose her to contact with men of all classes, among whom there are many very "vile persons." Her coldness of demeanor, therefore, is her armor against impertinence or even worse things. She passes, Diana-like, through crowds of men every day, not one of whom for one instant suspects her of being other than she is, because her manner shows her at once to be a free-born, spotless American woman! They never dream that because no one is watching her she means to go astray.

The defects of the American girl may be done away with by giving less prominence to the purely intellectual or purely practical side of her education. For while one class of men is striving to solve the problems of life by educating women intellectually, there is another class which is shouting for education in domestic matters. While the professors at Harvard are rejoicing over some girl who can take in their philosophies or their mathematics, the newspaper editor sings the praises of her who can roast a turkey, bake bread, or make her own dresses. Neither gives the poor girl any chance to *exist*, but only to work, with either hand or brain. No one says to her, "You are not only yourself, but possibly the future mother of other beings. Do not therefore allow yourself to be driven by either school of apostles beyond what you may do easily, comfortably, or pleasurably. The healthy balance of your nervous system is far more important to you and your future family relations than all the mathematics or dress-making, or even roasting of turkeys. Occupy yourself steadfastly, but without strain, without hurry, and without emulation. As the apostle said (and it must have been meant expressly for Americans), 'avoid emulation.' Find out first what you can do best, and even if it does not come up to somebody else's standard, learn to content yourself with that."